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CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS

ESSAYS

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart.

COLLECTED BY HIMSELF.

(NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED IN AMERICA.)

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MISCELLANIES

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LIFE OF KEMBLE—KELLY'S REMINISCENCES.*

[Quarterly Review, April, 1826.]

THERE are severe moralists who have judged the amusements of the stage inimical to virtue—there are many who conceive its exhibitions to be inconsistent with religious principle: to those this article can give no interest unless perhaps a painful one, and we must even say with old Dan Chaucer,

> "Turn o'er the leaf and chuse another tale;
> For you shall find enough both great and small,
> Of storial thing that toucheth gentillesse,
> And eke morality and holiness."

Where the scruples of such dissidents from public opinion are real, we owe them all possible respect; when they are assumed for a disguise in the sight of man, they will not deceive the eye which judgeth both Publican and Pharisee.

For ourselves we will readily allow, that the theatre may be too much frequented, and attention to more serious con-

* 1. *Memoirs of the Life of John Philip Kemble, Esq., including a History of the Stage from the time of Garrick to the present period.* By JAMES BOADEN, ESQ. Two vols. London. 1825.

2. *Reminiscences of Michael Kelly, of the King's Theatre, and Theatre Royal Drury Lane, including a Period of nearly half a Century; with Original Anecdotes of many distinguished Personages, Political, Literary, and Musical.* London. 1826. 2 vols.

cerns drowned amidst its facinations. We also frankly confess that we may be better employed than in witnessing the best and most moral play that ever was acted; but the same may be justly said of every action in our lives, except those of devotion towards God and benevolence towards man. And yet, as six days have been permitted us to think our own thoughts and work our own works, much that is strictly and exclusively secular is rendered indispensable by our wants, and much made venial and sometimes praiseworthy by our tastes and the conformation of our intellect.

If there be one pleasure, exclusive of the objects of actual sensual indulgence, which is more general than another among the human race, it is the relish for personification, which at last is methodized into the dramatic art. The love of the chase may perhaps be as natural to the masculine sex, but when the taste of the females is taken into consideration, the weight of numbers leans to the love of mimic representation in an overwhelming ratio. The very first amusement of children is to get up a scene, to represent to the best of their skill papa and mamma, the coachman and his horses; and even He, formidable with the birchen sceptre, is mimicked in the exercise-ground by the urchins of whom he is the terror in the school-room. We do not know if the witty gentleman, to whom we are indebted for a history of monkeys, ever thought of tracing the connection betwixt us and our cousin the orang-outang in our mutual love of imitation.

At a more advanced period of life we have mimicry of tone and dialect, and masques, and disguises: then little scenes are preconcerted, which at first prescribe only the business of a plot, leaving the actors to fill up the language extempore from their mother wit: then some one of more fancy is employed to write the dialogue—a stage with scenery is added, and the drama has reached its complete form.

The same taste, which induced us when children to become kings and heroes ourselves on an infantine scale, renders us, when somewhat matured in intellect, passionate admirers of the art in its more refined state. There are few things which those gifted with any degree of imagination recollect with a sense of more anxious and mysterious delight than the first dramatic representation which they have

witnessed. Iffland has somewhere described it, and it is painted in stronger colours by the immortal Goëthe in *Wilhelm Meister*—yet we cannot refrain from touching on the subject. The unusual form of the house, filled with such groups of crowded spectators, themselves forming an extraordinary spectacle to the eye which has never witnessed it before, yet all intent upon that wide and mystic curtain whose dusky undulations permit us now and then to discern the momentary glitter of some gaudy form or the spangles of some sandaled foot which trips lightly within; then the light, brilliant as that of day!—then the music, which, in itself a treat sufficient in every other situation, our inexperience mistakes for the very play we came to witness—then the slow rise of the shadowy curtain, disclosing, as if by actual magic, a new land, with woods and mountains and lakes, lighted, it seems to us, by another sun, and inhabited by a race of beings different from ourselves, whose language is poetry, whose dress, demeanour, and sentiments seem something supernatural, and whose whole actions and discourse are calculated not for the ordinary tone of every-day life, but to excite the stronger and more powerful faculties —to melt with sorrow—overpower with terror—astonish with the marvellous—or convulse with irresistible laughter —all these wonders stamp indelible impressions on the memory. Those mixed feelings also, which perplex us between a sense that the scene is but a plaything, and an interest which ever and anon surprises us into a transient belief that that which so strongly affects us cannot be fictitious—those mixed and puzzling feelings, also, are exciting in the highest degree. Then there are the bursts of applause, like distant thunder, and the permission afforded to clap our little hands and add our own scream of delight to a sound so commanding. All this—and much—much more is fresh in our memory, although when we felt these sensations we looked on the stage which Garrick had not yet left. It is now a long while since—yet we have not passed many hours of such unmixed delight, and we still remember the sinking lights, the dispersing crowd, with the vain longings, which we felt, that the music would again sound, the magic curtain once more arise, and the enchanting dream recommence; and the astonishment with which we looked upon

the apathy of the elder part of our company, who, having the means, did not spend every evening in the theatre.

When habit has blunted these earliest sensations of pleasure, the theatre continues to be the favourite resort of the youth, and though he recognises no longer the enchanted palace of his childhood, he enjoys the more sober pleasure of becoming acquainted with the higher energies of human passion, the recondite intricacies and complications of human temper and disposition, by seeing them illustrated in the most vivid manner by those whose profession it is to give actual life, form, and substance to the creations of genius. Much may be learned in a well-conducted theatre essential to the profession of the bar, and, with reverence be it spoken, even of the pulpit; and it is well known that Napoleon himself did not disdain to study at that school the external gesture and manner becoming the height to which he had ascended.

Yet such partial advantages are mere trifles considered in comparison with the general effect produced by the stage on national literature and national character. Had there been no drama, Shakspeare would in all likelihood have been but the author of Venus and Adonis and of a few sonnets forgotten among the numerous works of the Elizabethan age, and Otway had been only the compiler of fantastic Pindaric odes.

Stepping beyond her own department, the dramatic muse has lent her aid to her sister of history. What points of our national annals are ever most fresh and glowing in our recollection?—those which unite history with the stage. The story of Macbeth, an ancient king, whose annals of half a dozen lines must otherwise have lurked in the seldom opened black letter of Wintoun or Boece, is as much fixed upon our memory, as if it detailed events which we had ourselves witnessed. Who crosses the blighted heath of Forres without beholding in imagination the stately step of Kemble as he decended on the stage at the head of his victorious army? On Bosworth field the dramatist had engrossed the recollections due to the historian, even so early as Bishop Corbet's time; for when his host, "full of ale and history," pointed out the local position of the two armies, Shakspeare was more in the village chronicler's thoughts than Stowe or Hollingshed.

"Besides what of his knowledge he could say,
He had authentic notice from the play,
Shown chiefly by that one perspicuous thing,
That he mistook a player for a king;
For when he should have said, here Richard died
And called 'a horse, a horse'—he Burbadge cried."

A greater man acknowledges his debt to the dramatist on a similar occasion: "In what history did your grace find that incident?" said Burnet to the Duke of Marlborough, on hearing him quote some anecdote concerning the wars of York and Lancaster which was new to the Bishop. "In Shakspeare's plays," answered the Victor of Blenheim,—"the only history of those times I ever read."

It may be said by the rigid worshipper of unadorned truth, that history is rather defaced than embellished by becoming the subject of fictitious composition. These scruples are founded on prejudice—that mischievious prejudice which will not admit that knowledge can be valuable unless transmitted through the dullest and most disagreeable medium. Many are led to study history from having first read it as mingled with poetic fiction; and the indolent or those much occupied, who have not patience or leisure for studying the chronicle itself, gather from the play a general idea of historical incidents which, but through some such amusing vehicle, they would never have taken the trouble to become acquainted with. And it will scarcely be denied, that a man had better know generally the points of history as told him by Shakspeare, than be ignorant of history entirely. The honey which is put on the edge of the cup induces many to drink up the whole medicinal potion; while those who take only a sip of it have, at least, a better chance of benefit than if they had taken none at all.

In another point of view the theatre is calculated to influence, and, well conducted, to influence favourably, the general state of morals and manners in this country. A full audience, attending a first-rate piece, may be compared to a national convention, to which every order of the community, from the peers to the porters, send their representatives. The entertainment, which is the subject of general enjoyment, is of a nature which tends to soften, if not to level, the distinction of ranks; it unites men of all conditions in those feelings of mirth or melancholy which belong to their common humanity, and are enhanced most by being shared

by a multitude. The honest hearty laugh, which circulates from box to gallery; the lofty sentiment, which is felt alike by the lord and the labourer; the sympathetic sorrow, which affects at once the marchioness and the milliner's apprentice; —all these have a conciliating and harmonizing effect, tending to make the various ranks pleased with themselves and with each other. The good natured gaiety with which the higher orders see the fashionable follies which they practise treated with light satire for the amusement of the middling and poorer classes, has no littte effect in checking the rancorous feelings of envy which superior birth, wealth, and station, are apt enough to engender. The possessors of those obnoxious advantages are pardoned on account of the good-humour and frankness with which they are worn; and a courtier, by laughing at the *Beggars' Opera*, like a bonny Scot applauding Sir Pertinax MacSycophant, disarms what he confronts. When the presence of the sovereign himself graces the audience, takes a part in the general pleasure of the evening, and renders generous or patriotic sentiments more energetically effective, by sharing in the enthusiasm which they call forth from his subjects of all ranks—this gives the royal sanction, as it were, to the approbation of lords and commons. The late king expressed that sentiment strongly when advised to abstain from attending the theatre after the madman Hatfield's attempt upon his life. Mr. Boaden has given us the words:—

"If, with my family, I cannot enjoy my amusements in the midst of my people, let them take my *life*, for existence is not worth holding upon such conditions."—Vol. ii, p. 263.

His present majesty also occasionally gives his subjects this gratification, and receives an affectionate welcome—such as could neither be dictated by power nor checked by faction. A theatre speaks truth.

In short, the drama is in ours, and in most civilized countries, an engine possessing the most powerful effect on the manners of society. The frequency of reference, quotation, and allusion to plays of all kinds, from the masterpieces of Shakspeare's genius down to the farce which has the run of a season, gives a dramatic colouring to conversation and habits of expression; and those who look into the matter strictly will be surprised to find, how much

our ordinary language and ordinary ideas are modified by what we have seen and heard on the stage.

We admit, as broadly as can be demanded, that the stage has been made, and is capable of being rendered again, as powerful an instrument for evil as for good. In this respect it is like the printing press, or rather like literature itself, which finds employment both for the actor and the printer, a tremendous power, which, as its energies are directed, may contribute to the welfare or to the ruin of a country. So the most efficacious medicines, ignorantly or maliciously administered, become the strongest poisons. But our purpose in having detained the reader with these preliminary observations is to persuade him of the consequence of the subject, and to serve as introduction to some remarks which we have to offer on the present state of our theatres, and the improvements which might bring these institutions nearer to the state of perfection of which we have theoretically considered the drama as susceptible.

In the mean time, we must not altogether forget the works of which the titles are prefixed to this article. This, to be sure, is a fashion with our *caste*, from which we do not pretend altogether to exculpate ourselves. If we admit not a fair and impartial division betwixt the reviewers and the reviewed, the neglected authors have a right to share the impatience of the witty Charles Townsend. When he came to Scotland, after having married a lady of that nation of the very highest rank, large fortune, and extensive connections, the tide of relations, friends, and vassals, who thronged to welcome the bride, were so negligent of her husband as to leave him in the hall while they hurried his lady forwards into the state apartments, until he checked their haste by exclaiming, "for Heaven's sake, gentlemen, consider I am, at least, Prince George of Denmark." Messrs. Kelly and Boaden would have the same reason to complain of us, should we altogether forget them in an article which we have decorated with their names. But they must wait at the bottom of the stairs, with gentle patience, for five minutes longer: we will show them up presently.

The same circumstances, which gave the drama itself interest, induce us to be curious investigators into the history of the art, and the lives of its chief professors in former

times. The grave may think what they will of the levity of such pursuits: but as many folios and small quartos of the antique cast have been bestowed in behalf of Thalia and Melpomene as in that of the most serious of their sisters. But this is not all; we are not to be contented with the scraps which can be collected about Burbadge and Alleyn Kempe and Taylor:—we must also learn what can be told of the distinguished performers of our time. We want to see these when divested of the pomp and circumstance with which the scene invests them. We desire to know whether we may venture to speak above our breath, or be guilty of a smile, in the presence of Mrs. Siddons; whether it be possible to look grave in that of Liston; whether Matthews has as many dramatic portraits in his gallery, as he can present in his own person; if he who plays the fool on the stage can be a man of sense in the parlour; and if the heroine looks still the angel after she has laid aside her chopine, and come down a step nearer to the earth.

And let it not be said that this inquiry into the private history of the scenic artists is capricious, or resembles that of a child who cries to have the toy which has been shown him placed in his own hand, that he may see what it is made of. On the contrary, there is a natural touch of philosophy in our curiosity. It is a rational enough wish to discover what sort of persons those are who can assume, and lay aside at pleasure, the semblance of human passion, and who, by dint of sympathy, compel the smiles and tears of others, when they have doffed their magic mantle and retired into the circle of social life. Besides, to judge from the common case, the *duram pauperiem pati* as often prepares the future exertions of the player as of the soldier. In the earlier events of a theatrical life, however successful, there most commonly occur adventures which form a diverting contrast with the ultimate and more splendid parts of the career. And we may add to these honest ingredients of the general interest in dramatic biography, the malicious pleasure which human nature always takes in learning the mishaps, mistakes, and misgovernance of those who have been objects of public attention and general admiration.

These things premised, we beg to announce Messrs. Boaden and Michael Kelly, or rather, to adopt the stage direction in *Chrononhotonthologos*, "Enter Aldiboronti-

phoscophornio and Rigdum Funnidos." The character and style of the two biographers are, indeed, as strongly contrasted as sock and buskin; Mr. Boaden being grave, critical, full, and laudably accurate, serious in the most lively information which he communicates, and treating comedy itself as if it were a very solemn affair; while on the other hand, there is nothing so serious as to render Michael Kelly so. He has spent all his life among the lovers of laugh and fun, choice spirits, whom Time cannot exhaust, and who make good the boast of Anacreon, and are merry in spite of misfortune and gray hairs. Betwixt merits so various, how shall the critic decide? Were we to spend a morning in looking over Garrick's dramatic collection at the Museum, we should certainly wish to have Mr. Boaden with us to spare us repeated references to the *Biographia Dramatica*. But, in the evening, we fear we should be graceless enough to prefer Kelly's comic gossip, rich in song and jest, qualified by a touch of the traveller, and (what we never object to) a dash of the brogue. We do not, however, undervalue the solid English pudding of Mr. Boaden, though we have a special relish for the souflé of Seignor Kelly. Or, rather, we would address them with the impartiality of Sir John, the jolly deer-stealing priest of Waltham, towards the rival publicans, his comrades. "Neighbours Banks, of Waltham, and Goodman Smug, the honest smith of Edmonton, as I dwell betwixt you both, at Enfield, I know the taste of both your ale-houses—they are good both, smart both." To continue Sir John's metaphor, the beverage supplied by Mr. Kelly is a fine brisk species of vivacious bottled beer, like that unquestionably with which Beau Tibbs regaled the duke, as we are informed by the sage Lien Chi Altangi, in the Citizen of the World. Boaden, on the other hand, draws us a double flagon of old English liquor, not the sophisticated potion which the vulgar denominate *heavy wet*, but Anno Domini, regularly dated and regularly tapped, like that which honest Boniface ate and drank, and upon which he always slept.

Allowing precedence to be due to the more dignified person, we advert first to the *Memoirs of John Kemble*, combined as they are with a history of the stage from the time of Garrick to the present period. A great deal of curious

information is accumulated in these two volumes, by a man who has had the best opportunities of collecting the dramatic history of the last half century.

We cannot, however, altogether approve of his blending the Memoirs of Kemble with an account of the theatre, so general, diffuse, and disproportioned in length to the pages which the life of his proper hero occupies. The fore-ground and back-ground are too extensive for the principal figure. We might have been very glad to have possessed the work arranged in two separate departments, one containing the memoirs, the other the history of the stage. The present plan has rendered unavoidable the mingling the account of this distinguished man of talent with that of many ordinary performers, of whom we either never heard before, or never wish to hear again. Mr. Boaden, we have no doubt, has been just in his estimate of these subordinate persons;—but there are many whom he might have dismissed like Virgil with a single "*fortemque*," and whom he ought not to have suffered to crowd the scene which they never adorned, and on which they are not now, perhaps, remembered at all. A man should have some title beyond mere respectability before he is handed up to fame. "What shall an honest man do in my closet?" says Caius, and what business has a merely respectable man in our library? say we. We think it is John Dunton in his Life and Errors, who, in a history of the literature of Boston, the capital of New England, which he visited in the course of his wanderings, gives not only an account of authors, publishers, retail booksellers, and printers, but descends to stationers and bookbinders, has a few flying hints on printers' devils, and makes us unnecessarily acquainted with every one of these respectable persons as necessary appendages to literary history. We are far from quarrelling with the minute information conveyed by Mr. Boaden in a miscellaneous manner, somewhat similar to that of Dunton, but we wish it had been a little better arranged, and more connected in its topics than by the mere category of time. The history of Kemble is divided into so many detached pieces, that it seems like the body of an old man cut and ready for Medea's kettle. We will endeavour to collect some of the scattered fragments, so as to form from Mr. Boaden's work, assisted by our own recollections, a full length portrait, though on a

reduced scale, of one of the best actors, most accomplished artists, and most kind and worthy men, that ever commanded the admiration of the public, and the esteem of his friends.

John Philip Kemble was born 1st February, 1757, at Prescot, in Lancashire. The family from which he derived his origin was ancient and respectable; but ruined, we have heard him say, in the great Civil War of the seventeenth century, for their adherence to King Charles during that contest. His father was manager of a provincial company of actors; so that the members of this highly gifted race, who have attained such distinguished eminence, seem to have been dedicated to the stage from their birth upwards. Unquestionably, the natural bent of their minds must have leaned towards the family profession, of which they felt the full fascination, while its disadvantages, as being in ordinary cases considered a step lower than the more grave and established courses of life, could not occur as an objection to those who saw the art daily practised by the parents whom they were accustomed to love and honour.

But Mr. Roger Kemble, the father of John, sensible of the disadvantages attending his own profession, resolved to give his son a classical education, designing him, it is believed, to take orders in the Roman Catholic church. Accordingly, John Philip Kemble received his first instructions at a Catholic seminary at Sedgely Park in Staffordshire, and was a student for two or three years at the College of Douay, where he attracted attention by the gracefulness of his person, the strength of his memory, and the beauty of his recitation.

During all the time which he spent at these early studies his own secret determination was always to become a performer. He felt the strong vocation for the pleasing art in which he was destined to attain excellence, and never, we have heard him say, was tempted to swerve from his purpose even when his prospects appeared least promising. At the outset they were sufficiently gloomy.

He returned to England, and found his father disappointed and angry on learning that his thoughts were fixed upon the stage. "He might be allowed," says Mr. Boaden, "to feel some mortification at his son's choice; for what was then to predict the great and lasting eminence to which he attained?" But the impulse was not to be withstood. John

Kemble acted as his first part Theodosius, in the tragedy so called, at Woolverhampton, 8th January, 1776. Dramatic excellence is of slow growth, and requires long and severe study; it is enough if first appearances be received as promising. The characteristic peculiarity of Kemble's performance was not of a kind to advance him to popularity with a more rapid pace than usual. With all the requisites for a fine player, and especially with a profound study of his art, and reverence for its difficulties, it must have required habit to familiarize him with the exertion of his own powers. The requisite mellowness and flexibility which make the actor seem at home in his part, were in his case slowly acquired, and until he was possessed of these, his manner, afterwards so graceful, must have seemed stiff; above all, his voice, the strength of which was never equal to his other powers, must have sounded harsh and unharmonious ere he knew how to reserve and husband its efforts. We can conceive him, like the giant in *Frankenstein*, working awkwardly enough until he had acquired a complete acquaintance with his own powers and the mode of using them to advantage.

The apprenticeship to the stage is in most instances, as we have already noticed, a severe one. Mr. Boaden is too grave to relate any of the minor misfortunes and hardships which his hero was subjected to in his noviciate, and repels, with some asperity, an account of Kemble and his companion breaking a gentleman's orchard near Gloucester. Certainly in Shakspeare's life by Aldiborontiphoscophornio the dear-stealing anecdote would have been sunk from mere love of decorum. Rigdum Funnidos is more communicative, and hints at our friend's having banqueted on turnips and peas in the open fields for want of better commons. There are gripes and indigestion in the very thoughts of the uncooked pulse; and we can conceive that Kemble, who was reasonably, though moderately attached to better cheer, did not relish the circumstances which reduced him to sauce his banquet by a speech from Timon.

> ——————"Oh! a root—dear thanks!
> Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn lees;
> Whereof ungrateful man, with liquorish draughts,
> And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
> That from it all consideration slips!"

The honest Kelly has, moreover, told us that in extremity of distress, Kemble once personated a Methodist preacher; the thing may have happened—but from what we know of John Kemble's opinions on religious subjects, we are sure that those who listened to the exhortation must have departed improved in heart and understanding. He was incapable of mocking, under any circumstances, the mysteries of religion.

In 1778, like Robinson Crusoe in his escape from the raging ocean, Kemble began to touch ground. He was that year engaged in a respectable company maintained at York, under the management of Tate Wilkinson, famous as an imitator himself, and as the subject of imitation in others —possessed of considerable judgment and taste—and whose well-selected company was often draughted to recruit the metropolitan theatres.

Here Kemble's importance began to be felt, yet he still continued to act such parts as Captain Plume, and others ill suited to his powers. We are not sure that this necessity is, at an early period of the profession, to be accounted a disadvantage. It prevents the ideas and exertions of a young performer being too much narrowed by a single cast of characters, and may operate in that respect, like the care taken by professors of gymnastics, to cause their pupils to bring into play successively the different sets of muscles by exertions of a kind appropriate to each. Young actors may be benefited too by attempts which are unsuccessful, as teaching them the bounds and character of their own powers, which they may otherwise suppose as unlimited as their ambition. There is even a wholesome lesson to be learned in experiencing the severity of an audience; for while it represses presumption, it also shows the timid that thunder often admonishes without killing.

At York, John Kemble became for the first time acquainted with his princely friend and patron, the late Duke of Northumberland, whose munificence makes such a distinguished figure in his history. The officer on duty, belonging to a squadron of dragoons lying in York at the time, had somewhat bluntly refused to permit a few of the soldiers to attend the theatre on occasion of some procession in which their appearance was desired. Kemble wrote to Lord Percy, who commanded the squadron, and his request

was instantly complied with. The duke afterwards nominally lent Kemble the sum of ten thousand pounds, and converted the loan into a gift by burning the obligation for repayment after the fire in Covent Garden.

He had at York an adventure of another kind, tending to show him how peculiarly the most meritorious of the profession he had chosen were exposed to the taunts of the unworthy. On 8th February, 1778, while he was playing in Murphy's tragedy of *Zenobia*, Kemble became the object of the gross and marked ridicule of a lady who sat in the stage-box. She was of some condition, and apparently enjoyed that sort of provincial consequence, which, when combined with a rude disposition, makes country ladies now and then guilty of ill-breeding, such as would never be permitted to those of the first rank in the capital.

"As to the insults designed for himself during the evening, he had retorted them by looks of infinite disdain. His sensibility was noticed in the box by loud and repeated peals of laughter from the lady and her echoes. At this, Kemble suddenly stopped, and being called upon by the audience to proceed, with great gravity and a pointed bow to the stage-box, he said, 'he was ready to proceed with the play as soon as THAT lady had finished her conversation, which he perceived the going on with the tragedy only interrupted.'

"The audience received this rudeness of the stage-box as an insolent attempt to control their amusements, and with shouts, which could not be laughed down, ordered the lady and her party out of the theatre."—BOADEN, vol. i, p. 26.

The lady thus most deservedly punished had interest sufficient to excite a party in her behalf, who insisted that Kemble should come forward and ask pardon immediately.

"Mr. Kemble on this, with the greatest firmness, and with some of that mingled astonishment and disdain, which he threw afterwards into Coriolanus, exclaimed, 'Pardon! ask pardon! no, sirs,—NEVER;' and immediately quitted the stage."—BOADEN, vol. i, p. 27.

All subsequent efforts of an active faction among the audience vainly attempted to break that lofty spirit, which was as much Kemble's by nature as it belonged to any of the heroes whom he represented. He could but be brought to say,

"'Let me be heard before I am condemned: if, when I have explained my conduct, any gentleman, or set of gentlemen, will say, in that character, that I have acted unworthily, I shall cheer-

fully make any reparation that they may judge proper.' To this there could be no *reasonable* objection, and he was heard. His fine address, his clear statement, his modesty and manliness, carriod the cause, and contributed essentially to his progress in the public favour."—BOADEN, vol. i, p. 28.

The same lady, uncorrected by what had happened, made an attack on Mr. Michael Kelly, by the same obstreperous procedure, especially when he consulted his watch as his part required in the course of the drama, by exclaiming loud enough to be heard in the gallery,

"'Why, look there; la! the fellow has got a watch.' I could not bear this (says Kelly)—I admit I lost my temper: but I walked up to the box, and said, 'yes, madam, it is a gold watch, and reckoned one of the best in England,' putting it close to her;—the lady was violently hissed, and ever after, when she came to the theatre, conducted herself with becoming decency."—KELLY, vol. i, p. 306.

The indulgence of such impertinent humour on the part of the audience, towards those who are tasking their best abilities to please, is akin to the display of ignorance, folly, and wanton cruelty which children exhibit in torturing the inferior animals. Fifty years ago the pelting the performers from the galleries was so legitimate a species of amusement, that we think even Garrick was exposed to it, and when hit by an orange only ventured to say, after pretending to taste it, "it was an orange, but not a Seville (civil) one." Digges, on another occasion, when subjected to some such insult, made a touching appeal to his former situation as an officer and a man of fashion—"My feelings," he said, "are wounded as a man—I had almost said as a gentleman."

Kemble argued with the perpetrators of such brutality in a different and a bolder mood, and as his unspotted character supported the justice of his complaint, there can be no doubt that the respect due to him both as a public and private character, and the spirit with which he maintained it, was a principal means of raising the estimation of the profession at large. An apple was upon one occasion thrown on the stage, which fell between him and Mrs. Siddons, then acting in the unrivalled scene between Coriolanus and his mother. Kemble instantly advanced to the front of the stage with the apple in his hand, and appealed to the audi-

ence for protection against this brutal insult. A person in the gallery called out in reply, "We can't hear."

"Mr. Kemble (*with increased spirit*), 'I will *raise* my voice, and the GALLERIES shall *hear* me.' (*Great tumult.*)

"'This protection is what the AUDIENCE owe it to themselves to *grant*—what the PERFORMERS, for the credit of their profession, have a right to *demand*—and WHAT I will venture to *assert*, that, on the part of the PROPRIETORS, I here offer a hundred guineas to any man, who will disclose the *ruffian* who has been guilty of this act.' (A murmur only in the gallery.)

"'I throw myself, ladies and gentlemen, upon the high sense of breeding, that distinguishes a London audience; and I hope I shall never be wanting in my duty to the public; but nothing shall induce me to suffer insult.'"—BOADEN, vol. i, p. 429.

The galleries, awed into silence, endeavoured to shift the charge from themselves. But though Kemble thus asserted the dignity of his profession, and the claim which a performer has to be treated like a gentleman, there cannot be a question that he made enemies among the low and malicious party in the common audience of a theatre, who had hitherto considered the right of insulting the players as a valuable part of the privilege purchased by the half-price which they had paid at the door. These petty tyrants felt controlled under the superiority of a man like Kemble, but theirs were the right minds for bearing malice, and we believe that the dislike entertained against one who was willing to contribute to their pleasure, but not to endure their insolence, was a great ingredient in the celebrated O. P. riot.

We return to Mr. Kemble's professional progress. He visited Dublin in 1783, where he was received with approbation. His sister, Mrs. Siddons, had now displayed for several months before the public that blaze of varied excellence which was never before equalled, and certainly will never be surpassed. Beautiful as an angel, she seemed gifted also with superhuman powers. The horrors and the sorrows of the scene, were alike her own; the boldest trembled, the wisest wondered, the most hard-hearted and the most selfish wept ere they were aware.

Her unrivalled excellence naturally led the managers to inquire respecting that brother who began already to be called the Great Kemble. There is a ludicrous story, however, of the meaning of the epithet being mistaken by the

person intrusted with the negotiation, who instead of our friend is said to have sent to the metropolis his jolly brother Stephen as the *greatest* of the name who was going.

The mistake, if it ever took place, was soon rectified, and on the 30th of September, 1783, John Philip Kemble made his first appearance at Drury Lane in the character of Hamlet.

It cannot be denied that this extraordinary conception of Shakspeare is one of the boldest, most striking, and most effective parts in the drama, and yet it is invested with so much obscurity, that it may be played in twenty different ways without the critic being able to say with certainty which best expresses the sense of the author. Hamlet unites in his single person a variety of attributes, by bringing any of which more forward, or throwing others farther into the background, the shading of the character is effectually changed. Hamlet is the predestined avenger called on to this task by a supernatural voice—he is a prince resenting the intrusion of his uncle into his mother's bed and his father's throne. He is a son devoted to the memory of one parent and to the person of the other, and yet, to do justice to his murdered father's memory, he is compelled to outrage, with the most cutting reproaches, the ears of his guilty mother. Wittenberg has given him philosophy and the habits of criticism—nature has formed him social and affectionate—disappointment and ill-concealed resentment of family injuries have tinged him with misanthropy—the active world has given him all its accomplishments.

"The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword,
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form."

To all these peculiar attributes must be added his love for Ophelia, and something which resembles an incipient touch of insanity; for this, after all, is necessary to apologize and account for some parts of his conduct. All these exist in Prince Hamlet, but the art of the performer is to distinguish the proper or most striking mode of exhibiting them. The author has done little to help him in the management of the piece, which as a story indicates nothing decisive respecting the real character of Hamlet. He does not resemble Richard or Macbeth, or most of Shakspeare's other distinguished characters, who show themselves and pur-

poses not by their words and sentiments only, but by their actions, and whose actions therefore are the best commentaries on their characters and motives. On the contrary, Hamlet being passive almost through the whole piece, and only hurried into action in its conclusion, does nothing by which we can infer the precise meaning of much that he says. There exists therefore a latitude about the representation of Hamlet, which scarcely belongs to that of any other character in the drama. It consists of many notes, and the dwelling upon or the slurring of any of them totally changes the *effect* of the air.

It is natural to expatiate on these peculiarities in the character, because Kemble, in representing it, was to encounter at once the shade of the murdered King of Denmark, and, in the mind's eye of the audience, that of the lost Garrick. The young performer had never seen and could not imitate Garrick. He was relieved from that great stumbling-block in the path of a novice—the temptation to copy some honoured predecessor. Those who are subjected to this temptation and give way to it, seldom rise above respectability in their performances. They are admitted to play the line of characters possessed by the "well-graced actor" who has left the stage, but it is merely in the character of substitutes: those who aim at great eminence must show originality of conception.

Originality, however, in a novice has its perils; and it was often objected to Kemble, that in playing Shakspeare's best-known characters he frequently sought to give them effect by a mode of delivery and action daringly opposed to what the audience had been used to. This, in the beginning of his career, was often hardly received by pedantic critics, who had become so much bigoted to one style of acting that they were unable to tolerate any departure from it. Such venturing on new ground is no doubt a hazardous task, and demands both the powers and perseverance of decided genius; and Garrick was, in his time, equally censured as an innovator on the solemn and pompous manner of Booth and Betterton. But were it possible to promulgate and enforce a scale of the tones in which each speech of Hamlet or any other character should be delivered, or to issue a tariff of the emphasis to which each striking passage should be subjected, it is evident we should destroy one great source

of the pleasure we receive from the stage—namely, that of comparing and deciding between the different species of efforts which rivals in the scenic art bring to illustrate the same character.

For this Hamlet offers a fair field, and Kemble entered on it with characteristic courage and skill. Beginning already to act upon the principles of dramatic criticism, he discarded the alterations which Garrick had ventured to introduce into the works of Shakspeare; and which Mr. Boaden justly calls feeble and trashy. The following is an accurate and pleasing description of Kemble as he then was stepping forwards to offer himself as a rival to Garrick, and disdaining all that had interposed between them.

"His person seemed to be finely formed, and his manners princely; but on his brow hung the weight of 'some intolerable woe.' Apart from the expression called up by the situation of Hamlet, there struck me to be in him a peculiar and personal fitness for tragedy. What others assumed, seemed to be inherent to Kemble. 'Native, and to the manner born,' he looked an abstraction, if I may so say, of the characteristics of tragedy.

"The first great point of remark was, that his Hamlet was decidedly original. He had seen no great actor whom he could have copied. His style was formed by his own taste or judgment, or rather grew out of the peculiar properties of his person and his intellectual habits. He was of a solemn and deliberate temperament—his walk was always slow, and his expression of countenance contemplative—his utterance rather tardy for the most part, but always finely articulate, and in common parlance seemed to proceed rather from organization than voice."—BOADEN'S *Memoirs of Kemble,* vol. i, p. 92.

It must strike the dramatic reader at once that a more complete contrast to the former Roscius could not appear, in almost every point, than in this new candidate for the honours of the buskin. Garrick was short though well formed, airy and light in all his movements, possessed of a countenance capable of the most acute or the most stolid, the most tragic or the most ridiculous expression. Kemble, on the contrary, was tall and stately, his person on a scale suited for the stage, and almost too large for a private apartment, with a countenance like the finest models of the antique, and motions and manners corresponding to the splendid cast of his form and features. Mirth, when he exhibited it, never exceeded a species of gaiety chastened with gravity; his smile seemed always as if it were the rare inhabitant of that noble countenance. There was unques-

tionably great sweetness of expression in that smile, but it indicated more of benevolence than of gaiety—the momentary stooping of a mind usually strung to a serious mood to the joy which enlivened the meaner natures around him.

Even the habits of life and manners peculiar to these two great performers intimated such a strong difference in their characters as must necessarily have greatly influenced their taste in the art. Garrick was what is called a man of fashion, desirous to maintain his place as such among the great, among whom his talents made him a welcome associate. But in mixing with them he paid them a sort of homage. He was desirous to procure their notice more than a man of his commanding genius ought perhaps to have been. The situation was a difficult one, and he is represented to have been something too eager to show off and entertain the company, as one who had some tax to pay for being where he was when in the society of men of rank and eminence. It is, to be sure, an ungracious behaviour on the part of what is technically called a *lion*, to refuse gruffly to show his jaws and extend his talons when he chooses to enter into mixed company.

> "For if he should *as lion* come in strife
> Into such place 'twere pity on his life."

But this is a failing of a very different order from that over-eager love of gaining interest, which will court the attention of the foot-boy, if it cannot fix that of the master.

Of all men, John Kemble, though not destitute of his share of vanity, was most averse from this peculiar mode of drawing attention: his nature revolted from courting display and obsequiously condescending to be what has been vulgarly called the fiddle of the company. He took a ready and agreeable part in the general conversation. And when it turned naturally upon his own art, he always showed himself willing to entertain and instruct the company from the funds of his experience and study, as well as the original conceptions of his own genius. But he never, in the language of the old dramatists, "came aloft or showed tricks from Tripoli." He never stooped to be the amusing and exhibiting man of the company. He never even read or recited for the amusement of the circle; and those who desired the pleasure of his society could only obtain it on the condition of his being an equal contributor,

and no more, to the social enjoyment of the day. Perhaps he even carried this point of etiquette a little too far. But on these terms he enjoyed the familiar friendship of many of the first families in England.

He was a frequent and favourite guest at Bentley Priory, which was then the resort of the most distinguished part of the fashionable world. Its noble owner, the late Marquis of Abercorn, has been so long with the dead, that to do justice to his character, much misrepresented in some points during his life, can be ascribed to no motive which interest or adulation could suggest. He was a man highly gifted by nature, and whose talents had been improved by sedulous attention to an excellent education. If he had remained a commoner, it was the opinion of Mr. Pitt, that he must have been one of the most distinguished speakers in the lower House. The House of Lords does not admit of the same display either of oratory or of capacity for public business; but when the Marquis of Abercorn did speak there, the talents which he showed warranted the prophecy of so skilled an augur as Pitt. Those who saw him at a distance accused him of pride and haughtiness. That he had a sufficient feeling of the dignity of his situation, and maintained it with perhaps an unusual degree of state and expense, may readily be granted. But that expense, however large, was fully supported by an ample fortune wisely administered, and in the management of which the interests of the tenant were always considered as well as those of the landlord. He racked no rents to maintain the expenses of his establishment, nor did he diminish his charities, which were in many cases princely, for the sake of the outward state, the maintenance of which he thought, not unjustly, a duty incumbent on his situation. Above all, the stateliness of which the late Marquis of Abercorn was accused, drew no barrier between the Marquis of Abercorn and those who shared his hospitality. Kemble was a very frequent visitor there, and with the noble landlord, the late Payne Knight, and

> "The travelled Thane,
> Athenian Aberdeen,"

and an eminent person, whom graver and more important duties have now withdrawn from the muses, made evenings of modern fashion resemble a Greek symposium for learn-

ing and literature. But this has carried us far from the point, and we have but the poor apology that we could not withstand certain feelings which tempted us to the digression. They are few—scattered and distant—who will be affected by the recollections of Bentley Priory. But such still exist, and why may we not steal a paragraph from our immediate subject to gratify their feelings and our own? Kemble lived in the same close intimacy with the successive Earls of Guildford and the whole of that distinguished family, in which brilliant wit, mingled with the most genuine good-humour and kindness of disposition, and a rational love of literature seem to be hereditary possessions. He was also familiar at Holland House, where the classical translator of Lope de Vega could not fail to appreciate his merit, and he shared the same distinction in many families equally eminent for their rank in society and love of elegant letters.

We return to our comparison between Garrick and Kemble. It follows from what we have before said, that the style of Garrick was impetuous, sudden, striking, and versatile—that with his complete power over the regions of comedy, and tragedy, and farce, he should maintain a sort of ubiquity in the eyes of the public. In the play he could be Hamlet, and perform Fribble in the farce, yet delight the audience equally in both characters. In fact, as we have been assured by a venerable father of literature, most able to judge, and happily, at an advanced period of life, most able both to recollect and discriminate concerning the amusements of his youth, Garrick's versatility, nay, almost universality of talent, was the quality on which his extraordinary popularity chiefly rested. He was like Ariel on board the king's ship.

> "Now on the beak,
> Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
> He flamed amazement."

The peculiar talents of Kemble confined him within a much more limited range, although it was soon ascertained that this was capable of being extended far more than the critics had at first been able to anticipate. Kemble's noble person and graceful demeanour was totally inconsistent with the ludicrous, and almost with the comic. His cast of features was decidedly heroic, and when the best disguise was put

on them, he must have looked like Alfred playing the clown, or the elder Brutus in his assumed state of idiotcy. The very voices of these great actors were totally different; that of Garrick was full, melodious, commanding, and he might exert it with unsparing profusion. Kemble's, though perfectly distinct and impressive, was early affected by an asthmatic tendency, which rendered it necessary for him to husband his efforts, and reserve them for those bursts of passion to which he gave such sublime effect.

But, besides this limitation, arising from taste, temper, figure, and organic conformation, the schools, if they may be called so, of Garrick and Kemble were founded upon different principles. We had almost said they were the schools of nature and of art—but, luckily, we suppressed a phrase which, like the whistle of a captain of marksmen, might have raised from thicket and ravine a swarm of controversial sharpshooters like wasps about our ears. Let us then vary the phrase, and say, that Garrick made his impression from his skill in seizing and expressing with force and precision the first and most obvious view of his part; and that Kemble, more learned and more laborious, studied earnestly and long ere he could fix his own ideas of the true meaning of doubtful passages, often illustrated them by what is called a new reading, and was careful to express that he did so by the punctilious accuracy of the corresponding action and enunciation. Indeed Kemble, a profound scholar in his art, was metaphysically curious in expressing each line of his part with the exactly appropriate accent and manner. Sometimes this high degree of study threw a degree of over-precision into the part, and in the effort to analyze the sentiment, by giving a peculiar emphasis to every word of the sentence, the actor lost the effect which to be vehement should be instant and undivided. Sometimes, also, it happened that, in order to complete the details upon which he had determined, Kemble permitted the action to hang too long suspended, so that one well accustomed to his manner anticipated the effort which he was about to make, by observing something of preparation, which was like the warning, as it is called, given by some time-pieces that they are about to strike the hour. There was also visible in Kemble's manner, at times, a sacrifice of energy of action to grace. We remember this observation being

made by Mrs. Siddons herself, who admired her brother in general as much as she loved him. Nor shall we easily forget the mode in which she illustrated her meaning. She arose and placed herself in the attitude of one of the old Egyptian statues; the knees joined together, and the feet turned a little inwards. She placed her elbows close to her sides, folded her hands, and held them upright, with the palms pressed to each other. Having made us observe that she had assumed one of the most constrained, and, therefore, most ungraceful positions possible, she proceeded to recite the curse of King Lear on his undutiful offspring in a manner which made hair rise and flesh creep, and then called on us to remark the additional effect which was gained by the concentrated energy which the unusual and ungraceful posture in itself implied.

Such imperfections as arise from over-study—and these showed themselves but occasionally, and never offensively—were the only faults we could discern in this great actor, and they were amply compensated by the justice of his conception, the precision of his taste, the patience of his investigation, which left no point unconsidered, the firmness of his disposition, which would never be drawn from any point in which he considered himself as perfectly right.

Garrick, never timid but on the stage, would readily concede any point of taste to the audience, and illustrated, in its fullest extent, the maxim of the poet:—

> "The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,
> For those who live to please, must please to live."

Kemble, on the contrary, felt much more for the honour of his profession and the truth of the dramatic art, than for his own profit or quiet, and would have died on the breach rather than yield to the authority of the public in a point where he justly conceived himself a much better judge than they. Perhaps he carried this to extremity when he insisted on pronouncing *aches* as a two-syllable word in the speech of Prospero.

> "For this be sure to-night thou shalt have achés."

Unquestionably the word was so pronounced in Queen Elizabeth's time. But then it was scarce worth quarrelling about so small a matter with the audience, and it would have been more prudent, perhaps, to have suffered the

aitches to have quietly undergone the same transmutation into modern sound, as has befallen doubtless a hundred words in the language. We cannot, if we would, bring back the pronunciation of the Elizabethan age, and why should not this modern abridgement of a single syllable pass current with other alterations? But Kemble was too proud of his art to sacrifice even a grain of incense to unjust criticism. He was ready to hazard everything in defence of the right reading of a word in Shakspeare. Night after night he menaced Caliban with *aitches*, and night after night was for so doing assailed by a party in the pit with a ferocity worthy of Caliban himself. One evening he felt himself, from indisposition, unwilling to sustain the usual conflict, and on that occasion evaded a drawn battle by omitting the line entirely. It was curious enough to see how the critics, as he approached the place where they expected to hear the obnoxious line, resembled

> "greyhounds in the slips,
> Straining upon the start;"—

the puzzled countenances which they displayed as speech after speech was made without the expected game being roused;—and the blank look of disappointment when the close of the scene announced to them how Kemble had, for the evening, eluded their resentment without bending to their authority. This perseverance gained the day, but it was resented as obstinacy by not a few, and served to increase the discontent of the low-minded part of the audience against an actor who presumed to follow his own judgment rather than theirs.

We remember observing a similar instance of Kemble's attention to restore true readings astonishing a provincial audience. It occurred in the lines in Macbeth—

> "Augurs, and understood relations, have
> By *magot-pies*, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
> The secret'st man of blood."

Performers had been in the habit of pronouncing the word *mag-pies*, though the blank verse halted for it. But Kemble resumed the proper pronunciation of *magot-pies*, with an emphasis which made the audience of ——— look around them in astonishment, scarcely trusting their ears, and marvelling how any species of augury could be derived from

what they apprehended to be a stale pasty. Luckily they were diffident of their own judgment, and only afforded the new reading their amazement, without presuming to dissent from it.

To return to the dramatic career of Mr. Kemble, we can only briefly say, that he speedily attained acknowledged pre-eminence in the tragic scene. There was none, indeed, worthy of being named as a competitor excepting Henderson, and the excellence of his Falstaff, which we remember as a most wonderful exhibition, made all his other parts relish of sack and sugar. In many parts of which Kemble obtained possession, and which he played admirably, he has, nevertheless, been equalled or excelled. The ancients preferred the Richard of Garrick to that of the new actor, and many of the moderns give a like preference to Kean, particularly in the last two acts. Some obstacles, however, occurred from his own personal qualifications. We have said he could not appear ludicrous, and we must add that, from the noble effect of his countenance and figure, neither could he seem constitutionally villanous: he could never *look* the part of Richard, and it seemed a jest to hear him, whose countenance and person were so eminently fine, descant on his own deformity. He was, perhaps, sensible of this, for he used to argue that Richard III, being of high descent and breeding, ought not to be vulgar in his appearance or coarse in his cruelty. There certainly should prevail a tinge of aristocracy about the dramatic Richard, but it ought not to be of a generous or chivalrous character, or, whatever the figure of the historical Richard may have been, that of a handsome prince.

For the same reason Kemble was inferior both to Cooke and to Kean, in Massinger's Sir Giles Overreach. That singular character is Richard in ordinary life, an extortioner and oppressor, confident in his art and in his audacity; but Kemble, when dressed for this part, reminded us of a dignified country gentleman of the ancient school,—"an old courtier of the Queen's," rather than a low-born, upstart, purse-proud tyrant, with impudence enough to glory in his base arts of extortion. He might say what ill he would of himself, the audience could not believe him.

In Lear, Kemble must, we think, have been decidedly inferior to Garrick. In Hamlet he was not more than the

equal of Garrick, and a most formidable rival arose in his own time in Charles Young. But in Macbeth, Kemble has been as yet unapproachable; nor can we conceive that the bold and effective manner of Garrick, touching on the broad points of a character with a hand however vigorous, could at all compare with Kemble's exquisitely and minutely elaborate delineation of guilty ambition, drawn on from crime to crime, while the avenging furies at once scourge him for former guilt, and urge him to further enormities. We can never forget the rueful horror of his look, which by strong exertion he endeavours to conceal, when on the morning succeeding the murder he receives Lennox and Macduff in the ante-chamber of Duncan. His efforts to appear composed, his endeavours to assume the attitude and appearance of one listening to Lennox's account of the external terrors of the night, while in fact he is expecting the alarm to arise within the royal apartment, formed a most astonishing piece of playing. Kemble's countenance seemed altered by the sense of internal horror, and had a cast of that of Count Ugolino in the dungeon, as painted by Reynolds. When Macbeth felt himself obliged to turn towards Lennox and reply to what he had been saying. you saw him, like a man awaking from a fit of absence, endeavour to recollect at least the general tenor of what had been said, and it was some time ere he could bring out the general reply, "'Twas a rough night." Those who have had the good fortune to see Kemble and Mrs. Siddons in Macbeth and his lady, may be satisfied they have witnessed the highest perfection of the dramatic art. There cannot have been, and we fear never will be, anything to compare to it. Their King John and Lady Constance are equally beyond imitation, and must be forgotten ere others can obtain any high degree of applause in these characters.

But it was not only in such parts as fell precisely within his line, and which he seemed to hold by birthright, that Kemble delighted the public. There were others, appearing to be beyond his proper territory, which he invaded, nevertheless, and conquered; amongst which was the character of the headlong and hasty Percy,

"A hair-brained Hotspur, guided by a spleen."

One would have thought, *a priori*, that the grave, studious, contemplative actor, who personated Hamlet to the life,

could scarcely have assumed the rapidity and energy, and hurry, and reckless indulgence of his humour, which are among the chief ingredients of Henry Percy's character. But Kemble's profound study of the author enabled him to seize on the distinguishing features of that great historical portrait. It cannot now be known whether Shakspeare gathered from tradition, or himself conferred on Hotspur the quality of

"Speaking thick which nature made his blemish."

But Kemble contrived to show how well that hurried and impeded articulation suited the irritability of the character. It was in the speech in which Hotspur loses the key-note of what he desires to say, by forgetting the name of a place—

"In Richard's time—what do you call the place?—
A plague upon it—'tis in Gloucestershire—
'Twas where the mad-cap Duke his uncle kept—
His uncle York."

Through all this confusion of mangled recollections, Kemble chafed and tumbled about his words with the furious impatience of an angry man who has to seek for a pen at the very moment he is about to write a challenge, and is angry at himself and every one else because so petty a want impedes for a moment his thirst of vengeance. Then the delight with which he grasped at the word when suggested—

"Northumberland. At Berkely Castle.—Hotspur. *You say true.*"

The manner in which Kemble spoke these three words, and rushed forward into his abuse of Bolingbroke, like a hunter surmounting the obstacle which had stopped his career, was electrical. It was like a greyhound slipped—like a rocket lighted—like a bolt from a cross-bow. The effect on the audience was singular. There was a general disposition to *encore* so fine a piece of art, as if such an effort could have been repeated like a song. The cause of this extraordinary mode of applause seems to have been, that there being no feelings excited by the speech, save admiration of the actor's exquisite skill, it seemed as if that had approached to an exhibition of ventriloquism, or some similar turn of address, which could be repeated on demand; whatever might be the cause, the impulse was general.

Henry V was a favourite character of Kemble; Mr. Boaden says,

"As a *coup de théâtre*, his starting up from prayer at the sound of the trumpet, in the passage where he states his attempted atonement to Richard the Second, formed one of the most spirited excitements that the stage has ever displayed. His occasional reversions to the 'mad wag,' the 'sweet young prince,' had a singular charm, as the condescension of one who could be so terrible."—BOADEN, vol. ii, p. 8.

We agree entirely with what Mr. Boaden has here stated. It always struck us that the expression of self-satisfied humour which Kemble threw into his countenance, in anticipation of the expected scuffle which was to take place between Fluellen and Williams, came as far within the confines of a comic part, as nature had designed John Kemble to advance.

On the whole, however, tragedy, and that of the most stately and majestic character, was the line in which our departed friend was formed to excel. He himself entertained a less limited idea of his powers, and conceived that great study and knowledge of dramatic writing and of the human character could qualify a man as well for the sock as for the buskin. Towards a late period of his life, he displayed this self-confidence in a singular degree. He nourished nothing less ambitious, than an idea of revolutionizing Falstaff by acting the fat knight on a new principle, and he used to enlarge, with all the skilful sophistry his profound acquaintance with the drama could supply, on the points which he would assume differing from those presented by Henderson, to whom, however, he uniformly gave the praise of having presented one of the richest and most glowing portraits which the stage in his time had afforded. At one time, when we were ourselves listening to him on this subject, an incident took place which those who were present can scarcely fail to recollect, and which served to show the strength of Kemble's nerves, and at the same time, the deep and overwhelming interest which he took in professional discussion.

I was at the entertainment annually given by the Royal Academy, on the day before the opening of the exhibition of paintings in Somerset House, on which occasion we need not tell most of our readers invitations are sent by the academicians to all the persons of rank and quality who are

supposed to love and encourage the arts, to those who may be considered as the pillars of literature, and as some readers may think, to the caterpillars also, since we, the critics, were honoured with a summons.

The scene, splendid as usual from the beauty and brilliancy of the works of art which hung around us, was rendered venerable by the presence of old West, in his capacity of president, and he was supported by one of the princes of the blood, and a brilliant array of nobility and quality, intermingled with artists and literary men of eminence. The apartment was illuminated by an immeasurably large and ponderous bronze chandelier, a gift from his present majesty to the Royal Academy. It exhibited many hundred lamps, and might weigh two or three tons. It had been recently suspended, and this was the first time of its being used. Beneath this huge and splendid chandelier was placed a sort of gigantic dumb-waiter, on which were arranged the quantity of wine-glasses, decanters, water-glasses, and other things of the sort, necessary for the accommodation of so large a company.

We had the good fortune to sit beside our late lamented friend, and were listening to the ingenious distinctions which he was pointing out with great earnestness and precision, between Falstaff as "Sir John to all Europe,"—as one who jested familiarly with John of Gaunt on his breaking Justice Shallow's head for crowding among the marshalmen—as the companion of the Prince of Wales—and the same Falstaff as the gallant of Doll Tearsheet, in all the coarse indulgence of the Boar's Head, where he himself was, as it is usually termed, the cock of the company—"the old boar, in short, feeding in the old frank."

While we were listening to this with much edification, a roar was heard behind us like distant thunder—the links of the strong chain which suspended the chandelier were giving way, and became slackened so much, that it gradually sunk and came into collision with the dumb-waiter aforesaid, which was crushed to shivers beneath its weight, while all the garnishing of the beaufet, like Alnaschar's stock in trade, was annihilated, with a crashing scream, which might equal that of the dying elephant. If the absolute fall of the chandelier had taken place, it would have tried Chambers's architecture with a vengeance, and beyond a doubt must

have penetrated through the floor to the very cellars of the building, carrying with it princes, dukes, painters, poets, musicians, amateurs—and critics. Fortunately the links of the bronze chain, though they slacked, did not snap, but the momentary alarm was considerable. We ourselves, though, as may be supposed, from our profession, not peculiarly timid, began to think a retreat by the staircase, though less honourable, might have its advantage over the posthumous fame of being recorded among the distinguished victims, as the papers would doubtless have termed them, "on the late awful occurrence." But after one calm glance over his shoulder, our friend, John Kemble, returned back to Falstaff, and had talked for five minutes about the Boar's Head and the Tilt Yard, before we could recover our composure sufficiently to collect what he was saying, and when he chid us for inattention, Charles XII's rebuke to his secretary for interrupting a letter at the explosion of a bomb in the next apartment, could not have been more coolly uttered. His acting Falstaff would have given a great treat to those who desired to see one of the first of critics exemplifying his conception of one of the most singular parts in the drama. But that John Kemble could have been Sir John in the genuine jolly and jocund sense of the part, is what we can never conceive.

We must cut short our history of Kemble as an actor, by brief mention of those Roman characters, Cato, Brutus, and Coriolanus, by means of which he transported us to the Capitol, so completely had he made the habits, manners, and mode of thinking of the ancients identically his own. They were, indeed, peculiarly suited to his noble and classical form, his dignified and stately gesture, his regulated yet commanding eloquence.

"Pride in each port, defiance in each eye,
You saw the lords of human kind pass by."

To his peculiar art of acting also, the Roman character in its various shades afforded great facilities. There was almost always connected with it an assumed character, which qualified, if it did not master, that which nature had assigned to the individual. The aristocratic pride of Coriolanus, the patriotic ardour, and stoical philosophy of Brutus and Cato, form each a shade of adventitious and adopted character, which seems to control the natural

feelings of the heart, and hide, or at least colour, what cannot be altogether suppressed. The temperament of Brutus, for example, is naturally warm, as appears in his quarrel with Cassius; naturally affectionate, as is displayed in his scene with Portia. But his stoic mien, arising out of rules of thought and conduct long since adopted, draws a veil over both feelings; and his affections are subdued, though not hidden, by sufferance enjoined by his philosophy. Other performers might excel Kemble in the full burst of instant and agitating passion to which the person represented is supposed to give the reins upon any direct natural impulse; but we cannot conceive of any one delineating, with anything approaching to the same felicity, those lofty Romans, feeling and partly exhibiting, yet on the whole conquering the passions of nature by the mental discipline to which they have trained themselves. Those who have seen Kemble as Cato bend over the body of his slain son, and subdue the father to assume the patriot, or have heard him pronounce the few words in Brutus,

"No man bears sorrow better—Portia's dead,"

will at once understand our meaning—to others we almost despair of explaining it. We would further remark, that whatever might in some characters appear tardy, and even stiff in Kemble's mode of acting, was here natural and proper. The pause showed the time which philosophy claimed to obtain her victory over nature; the delay, elsewhere censured, was in these parts not merely appropriate: the suspense itself agonized the audience.

Neither was that slight degree of tardiness, though ridiculed by Sheridan—when urging Kemble for some novelty, he advised him to play *Hamlet* with music between the pauses—visible, when, in the opinion of the actor, the scene required instant and precipitate exertion. The mode in which he rushed on the stage in *Coriolanus*, with the half breathless cry, "Am I too late?" is an illustration of what we mean, as well as many similar exertions in Coleman's striking piece of the *Mountaineers*, and in the grand pantomime of *Rolla*. He was, indeed, not only a noble figure when moving with the stately grace which he usually maintained, but equally striking when engaged in violent action. When he condescended—we must give it

that term—to play the part of Percy in the *Castle Spectre*, he used, in the scene where Percy drops back on the couch, just as when rising to make his spring from the window, to discover all the address and activity of the most able pantomimist. The same command of muscle and limb was far more strikingly exemplified when the Volscian assassins approaching him from behind in the very midst of the triumphant vaunt of his repeated victories over their countrymen, seemed to pass their swords through the body of Coriolanus. There was no precaution, no support; in the midst of the exclamation against Tullus Aufidius, he dropped as dead and as flat on the stage as if the swords had really met within his body. We have repeatedly heard screams from the female part of the audience when he presented this scene, which had the most striking resemblance to actual and instant death we ever witnessed, and saved all that rolling, gasping, and groaning, which generally takes place in our theatres, to the scandal of all foreigners, until at length a stout fellow, exhausted by his apparent efforts and agonies, lies on his back, puffing like a grampus, and is to be received as a heroic corpse.

We must leave John Kemble as a player to consider him in the light of a manager, for the improved taste which he introduced into the drama in that capacity will benefit the admirers of the theatrical art in future times as much as his personal exertions delighted his contemporaries. In 1788–89 King resigned what was called the management of Drury Lane Theatre. Honest Tom—who can remember his Benedick and Lord Ogleby without pleasure—though the last has had an excellent substitute? Tom loved gambling, and fell of course among thieves, who were rather proud of their trade, as witness the following anecdote:—

"After playing all night with a sharper, at a fashionable club, and losing everything, King discovered that he had been bubbled, and hinted his suspicions to his antagonist; who coolly said to him, 'I *always* play with marked cards, why don't you?'"—Boaden, vol. ii, p. 28.

King seems to have been scarcely used better by his employers, the proprietors, than by his friends the Greeks. He had the name and responsibility of stage-manager, but without power to receive or reject a piece, engage or discharge a performer, command a coat to be cleaned, or add a

yard of copper-lace to it, though often needed. Kemble refused to undertake the responsible office without the necessary authority for the management of the whole dramatic business. This was promised, and in some degree granted; but it was Sheridan who was the promiser; and though, being then chiefly involved in politics, he was obliged to leave Kemble much greater latitude than he did King, he contrived to give him, from time to time, as much annoyance as a man rigidly true to his engagements could receive from one whose extraordinary talents were blended with so much negligence and inconsistency. Sheridan's command over Kemble, founded on the respect due to his talents, and the art with which he flattered and conciliated after offending, disappointing, and breaking faith with him, was exercised in no creditable manner. Perfectly guileless —devoid—not of spirit, far from it, but of everything like implacability—Kemble long struggled under the difficulties which attended every management in which Sheridan was concerned. But he pleased himself with the sense that his authority, however interfered with, gave him still the power of doing much for the improvement of dramatic taste.

Before Kemble's time there was no such thing as regular costume observed in our theatres. The actors represented Macbeth and his wife, Belvidera and Jaffier, and most other parts, whatever the age or country in which the scene was laid, in the cast-off court dresses of the nobility. Kemble used to say that the modern dresses of the characters in the well-known print of a certain dramatic dagger-scene, made them resemble the butler and house-keeper struggling for the carving-knife. Some few characters, by a sort of prescriptive theatrical right, always retained the costume of their times—Falstaff, for example, and Richard III. But such exceptions only rendered the general appearance of the actors more anomalous. We have seen *Jane Shore* acted, with Richard in the old English cloak, Lord Hastings in a full court dress with his white rod like a lord chamberlain of the last reign, and Jane Shore and Alicia in stays and hoops. We have seen Miss Young act Zara incased in whalebone, to an Osman dressed properly enough as a Turk, while Nerestan, a Christian knight in the time of the Crusades, strutted in the white uniform of the old French guards. These incongruities were perhaps owing to the court of

Charles II adopting, after the Restoration, the French regulation, that players being considered as in the presence of their sovereign, should wear the dress of the court drawing-room, while in certain parts the old English custom was still retained, which preserved some attempt at dressing in character. Kemble reformed all these anachronisms, and prosecuted with great earnestness a plan of reforming the wardrobe of the stage, collecting with indefatigable diligence from illuminated manuscripts, ancient pictures, and other satisfactory authorities, whatever could be gleaned of ancient costume worthy of being adopted on the theatre. Rigid and pedantic adherence to the dresses of every age was not possible or to be wished for. In the time when Lear is supposed to have lived, the British were probably painted and tattooed, and, to be perfectly accurate, Edgar ought to have stripped his shoulders bare before he assumed the character of poor Tom. Hamlet, too, if the Amlethus of Saxo Grammaticus, should have worn a bear skin instead of his inky suit; and whatever Macbeth's garb should have been, of course a philabeg could have formed no part thereof. But as the poet, carrying back his scene into remote days, retains still to a certain extent the manners and sentiments of his own period, so it is sufficient for the purpose of costume if everything be avoided which can recall modern associations, and as much of the antique be assumed as will at once harmonize with the purpose of the exhibition and in so far awaken recollections of the days of yore as to give an air of truth to the scene. Every theatrical reader must recollect the additional force which Macklin gave to the Jew at his first appearance in that character, when he came on the stage dressed with his red hat, peaked beard, and loose black gown, a dress which excited Pope's curiosity, who desired to know in particular why he wore a red hat. Macklin replied modestly, because he had read that the Jews in Venice were obliged to wear hats of that colour. "And pray, Mr. Macklin," said Pope, "do players in general take such pains?"—"I do not know, sir," replied Macklin, "that they do, but as I had staked my reputation on the character, I was determined to spare no trouble in getting at the best information." Pope expressed himself much pleased.

During his whole life Kemble was intent on improving, by all means which occurred, the accuracy of the dresses

he wore while in character. Macbeth was one of the first plays in which the better system of costume was adopted, and he wore the Highland dress, as old Macklin had done before him. Many years afterwards he was delighted when, with our own critical hands, which have plucked many a plume besides, we divested his bonnet of sundry huge bunches of black feathers which made it look like an undertaker's cushion, and replaced them with the single broad quill feather of an eagle sloping across his noble brow; he told us afterwards that the change was worth to him three distinct rounds of applause as he came forwards in this improved and more genuine headgear.

With the subject of dress, modes of disposing and managing the scenes are naturally connected; and here, also, Kemble, jealous of the dignity of his art, called in the assistance of able artists, and improved in a most wonderful degree the appearance of the stage and the general effect of the piece in representation. Yet, in our opinion, the Muse of Painting should be on the stage the hand-maid not the rival of her sisters of the drama. Each art should retain its due predominance within its own proper region. Let the scenery be as well painted, and made as impressive as a moderate sized stage will afford: but when the roof is raised to give the scene-painter room to pile Pelion upon Ossa; when the stage is widened that his forests may be extended, or deepened that his oceans may flow in space apparently interminable, the manager who commands these decorations is leaving his proper duty, and altering entirely the purpose of the stage. Meantime, as the dresses ought to be suited to the time and country, the landscape and architecture should be equally coherent. Means may, besides, be discovered from time to time tending to render the scenic deception more effective, and the introduction of such must be advantageous, provided always that this part of theatrical business be kept in due subordination to that which is strictly dramatic.

Processions and decorations belong to the same province as scenes and dresses, and should be heedfully attended to, but at the same time kept under, that they may relieve the action of the scene, instead of shouldering aside the dramatic interest. Kemble carried his love of splendour rather to the extreme, though what he introduced was generally

tasteful and splendid. He sacrificed perhaps his own opinion to the humour of the audience, and to the tempting facilities which the size of the modern theatres afford for what is called spectacle.

Macbeth was, as has been hinted, one of the first of the old stock plays which he brought forward in this splendid manner, and in many respects it was admirably suited for such a purpose. The distant approach of Macbeth's army, as well as the apparitions of the cavern, were very well managed. By causing the descendants of the murdered thane to pass behind a screen of black crape, he diminished their corporeal appearance, and emulated the noble lines of Collins;—

> "From thence he sung how, mid his bold design,
> Before the Scot, afflicted and aghast,
> The shadowy kings of Banquo's fated line
> Through the dark cave in gleamy pageant passed."

Things occurred, however, even in this fine spectacle, which show that matters of show and pageantry have their own peculiar risks. At first Kemble had introduced four bands of children, who rushed on the stage at the invocation of the witches, to represent the

> "Black spirits and white,
> Blue spirits and gray."

There was perhaps little taste in rendering these aërial beings visible to the bodily eye, especially when the same manager had made an attempt to banish even the spectre of Banquo. But he was obliged to discard his imps for an especial reason. Mr. Kelly informs us, that, egged on, and encouraged by one of their number, a black-eyed urchin, ycleped *Edmund Kean*, they made such confusion on the stage that Kemble was fain to dismiss them to the elements. Another failure we ourselves witnessed—a whimsical failure—in this piece, which we may mention as a warning to those managers who put too much faith in such mechanical aids. It occurred when the armed head ought to have arisen, but when, though the trap-door gaped, no apparition arose. The galleries began to hiss; whereupon the scene-shifters in the cellarage, redoubling their exertions, and overcoming, perforce, the obstinacy of the screw which was to raise the trap, fairly, out of too great and urgent zeal, overdid their business, and produced before the audience, at full length,

the apparition of a stout man, his head and shoulders arrayed in antique helmet and plate, while the rest of his person was humbly attired after the manner of a fifth-rate performer of these degenerate days—that is to say, in a dimity waistcoat, nankeen breeches, and a very dirty pair of cotton stockings. To complete the absurdity, the poor man had been so hastily promoted that he could not keep his feet, but prostrated himself on his nose before the audience, to whom he was so unexpectedly introduced.

The effect of this accident was not recovered during the whole evening, though the play was performed with transcendant ability.

Kemble, though, from a natural turn for magnificence, he was somewhat too apt to indulge this love of show, often contrived to cater at the same time for those who admired in preference the legitimate scenes of the drama. *Henry VIII* was produced chiefly on account of the processions; but who would not forgive any motive which could contribute to bring forward such complete personifications as Mrs. Siddons and her brother presented in Cardinal Wolsey and Queen Catherine? The trial scene and dying scene of the immortal actress were among the most splendid displays of her unrivalled excellence, and for Kemble's Wolsey, it was reality itself; you saw the full-blown dignity of the ambitious statesman sink at once before the regal frown, and you felt at the same moment that he had received the death wound. He seemed to totter and grow less before the eyes of the spectator; you saw that the spear he had leaned upon had pierced his side. Unhappily, although they were thus frequently combined, the taste for show prevailed over that for the legitimate drama. A display of splendour in the one theatre provoked rival magnificence in the other, and the example entailed ruinous expense on both. While Drury and Covent Garden merely contended for the superiority in theatrical talent, their expenses were within limit; but when the outlay was extended to splendour of procession and complication of artillery, there could be no end to the conflict but ruin; and all that is gained by such extravagance is to pervert the taste of the public. The burning of towers, and charging with cavalry, and the introduction of elephants, lions, and other inhabitants of the menagerie ought to be confined to pantomime. We have heard that in Schiller's

Robbers, as acted on a certain German stage, the hero rushed in at the head of thirty horse; but we would only ask how an actor so situated is to be seen or heard? Let any one observe how difficult it is to distinguish the captain when at the head of a real troop of dragoons, and he will see at once how completely the presence of numbers destroys the idea of that personal importance which is so necessary to the effect of an actor. What then is to be done when an army or any other large assembly must be addressed? The common resource is to draw up half a dozen men along the flat scene, who stand there with pale countenances, as stiff as upon the parade, till the speech is finished, and then—right about—forward—and off they stalk as if to relieve guard. We have been tempted to think something better than this might be contrived. Suppose two or three armed figures were exhibited as seen partially betwixt the side scenes, with lances and banners projecting over their heads, so as to suggest to the imagination of the audience the leaders of columns stationed in readiness to advance, and give some idea of numbers attendant on their chieftain. But it is our business—a mischievous one, if you will—to criticise existing imperfections rather than submit expedients to the critical powers of others.

In the business of the green-room, Kemble, as manager, was gentlemanlike, accurate, and regular, but somewhat strict: for, as he had in his private capacity as actor taken contentedly whichever parts were assigned him, he conceived himself entitled to expect the same compliance with his own arrangements, and, with these, amidst the little contentions and jealousies which must creep into what may be called a band of intellectual gladiators, who contend with each other to win the popular suffrage of crowded audiences, human passions not seldom interfered. We once had a long conversation with him on this subject, in which he complained, that there was not the same classification of performers in England that had been formed on the continent. Our theatres were, said John, like eastern regions, where all must be half-deified sultans, viziers, and bashaws, or depressed and sullen slaves. In England, the actor who represents Laertes or Horatio is considering himself all the while as a degraded man, because he is not the Hamlet of

the evening. In France, on the other hand, there is a race of actors who either never aspire to more than secondary parts, or, if they have any hope of so aspiring, endeavour to recommend themselves by the superior manner in which they discharge the subordinate characters meanwhile intrusted to them: whereas the English performer too often acts carelessly, and sometimes malignantly neglects to support by due exertion the interest of the scene, with a rival whom he thinks unjustly preferred to himself. Kemble mentioned on this occasion, that, being behind the scenes at the Comédie Française along with Talma, he observed an individual conning his part with great attention, rehearsing it with different tones and actions, and, in short, so sedulous in his rehearsal, that it seemed he had some most important part to perform. Being greatly struck with the actor's assiduity, he inquired what weighty character this hard student was to represent? Talma informed him that he had only to say five words, "Madam, the coach is ready;" and that, notwithstanding the brevity and seeming unimportance of his part, whatever it might be, this man uniformly spent much time in studying and adjusting the action, tone, and manner of delivering himself. In short, the English actor thinks himself positively sunk and injured when obliged to perform a part of little consequence; the Frenchman, with happier vanity, considers that he may exalt any part by *his* mode of playing it, and obtain at least such share of applause as may show that he too is a painter, though exercising his powers for the nonce on a limited scale. It is needless to say which system gives most effect to the scene: for, if it may be questioned whether the French or English stage has afforded the greatest actors taken individually, there can be no doubt that your Parisian theatre presents a company so completely drilled to work together, each doing his best to support the rest, that the whole entertainment is more illusive, and more captivating, than if one or two stars, as they are called, had shown themselves amidst a general darkness of ignorance, carelessness, and ill-humour. There is also this convenience in the French mode—*concordiâ res parvæ crescunt*—by uniform and habitual co-operation, a company of even ordinary powers may at any time make a better amusement out of a well-cast comedy suited to their different talents, than when a single

part is performed with excellence, and the rest *walked through* or hurried over.

But Kemble's anxiety as a manager made him sometimes too busy; he was apt to be drilling the performers even during the time of the performance; a mode of mixing the duties of actor and manager which ought never to be suffered, as it checks the spirit of the superior performer's own part, while it sadly deranges the inexperienced actor, terrifies the modest, and doubly confuses the dull or negligent. Who can forget how Mrs. Siddons in her noviciate was appalled, almost annihilated, by the *aside* frown of Garrick? We ourselves remember to have seen a very pleasing looking young person much disturbed by Kemble's directions about lifting and lowering the sword in the scene betwixt the princess Anne and Richard.

Mr. Kemble, in the winter season of 1784–5, was superseded in his temporary character of manager by King's return to that situation. But in 1788–9, the veteran finally retreated from the office, and from that time Kemble remained manager of Drury Lane until 1796, when the irregularity with which the proprietors managed their pecuniary matters, and their frequent interference with his authority, induced him to resign the situation. He again returned to the thankless office in 1800–1, with some intention of obtaining a secure hold by purchasing one-fourth part of the whole concern. This plan failed; and in 1802, Kemble finally retired from Drury Lane, and made a purchase of a fourth share of the Covent Garden patent. He was now not only a manager, but a large proprietor, a speculation which, producing some difficulties, afterwards interfered with the quiet of his declining years. As stated by Mr. Boaden, it may be wondered why, with no expensive habits, with professional emoluments to the amount of about £3000 a-year, and with a considerable sum of money saved, without which he could not have made the purchase, this amiable and good-tempered man should have involved his whole fortune in a property which he knew to be so very precarious that he himself always talked of it as a lottery, and confined himself for life to the duty of management which he had often felt to be accompanied by intolerable grievances. But John Kemble was a sworn votary to the drama; and though he certainly did bow the knee to Baal

in becoming an encourager of the inordinate rage for spectacle, which at once impoverished the concern and debauched the public taste, he laboured hard, on the other hand, to bring forward ancient pieces which he thought might be revived with renewed interest. He had undoubtedly the laudable wish to raise as high as possible the art to which, as much from the excellence of his personal, as of his professional character, he was an honour. Kemble may be, therefore, considered as having, with his eyes open, made a sacrifice of fortune, of peace of mind, and of the bodily ease which frequent fits of the gout rendered desirable, in order to sustain the honour of his art.

The discomfort to which he was exposed never fretted his temper; and not even the gout itself, mistress of men's purposes and their actions too in most cases, could conquer his strong resolution to do his duty towards the public. He used to take the somewhat hazardous medicine *l'eau médicinale d'Husson* without hesitation, so as to enable him to perform the very day after his malady had made its most severe attacks. It could not but happen that he was sometimes less equal to his part than at others, and such an occasional failure led to a painful dispute, which for some time created a breach between him and his friend George Colman the younger. We mention the subject, not with the purpose of raking up the recollections which both parties had buried, but because Mr. Boaden is a little mistaken in some of the particulars. When Mr. Colman brought forward his play of the *Iron Chest*, founded on the masterpiece of Godwin's genius, *Caleb Williams*, he put into the mouth of one of the characters a description of the antiquarian humours of Mortimer, the Falkland of the play, which part was to be performed by Kemble:

"Philip is all deep reading, and black letter;
He shows it in his very chin. He speaks
Mere dictionary; and he pores on pages
That give plain men the head-ache. 'Scarce and curious'
Are baits his learning nibbles at. His brain
Is crammed with mouldy volumes, cramp and useless,
Like a librarian's lumber-room."

Kemble conceived that these lines were unnecessarily introduced, as throwing ridicule on his antiquarian lore; and Colman, upon his remonstrance, changed the name of Sir Philip to Sir *Edward* Mortimer, as it now stands. But the

smartest wag that ever broke a pun should beware of exercising his wit upon his physician, his lawyer, or the actor who is to perform in his play. Kemble, unwell and out of humour, acted negligently a part which requires violent exertion. The irritated dramatist published the play with an angry preface, and the actor responded. But a quarrel betwixt the author of *Octavian* and John Kemble was too unnatural; they became sensible they had both been wrong, and were reconciled, and the preface was so effectually cancelled, that the price of a copy in which it remains, astounds the novice when it occurs in the sale room.

Of Mr. Kemble as a manager, we have only further to say, that equally unsparing of his labour, and regardless of the ill-will which he excited among those who suffered by his economy, he carried retrenchment and good order into every deparment of the theatre.

The good public in the mean time, though returning ever and anon to Shakspeare and common sense, were guilty of two or three grand absurdities, such as became the worthy descendants of those whose fathers crowded the Haymarket Theatre, to see a man get into a quart-bottle,* and these were among the most powerful causes that tended to obstruct the effect of Mr. Kemble's exertions to restore the reign of good taste in dramatic matters.

Vortigern, a play ascribed to Shakspeare, gave rise to one of these hallucinations of popular absurdity. An impudent youth of eighteen, desirous of imitating Chatterton, it may be supposed, but without possessing any of his powers, told his father a story of having recovered certain extremely curious documents belonging to Shakspeare, presented to him, as he said, by a benevolent old gentleman, who had them by inheritance, but would not permit himself to be referred to or quoted in the affair. The elder Mr. Ireland, believing, or pretending to believe, this improbable fiction, put the tale into circulation, and like a commercial note, it received indorsations as it passed from hand to hand, which strengthened its credit. The pleasure of being cheated was never more completely indulged. Without any minute

* It may be now spoken out, that the contriver of this notable *hoax* was the Duke of Montagu, eccentric in his humour as well as in his benevolence. The person who appeared was a poor Scotchman, who had some office about the India House.

inquiry after the old gentleman who had been the possessor of these documents; without reflecting with distrust upon the extravagance of the liberality which could confer such literary treasures on a mere boy, and enjoin at the same time that the donor's person should be concealed; without examination of the paper of the manuscript, which, torn as it was out of the blank leaves of old account books, bore different and recent water-marks—of itself, the very miscellaneous nature of the Shakspeare relics ought to have made thinking men pause.

For this was no affair of a few scraps,—a perfect storehouse of the most curious and interesting articles was announced—letters—locks of hair—rings—portraits—books—billets-doux—and above all, plays. To render the deception more gross, Ireland introduced a namesake of his own as a contemporary and friend of Shakspeare, and, we think, assigned to him the merit of saving the bard from the risk of drowning in the Avon. People visited the manuscript, which was shown with the same guarded precaution that priests use when they exhibit an idol; and, as they came to be deceived, the visitors took care not to return without their errand.

Kemble, warned perhaps by Mr. Malone, escaped the contagious credulity of the time; and though he brought *Vortigern* on the stage, and acted as the principal character, he was never duped by the figment of the young forger. The dialogue was not calculated to impose upon the ear as the manuscript had bewildered the eye. The piece was most effectually damned, and its fate excited a strong prejudice against Kemble among the numerous body of literati, who had become ridiculous by their faith in the fiction, as if he had not done the part of Vortigern that justice which was his duty. Every one who had the most distant connection with this ridiculous business seemed destined to come to shame: Malone himself, though he penned a detection of the imposture, was, in the midst of his triumph, exposed, in his turn, by George Chalmers, who, even after Ireland confessed his fraud, wrote an apology for the believers in the manuscript, showing to demonstration, that the reasoning of Malone was false in itself; though brought to establish what was now become undeniable truth. Even John Kemble, passive as he was in the affair, continued

long to suffer from that ill-will which ascribed to him the ridicule by which the believers in those forgeries had been overwhelmed. Nor must we forget the numerous class of projectors, who had schemed their own private emolument with the furtherance of the deception. These were, years afterwards, to be found among the personal enemies of Kemble.

Another notable instance of popular humour was evinced soon after, viz. the violent fever-fit of admiration which the public exhibited for the young Roscius, Master Betty, a child certainly of precocious parts, remarkable for his speech and action, together with his mimicry, for it could at his age be nothing else, of the language of passions which he had never felt. It was certainly very fair playing, and, in the circumstances, wonderful; the graceful demeanour and nonchalance of the almost infantine performer were particularly so. But it was a deception; and Siddons and Kemble were neglected, whilst the youthful prodigy trode the stage in triumph, and afforded the most rapturous gratification to such audiences as had it in their power to enjoy the united efforts of the finest actor and actress in the world. Some ill-humour was manifested, if we rightly recollect, by a part of the public, because Mrs. Siddons felt her own dignity, and did not choose to act with this tender juvenile for her lover or husband. This temporary fit of dotage of John Bull was attended with feelings of dislike as well as neglect to his ancient servant Kemble: for, when under the influence of an absurd planet, John is too apt to look with an evil eye upon all who do not bow down to worship the god of his immediate idolatry.

This determined dream of folly included a sort of prospective hope on the part of the admiring audience, that their treasure would increase in value as his powers, already so astonishing in boyhood, should ripen to maturity. But early blossoms seldom do so; and it was seen in the second season, that, as the wonderful circumstance of his youth diminished, Master Betty's attractions became less. He was prudent, or rather his friends were; and as he had amassed, in an incredibly short space, a handsome fortune, they withdrew him from the scene. He appeared again many years afterwards, and showed respectable, but far from striking powers.

The next great incident in Kemble's history was occasioned by a deplorable event, or rather one out of a course of events of the same nature which succeeded each other rapidly; we mean the sequence of fires, by which the Pantheon, Opera House, Covent Garden, and Drury Lane theatres were burnt down. The wonderful coincidence of time and circumstance in these fatal accidents made persons imagine that some incendiary had, in a fit of zeal of a truly flaming character, undertaken the destruction of what he might consider as the resorts of profanity. But any one who has been behind the scenes of a theatre, and has seen how many lights are burning in the neighbourhood of scenery, and other articles of a character peculiarly combustible,—has been witness, at the same time, to the explosion of guns and fire-works, scattering risk in every direction,—and has observed how the shifting of scenes and alteration of lights are prepetually threatening to bring them into contact,—will wonder that so few rather than that so many accidents of the kind in reality take place. There is, also, to be considered, the total want of party walls, and that ample room and scope afforded to the action of the flames renders fire a more dangerous, as well as a more probable event in a theatre than anywhere else—unless it be aboard ship. The same resource against this imminent peril exists in both cases:—namely, the great number of men who are perpetually moving about, both behind the scenes and in a vessel. Numerous accidents occur weekly, nay daily, in both, which, where there were fewer eyes to observe, and fewer ready hands to assist, would produce the most fatal accidents. It is, we think, Captain Brazen, in the *Recruiting Officer*, who hesitates whether he shall lay out the fortune of his wife in the speculation of a theatre or a privateer. In some respects there is the same disadvantage attending either plan—at an insurance office they must both be ranked double dangerous.

But the destruction of Covent Garden theatre was attended with one consequence which we must always regard as detrimental, in the highest degree, to the theatrical art. The house was rebuilt on a plan too ample for its legitimate purpose, and far too magnificient for the profits which might naturally be expected from it.

The proprietors of Drury had led the way in this great

and leading error when they reconstructed that theatre and stage on which Garrick and his contemporaries had exhibited their astonishing talents. We remember the old playhouse, and cannot but regret that the plan had not been, in point of extent at least, exactly followed. All the nicer touches of fine acting—the smile, however suppressed—the glance of passion which escaped from the actor's eye and indicated the internal emotion which he appeared desirous to suppress—the whisper which was heard distinctly through the whole circle of the attentive audience—are all lost or wasted in the huge halls which have since arisen. The finest art of the performer—that of modulating features, tones, and action to the natural expression of human passion, is now lost. Extravagant gestures must be used; excess of rant must be committed by the best actors in their finest parts; and even their violence of voice and gesticulation can hardly make them intelligible to the immense circle in front.

Nor do we conceive this enlargement of the theatres to be more favourable to the interest of the proprietors than to the advantage of the art. A crowded house ought to be a frequent occurrence for the purpose of keeping up the appetite of the public, who are stimulated on such occasions by the desire of sharing a delight not to be purchased without some difficulty. But in these immense Dom-daniels difficulty of access can but rarely exist:—cold and cheerless vacuity is much more frequently the effect, even when the number which can be calculated upon as regular play-going people are dispersed through their immense spaces. Men are never stimulated to go thither from the fear that a neglected opportunity may not return. What can be done at any time is seldom or never done, and the appearance of huge half-empty amphitheatres must suggest to every one who visits them the chilling idea of an amusement which has little attraction. Besides, the dead and unproductive expense laid out upon ornamental architecture and accommodation which is seldom wanted, loads the property and diminishes the productive capital which ought to be employed in the salaries of the actors and other legitimate expenses of the house.

It is also too true that the size of the theatres has greatly tended to increase the charge justly brought against them in some respects as injurious to public morals. Upon the stage

the entertainment presented to the public is of a character far more pure and correct in point of morality than was formerly the case. Those by whom it is represented are generally decorous and often exemplary in their private conduct: many mingle with and are well received in the best society; and the personal characters of respectable performers of this day, may be most advantageously opposed to those of the Cibbers and Oldfields of former times, who only made their way into that species of company where profligacy is welcome, when accompanied by wit and the power of giving entertainment.

But what has been gained in point of decorum on the stage, has, we grieve to say, been lost among the audience. In an immense house where the business of the play can only occupy that part of the company who are near the stage, its proprietors are tempted to admit, nay, encourage, the attendance of those who come thither for amusement of a less harmless nature. Saloons have been introduced, which are used for little other purpose than that of assignation: and the most abandoned class of females are so dispersed throughout the theatre, and practice their profession with so little appearance of control, that much arrangement is necessary on the part of those who wish to make the female part of their family partakers of a rational and moral amusement, to place them out of the reach of hearing and seeing what must be unfit for their eyes and ears. It may be answered, and with some truth, that in a corrupted metropolis the presence of such company as we allude to is in some degree unavoidable. But, in small theatres, the decent and well-mannered bear a much larger proportion to the less accurate part of the audience, and the delinquents, out-numbered and abashed, are compelled to behave at least with decency, and assume an appearance of the virtue which they have not. By limiting the profuse expense in useless external magnificence, the proprietors would also lose the temptation to encourage this part of their audience, and would not need to plead the pitiable excuse,

"Our poverty and not our will consents."

Whoever has seen the interior of a Parisian theatre will, and must admit, that they manage these things better in France.

But the Drury Lane proprietors having set the example of increasing the extent of their theatre, those of Covent Garden would not be left behind, and theirs also rose in a still more expanded and expensive scale. They were stimulated by emulation, and like two rival country squires who stand against each other for an election, went on without regard to their own interest, straining every nerve to out-show each other in prodigality of space and magnificence of architecture. Mr. Boaden has some sensible remarks on this subject, and compares them, in the extent of their preparations, to fishermen, who thought they could not fail to ensure the miraculous draught of fishes, if they made but their net large enough to hold them.

It is not impossible that Mr. Kemble's classical taste, and the high sense which he entertained of the dignity of his art, induced him to give his assent too readily to those schemes of magnificence, which were favoured by his colleagues as the surest road to profit. The former was soon convinced of his mistake, beholding that he had only afforded an opportunity for the further predominance of sound and show over the real drama. But the others, who supposed that, in consideration of the additional expenditure, the public would submit to a small increase of entrance-money, were doomed to experience more direct disappointment and mortification. Of these, however, the chief burden fell in the first instance upon Kemble himself, though not more accessary than the other proprietors to the original proposal, and not at all guilty of some imprudent steps that had been taken in its support.

A blackguard transaction ought to have its name from the dictionary of the vulgar tongue, and the continued riot raised about the increase of entrance-money, which had remained the same for one hundred years, while all the expenses attending a theatre were increased in a tenfold proportion, became the ground of the *O. P. row*, as was called a continued riot which lasted sixty-six nights. A large proportion of the most idle and unthinking of the audience, lads who escaped from their counters and desks at the hour of half-price, were joined with and instigated by others whose purposes were deliberately hostile to the theatre, and personally malignant to poor Kemble—for so we may term him, when his professional duty called him day after

day and night after night, to expose himself to the determined brutality of a set of rioters, equally illiberal and implacable, who made him the object of their marked abuse and violence. This disorderly crew had for their nominal leader a gentleman rich in pedigree, but poor enough in understanding to suffer himself to be made the tool of such a mob.

At the same time, it must be admitted, the measures used to quell the rioters in the beginning were of a most improper complexion. Water-engines were brought on the stage as if in readiness to play on the audience, and the highly improper measure of introducing common bruisers and prize-fighters into the pit, as another mode of bullying the company, gave just offence, and drew many well-meaning auxiliaries to the worser side. Neither of these injudicious devices had Mr. Kemble's sanction; he had too much sense and too much taste. But he reaped almost exclusively the harvest of odium which they excited. Not contented with the most violent expressions of hatred and contempt poured on him from the front of the house, and displayed on placards, lest their import should be lost in a din which overpowered the sound of a full band of musicians, (who could only be known to play by the motion of their arms and fingers,) another vent for this low-bred malignity was found in a subscription list for defending the rioters who might be apprehended and prosecuted. Here every blackguard might, for subscribing sixpence or a shilling, indulge himself by announcing it to be a contribution from an enemy of Black Jack or King John, or whatever impertinent nickname he chose to bestow on an accomplished, simple-hearted, and most honourable man, eminent for his own acquirements as well as for the delight which he had afforded the public. At length the rioters carried their animosity so far as to visit *King John's* house every evening after the close of the play, and alarm the female part of his family with their war-whoop. Kemble, hearing himself vociferously called for, resolved, with the mixture of intrepidity and simplicity which distinguished his character, "to go out," as he said, "and speak to them." The prudence and affection of his brother Charles prevented his doing so, or it is likely that the tempting opportunity afforded by darkness and confusion, with the exasperated feelings of the

assailants, might have brought about some desperate catastrophe.

The termination of this extraordinary riot is well known. The real right of their case, the laws by which they were protected, the nightly exertions of the police, though strengthened in an unusual manner,—all could not protect the proprietors of the theatre against a mob disciplined with the most extraordinary pains, taking wonderful precaution to stop within certain limits, and so well organized, as to exhibit during the space of almost three months no appearance of diminishing in their numbers, or relaxing in their determination. They had leaders of their own, were managed by a secret committee, had their regular O. P. dinners, and O. P. music, which was actually published, their placards, their rattles, their whistles, their bells, their cat-calls, and, above all, their bludgeons. The proprietors were at length compelled to submit to foes so inveterate;—to modify the proposed advance to that of a shilling in the boxes, and sixpence in the pit ticket;—and to renounce, in a great measure, that plan of private boxes which gave some chance of making the theatre once again the resort of the world of fashion. To complete the picture, and show the malignant and revengeful temper in which these wild proceedings were conducted, the rioters insisted that the proprietors of Covent Garden should dismiss Mr. Brandon, an old and faithful servant of the house, because, in his capacity of box-keeper, he had made strenuous exertions to protect the property and assist the rights of his employers. Such a conclusion was worthy of the spirit in which the whole *row* was conducted.

We are of opinion that, though Kemble stood this storm like a man, he also felt it very deeply, and that his favourite art lost some of its attractions when he experienced to what unjust humiliation it subjected him, and that without the possibility of defence or retaliation. He remained, indeed, for two years, making every effort to assist the theatre in its state of depression:—and mighty were those efforts, for it was during that space that he brought back *Julius Cæsar* to the stage, and raised from his ashes the living Brutus. But in 1812, deeming he had done his part, desirous of some repose—and not unwilling, perhaps, to make the public sensible what the theatre might suffer by his absence

—he withdrew himself from London for nearly two years. In the same year, and just before his departure, the stage lost its brightest ornament by the retirement of Mrs. Siddons.

Mr. Kemble's return to the British capital and stage was triumphant. The pit rose to receive him, and the boxes poured laurels upon the stage. He ascended to the very height of popularity, and was acknowledged as, without dispute, the first actor in Britain, probably in the world, until Kean arose to dispute the crown. The youth, activity, and energy of this new performer, the originality of his manner, which was in reality a revival of the school of Garrick, above all, the effects of novelty, had a great influence on the public mind, although the opinion of the more sound critics remained decidedly partial to that performer who relied for his success on deep and accurate study of the dramatic art, of the poet's words, and of the human mind, rather than vehement and forcible action; which, though it surprises the first or second time it is witnessed, is apt, when repeated, to have the resemblance of stage-trick. Perhaps Mr. Kemble's resolution to retire, even while his powers seemed to others in their full vigour, was hastened by the toil which he foresaw it must cost him to maintain at his age—and with health that was fast breaking—a contest with a rival in all the vigour of youth. However this was, Mr. Kemble took leave of the audience, 23d June, 1817, after acting, with unabated powers, the character of Coriolanus, which he probably chose, because in that he could neither have rival nor successor.

We add, with regret, that neither his health, nor perhaps his finances, although easy, permitted him with convenience to close his days in his native country. Lamented by numerous friends of the first distinction for character, literature, and rank, John Kemble retreated to Lausanne, and there finally fixed his residence.

He made over his share in the theatre to his brother Charles, and disposed of his dramatic collection (which some public library should have purchased) for 2000*l.* to the Duke of Devonshire. He died, 26th February, 1823, in the arms of the excellent person to whom he had been united for many years, spent in domestic happiness. Few men of milder, calmer, gentler disposition, steeled at the same time with a high sense of honour, and the nice-timed

feelings of a gentleman, are probably left behind him. Two instances may be selected from the works before us. A wrong-headed actor, having challenged him on account of some supposed injustice, Kemble walked to the field as if to rehearsal, took his post, and received the fire as unmoved as if he had been acting the same on the stage; but refused to return the shot, saying, the gentleman who wished satisfaction had, he supposed, got it—he himself desired none. On another occasion, when defending Miss Phillips against a body of military gentlemen, whose drunkenness rendered their gallant attentions doubly disagreeable, one of them struck at him with his drawn sabre; a maid-servant parried the blow, and Kemble only saying, "well done, Euphrasia," drew his sword, and taking the young lady under his arm, conducted her home in safety.* As a moral character, his integrity was unsullied; and the whole tenor of his life was equally honourable to himself and useful to his art. At proper times and in gentlemen's society, he could show himself one of the old social school, who loved a cup of wine without a drop of allaying Tiber; but this was only, as Ben Jonson says, to give spirit to literary conversation: and, indeed, when we have heard Kemble pour forth the treasures of his critical knowledge over a bottle, we were irresistibly reminded of the author of *Epicene* giving law at the Mermaid or the Apollo.

We have already given our general opinion of Mr. Boaden's performance, but have not perhaps done sufficient justice to the accuracy of his narrative, and the liberality and truth of his critical remarks. The style is a little too ambitious—and sometimes so Gibbonian as rather to indicate, than distinctly to relate what happened. But with these imperfections it is a valuable present to the public, and deserves a place in every dramatic library; not only as a respectable and liberal history of the eminent actor whose name the book bears, but as containing much curious information, a little too miscellaneously heaped together, concerning the drama in general.

On one of his incidental topics we must pause for a moment with delighted recollection. We mean the readings of the celebrated Le Texier, who, seated at a desk, and

* Kelly's Reminiscences, vol. ii, p. 148.

dressed in plain clothes, read French plays with such modulation of voice, and such exquisite point of dialogue, as to form a pleasure different from that of the theatre, but almost as great as we experience in listening to a first-rate actor. We have only to add to a very good account given by Mr. Boaden of this extraordinary entertainment, that when it commenced, M. Le Texier read over the *dramatis personæ*, with the little analysis of character usually attached to each name, using the voice and manner with which he afterwards read the part. And so accurately was the key-note given, that he had no need to name afterwards the person who spoke; the stupidest of the audience could not miss to recognise him.

We now approach Michael Kelly, but the play has taken up so much time that we must curtail the afterpiece, and we are sorry for it, because it would be sure to send our readers home in good-humour. All the world knows that Michael Kelly, eminently gifted as a musician, who long, with the assistance of the Storaces and Mrs. Crouch, maintained the Italian Opera in London, and contributed his powers to many other musical departments in the drama, had been educated for five years in Italy, and had appeared as a singer at most of the courts on the Continent with good approbation. So that he can tell the reader many a tale of foreign parts, of princes, and archdukes, and emperors, which are well worth listening to. He has his hair-breadth escapes to tell you, and his perils by flood and field. Being born an Irishman, he has some of the reckless humour of his country, with a large share of its good-nature; gets into scrapes, scrambles out of them again, and laughs heartily both at the danger and the escape. The Memoirs, written undoubtedly by a man of far inferior talent, recalled to us nevertheless those of Goldoni; nay, often put us in mind of Gil Blas —not that Mr. Kelly has the least of the *picaro*, which in some degree attached to him of Santillane, but that hanging, as it were, between the higher and sometimes highest orders, in whose behalf he exercised his talents, and a class eminently exposed to variations of society and alternations of fortune, he has seen the world on both sides, and has told the result of his observation with a good deal of light humour. An adventurous little schooner of this kind skirring the coast in search of its own peculiar objects cannot be ex-

pected to bring back a ponderous or bulky cargo of wares, consisting of solid efficient value in the mart of literature. No matter—the smart little cruiser is the more likely to collect these light notices of persons and manners in society, which, if they are not grave in themselves, are eminently well calculated to relieve works of a graver description. Not but that Mr. Kelly has added things worthy the notice of the historian. There are, in particular, some curious facts concerning the manners of that well-intentioned but misguided speculator in polities, Joseph II, which, had we time, we would willingly pause to introduce.

There is, besides, much concerning music, the science in which Mr. Kelly has distingushed himself, which we conceive must be highly interesting to connoisseurs, and which has afforded ourselves entertainment—for which we give the author our hearty thanks—although, like young Pottinger, we can only wave our hats and join our applause to that of others, "obviously without comprehending much of what has been going on." One thing we do comprehend, which is the advice of the distinguished Mozart to our hero himself. It seems that Mr. Kelly, whose natural talents and taste had been greatly improved by five years' residence in Italy, having originally determined on the stage as a profession, became ambitious in his prosecution of musical distinction, and thought of devoting himself to the mysteries of counterpoint. Mozart pointed out to him the disadvantage of engaging in a dry and abstract study, instead of cultivating the powers of melody with which nature had endowed him.

"'Melody is the essence of music,' continued he; 'I compare a good melodist to a fine racer, and counterpointists to hack post-horses: therefore be advised, let *well alone*, and remember the old Italian proverb—Chi sa più, meno sa—Who knows most, knows least.' The opinion of this great man made on me a lasting impression."—KELLY, vol. i, p. 225.

Now we, being no musicians, have always been of the same opinion.

"Mallem convivis quàm placuisse coquis."

It is the proper business of the fine arts to delight the world at large by their popular effect, rather than to puzzle and confound them by depth of learning. For our own part, when we are, in spite of our snuff-box, detected with

closed eyes during some piece of erudite and complicated harmony, we are determined not to answer, as heretofore, that we shut our eyes to open our ears with less interruption, but boldly to avow with Jeremy, in *Love for Love*, that though "we have a reasonable ear for a jig, your solos and sonatas give us the spleen." We will quote Mozart's authority to silence all reprehension, and,

"We thank thee, Mike, for teaching us that word."

When Michael Kelly came to England, his musical talent speedily gained him distinction and employment; Mr. Boaden gives the following account of his proficiency:

"It often happens in music, that the sweetest organ leads to nothing brilliant, and that truth of tone, and flexibility, and compass, achieve perfection in the art. Something like this was true of Kelly. His voice had amazing power and steadiness; his compass was extraordinary. In vigorous passages he never cheated the ear with the feeble wailings of falsetto, but sprung upon the ascending fifth with a sustaining energy, that often electrified an audience. Some of my readers will remember an instance of this in the air, sung *only* by himself, 'Spirit of my sainted sire,' where the fifth was upon the syllable *saint*. The Conservatore at Naples, in which he passed five years of his youth, gave him all that science could add to original love for the art; and Apprili, the best master of any age, completed the studies of the young musician. He was soon versed in all the intricacies of the Italian conversation pieces and finales, and acquired the reputation upon the continent of being an excellent tenor."—BOADEN, vol. i, pp. 350, 351.

Thus accomplished he easily came to take a distinguished lead in the musical world, and his line connected him in a like degree with the various theatres. True it is that fortune was humorous and did not always smile upon Michael, though he courted her in every possible shape. He gives a very diverting account of his pursuits and the emoluments which attended them, in a dialogue betwixt him and the Commissioners of the income-tax, a set of gentlemen eminent some years since for the interest they took in prying into the concerns of other folks.

Mr. Kelly, in the pride of his heart, had reported his income as amounting to £500 yearly; but the unreasonable commissioners were not contented, and urged that his various employments must bring him twice or thrice that annual sum. The push and parry are as well maintained as between Tilburina and her father in the *Critic*.

"'Sir,' said I, 'I am free to confess I have erred in my return; but vanity was the cause, and vanity is the badge of all my tribe. I have returned myself as having £500 per annum, when, in fact I have not five hundred pence of certain income.'

"'Pray, sir,' said the commissioner, 'are you not stage-manager of the Opera-house?'

"'Yes, sir,' said I; 'but there is not even a nominal salary attached to that office; I perform its duties to gratify my love of music.'

"'Well, but Mr. Kelly,' continued my examiner, 'you teach?'

"'I do sir,' answered I, 'but I have no pupils.'

"'I think,' observed another gentleman, who had not spoken before, 'that you are an oratorio and concert singer?'

"'You are quite right,' said I to my new antagonist; 'but I have no engagement.'

"'Well, but at all events, observed my first inquisitor, 'you have a very good salary at Drury Lane.'

"'A very good one, indeed, sir,' answered I; 'but then it is never paid.'

"'But you have always a fine benefit, sir,' said the other, who seemed to know something of theatricals.

"'Always, sir,' was my reply; 'but the expenses attending it are very great, and whatever profit remains after defraying them, is mortgaged to liquidate debts incurred by building my saloon. The fact is, sir, I am at present very like St. George's Hospital, supported by voluntary contributions, and have even less certain income, than I felt sufficiently vain to return.'"—KELLY, vol. ii, pp. 189-191.

Well done, Michael—*a brave, brave et demi*—We see the dismayed commissioners gazing on each other with dejected and embarrassed aspects, while Mike walks out of the room humming the *motivo* of some meditated composition—CANTAVIT VACUUS.

To be sure this was being in the case of the conjurer who could devour any quantity of fire, but was unable to procure bread to eat. But it is explained by the connection of Kelly as a composer with the celebrated Sheridan.

That comet of eccentric genius was Kelly's patron friend, sometimes partner, and often companion; and how could he thrive, in a worldly sense, with such a principal? The senator and statesman was continually bringing the poor composer into scrapes by his utter neglect of economy, and hitching him out again by ingenuity such as none but he possessed. Some of his tricks on Kelly were, however, sufficiently harmless. On one occasion, to adorn some burletta, Kelly had to sing a song, which Sheridan was to introduce by a speech; and the actor requested, as a particular

favour, his part might be as short as possible. This jumped with Sheridan's humour, and the speech was accompanied by a stage direction, enjoining Kelly to gaze for a moment at a cottage in the distance, and to proceed thus: "Here stands my Louisa's cottage—and she must be either in it or out of it." The audience were much amused at this sublime and solitary speech. (Vol. ii, p. 63.)

Some other good jokes passed betwixt the wit and the melodist. When Kelly had a dangerous fall on the stage, Sheridan alleged that he exclaimed: "And if I had been killed now, who was to maintain me for the rest of my life?" Though he allowed his friend the confusion of ideas commonly imputed to the Green Isle, he would not permit him to possess its dialect: for one night, when Kelly performed an Irish character, Sheridan called to compliment him upon his excellent English. On another occasion Sheridan was to have an audience of the late king, on theatrical business, for which purpose his present majesty condescended to propose carrying him down at an appointed hour to Windsor. In order that Sheridan might be near Carlton-house, and sure of keeping his appointment at twelve next day, Kelly, retiring to sleep in the country, gave up his own bed in Pall Mall to his patron. But, unluckily, Sheridan detected in Michael's pantry a cold neck of mutton, together with a comfortable reserve of five bottles of port, two of Madeira, and one of brandy, all which he consumed with a brace of jolly companions, and, busied with poor Kelly's good cheer, quite neglected, and indeed incapacitated himself for the purpose for which he had borrowed his lodgings.—Vol. ii, p. 223. A still more severe joke was his subjecting Kelly to be arrested for an upholsterer's bill with which he had no personal concern. But Sheridan on this occasion did his friend ample justice. He not only persuaded the upholsterer to release Kelly, but, to punish the citizen for his unjust and ungenerous arrest, he borrowed two hundred pounds of him.

One more extraordinary anecdote of this singular compound of genius and carelessness, and we have done.

Pizarro was brought forward as the stay and prop of Drury; all the boxes were bespoke and the scenery prepared; and still Kelly had not been supplied with one word of the songs for which he was to compose music, and the

half-distracted composer dunned the bard in vain. Some hope was afforded by a summons at 10 o'clock one evening, when Sheridan carried him off from a choice party just at the sweetest hour of the night, but it was only to show him the Temple of the Sun, through the vapours of a large bowl of negus which the bard had planted in the critics' row of the empty pit. At length they got to work, and a curious process it was. "Here," said Sheridan, "I design a procession of the virgins of the sun, with a solemn hymn." Kelly sung a bar or two suitable for the occasion.

"He (Sheridan) then made a sort of rumbling noise with his voice (for he had not the slightest idea of turning a tune), resembling a deep, gruff, bow, wow, wow; but though there was not the slightest resemblance of an air in the noise he made, yet so clear were his ideas of effect, that I perfectly understood his meaning, though conveyed through the medium of a bow, wow, wow."—KELLY, vol. ii, pp. 145, 146.

Cora's song Sheridan *did* supply; and Kelly got some song-wright to *do* the rest after the ideas which he had collected from these "bow, wow, wows." By the way, the choral hymn of these same virgins, vol. ii, p. 193, the same which in *Peeping Tom* is set to the words of Pretty Maud, is erroneously termed by Mr. Kelly a Scotch air. It is an English ballad of the reign of George I, on the catastrophe of the celebrated pirate, beginning

"My name is Captain Kidd,
When I sail'd, when I sail'd," &c.

At last, while *Pizarro* was in the act of being performed,

"all that was written of the play was actually rehearsing, and incredible as it may appear, until the end of the fourth act neither Mrs. Siddons, nor Charles Kemble, nor Barrymore, had all their speeches for the fifth! Mr. Sheridan was up stairs in the prompter's room, where he was writing the last part of the play, while the earlier parts were acting; and every ten minutes he brought down as much of the dialogue as he had done, piece-meal, into the green-room, abusing himself and his negligence, and making a thousand winning and soothing apologies, for having kept the performers so long in such painful suspense."—KELLY, vol. ii, pp. 146, 147.

Talk after this of being hunted with printers' devils, with "more copy, sir—the press stands;" pshaw.

There are good anecdotes of many literary characters in this amusing miscellany. Some mistakes there must be: such, for example, is the statement that Mr. Lewis, author

of the *Monk*, was poisoned by two favourite negroes, to whom he had bequeathed their liberty, and who became impatient for their legacy. That amiable, though odd man, died of sea-sickness as he returned from visiting his estate in the West Indies, where it is most certain he had exerted himself to improve the condition of his slaves. The disease was aggravated by his persisting in a fatal opinion of his own, that taking emetics would remove the nausea.

There is a very diverting account of a party at Mr. Cumberland's, near Tunbridge, with Jack Bannister; how the veteran read the *Men of Mirth*, a new play, instead of opening a fresh bottle; how Kelly fell asleep during the reading; and what effect his snoring produced on the sensitive nerves of the poet; with much more to the same purpose.

Mr. Kelly's style of story-telling is smart and lively, a little protracted now and then, as will happen to a professed narrator. In point of propriety we have only one stricture to make: the author ought to have spared us his sentimental lamentation over poor Mrs. Crouch; it is too much in the line of Kotzebue morality. We never wish to press ourselves into the private intrigues and arrangements of public performers, but the joys, or sorrows which attend such connections must not be blazoned as matters of public sympathy. There is bad taste in doing so. Mr. Kelly has told us many good stories, we beg to requite him with one of northern growth. A young man in the midland counties of Scotland, boorishly educated and homebred, succeeded in due time to his father's estate, and, as the *lairdship* was considerable, began to be looked on as desirable company in the houses of those prudent matrons who have under their charge one, or more than one,

"Penniless lass, wi' a lang pedigree."

One of this class, a lady of considerable rank, was in the intervals of a formal entertainment, endeavouring to make the wealthy young cub a little more at ease by the ordinary jokes on his celibacy, and exhortations to take a wife with all speed. The interest which her ladyship seemed to take in the matter induced the sapient youth to explain his ideas of domestic convenience in these emphatic words, drawled out in the broad Angus dialect, without the least sense of impropriety, "Na, my leddy; wives is *fashious* bargains—

but I keep a missie." We leave the application to the Signior Kelly.

A variety of persons are mentioned in Kelly's *Memoirs*, whose public exhibitions have given an hour of pleasure to conclude the human day of care, and who, in their private capacity, have enlightened the social circle, and afforded gravity itself a good excuse for being out of bed at midnight. Of these some are still labouring in their old walk; Liston, for example, whose face is a comedy, and whose mere utterance makes a jest out of dulness itself; and Charles Matthews, driven from the public stage to make way for puppets and pageants, and compelled to exert his talents, so extraordinary for versatility and inexhaustible resource, in making his own fortune instead of enriching the patentees.* Others enjoy a well-won independence in the quiet shade of retirement. There is Jack Bannister, honest Jack, who in private character, as upon the stage, formed so excellent a representation of the national character of Old England—Jack Bannister, whom even foot-pads could not find it in their heart to injure.† There he is, with his noble locks, now as remarkable when covered with snow as when their dark honours curled around his manly face, singing to his grand-children the ditties which used to call down the rapture of crowded theatres in thunders of applause. There is the other Jack, too, who discriminated every class and character of his countrymen, with all the shades which distinguish them, from the high-bred Major O'Flaherty down to Loony MacTwolter—he, too, enjoys *otium cum dignitate*. The recollection of past mirth has in it something sorrowful; the friends with whom we have shared it are gone; and those who promoted the social glee must feel their powers of enlivening decrease as we feel ours become less susceptible of excitement. Others there are mentioned in these pages whom "our dim eyes seek in vain;" their part has been played; the awful curtain has dropped on them for ever.

* [Mr. Matthews died in July, 1835.]

† This distinguished performer and best of good fellows was actually stopped one evening by two foot-pads, who recognising in his person the general favourite of the English audience, begged his pardon and wished him good-night. Horace's wolf was a joke to this.

DAVY'S SALMONIA.*

[Quarterly Review, October, 1828.]

When great men condescend to trifle, they desire that those who witness their frolics should have some kindred sympathy with the subject which these regard. The speech of Henry IV to the Spanish ambassador, when he discovered the king riding round the room on a stick, with his son, is well known. "You are a father, Seignor Ambassador, and so we will finish our ride." No doubt, there was to be remarked something graceful in the manner with which the hero of Navarre bestrode even a cane—something so kind in his expression, while employed in the most childish of pastimes, as failed not to remind the spectator that the indulgent father of his playmate was the no less indulgent father of his people. In taking up this elegant little volume, for which we are indebted to the most illustrious and successful investigator of inductive philosophy which this age has produced, we are led to expect to discover the sage even in his lightest amusements.

We are informed, in the preface, that many months of severe and dangerous illness have been partially occupied and amused by the present treatise, when the author was incapable of attending to more useful studies or more serious pursuits. While we regret that the current of scientific investigation, which has led to such brilliant results, should be, for a moment, interrupted, we have here an example, and a pleasing one, that the lightest pursuits of such a man as our angler—nay, the productions of those languid hours, in which lassitude succeeds to pain, are more interesting and instructive than the exertion of the talents of others

* "*Salmonia, or Days of Fly-Fishing*," *a small volume by* Sir Humphry Davy, Bart., P. R. S.

whose mind and body are in the fullest vigour,—illustrating the scriptural expression, that the gleanings of the grapes of Ephraim are better than the vintage of Abiezer.

For ourselves, though we have wetted a line in our time, we are far from boasting of more than a very superficial knowledge of the art, and possess no part whatever of the scientific information which is necessary to constitute the philosophical angler. Yet we have read our Walton, as well as others; and, like the honest keeper in the New Forest, when we endeavour to form an idea of paradise, we always suppose a trout-stream going through it. The art itself is peculiarly seductive, requires much ingenuity, and yet is easily reconciled to a course of quiet reflections, as step by step we ascend a devious brook, opening new prospects as we advance, which remind us of a good and unambitious man's journey through this world, wherein changing scenes glide past him with each its own interest, until evening falls, and life is ended. We have, indeed, often thought that angling alone offers to man the degree of half-business, half-idleness, which the fair sex find in their needle-work or knitting, which, employing the hands, leaves the mind at liberty, and occupying the attention so far as is necessary to remove the painful sense of a vacuity, yet yields room for contemplation, whether upon things heavenly or earthly, cheerful or melancholy.

Of the humanity of the pastime we have but little to say. Our author has entered into its defence against Lord Bryon, who called it a "solitary vice," and condemned its advocate and apologist, Izaak Walton, as "a quaint old cruel coxcomb," who

> "in his gullet
> Should have a hook, and a small trout to it."

We will not inquire whether the noble poet has, in the present case, been one of those, who

> "Compound for sins they are inclined to,
> By damning those they have no mind to."

And we can easily conceive that scarce anything could have been less suited to Bryon's eager and active temper, and restless and rapid imagination, than a pastime in which proficiency is only to be acquired by long and solitary practice. But in this species of argument, whether used in

jest or earnest, there is always something of cant. Man is much like other carnivorous creatures—to catch other animals and to devour them is his natural occupation; and it is only upon reflection, and in the course of a refined age, that the higher classes become desirous to transfer to others the toil and the disgust attending the slaughter-house and the kitchen. Homer's heroes prostrate the victim and broil its flesh, and were, we must suppose, no more shocked with the moans of the dying bullock than the greyhound with the screams of the hare. The difference produced by a degree of refinement is only that, still arranging our bloody banquet as before, the task of destroying life is, in the case of tame animals, committed to butchers and poulterers—while in respect of game, where considerable exertion and dexterity is necessary to accomplish our purpose, and where the sense of excitement, and pride in difficulties surmounted by our own address, overbalance our sympathy with the pain inflicted, we interdict by strict laws the vulgar from interference, and reserve the exclusive power of slaughter for our own hands. The sportsman of the present day is, therefore, so far modified by the refinements of society, as to use the intervention of plebeian hands in the case of cattle, sheep, and domestic fowls; but he kills his deer, his hares, his grouse, and his partridges for himself: in respect to them, he is in a state of nature. But if his retaining this touch of the qualities with which

> "Nature first made man,
> When wild in woods the noble savage ran,"

shall be considered as a crime, it is surely equally inhuman to cause to be killed, as it is to kill; the guilt, surely, of the criminal who causes a murder to be committed, must be the same as that of the actual bloodspiller. My lady, therefore, who gives the *maître d'hôtel* orders, which render necessary sundry executions in the piggery, poultry-yard, and elsewhere, is an accomplice before the fact, and as guilty of occasioning a certain quantity of pain to certain unoffending animals, as her good lord, who is knocking down pheasants in the preserve, or catching fish in the brook. In short, they that say much about the inhumanity of killing animals for sport, must be prepared to renounce the equally blameable practice of causing them to be killed, lest their delicacy be compared to that of the half-converted

Indian squaw, whose humanized feelings could not look upon the tortures of a captive at the death-stake, but, nevertheless, whose appetite was unable to resist a tempting morsel of the broiled flesh, conveyed to her by the kindness of a comrade, as a consolation for her wanting her share of the sport. Our diet, in that case, would become rather lean and Pythagorean, much after the custom of our Brahminical friend, the late Joseph Ritson. Of the hundreds who condemn the cruelty of field sports, how many would relish being wholly deprived, in their own sensitive persons, of animal food?

Our author takes a more special defence than the above—alleging that he is not guilty, like his predecessor, Walton, of using living baits, but always employs the artificial fly or minnow. This is, undoubtedly, more agreeable, more cleanly, and much more scientific. He also urges that, in all probability, fishes are less sensitive than man. Under the favour of such high authority, this is a point which none can know but the fish himself. The variety of modes in which the trout endeavours to escape from the hook certainly seem to show that his apprehensions are extreme, and the hurry and vivacity of his motions indicate irritation and pain. Being, however, a denizen of another element, our sympathies are not so strongly excited by the sufferings of fish as of the creatures that share the same element with us. We remember an amiable enthusiast, a worshipper of nature after the manner of Rousseau, who, being melted into feelings of universal philanthropy by the softness and serenity of a spring morning, resolved, that for that day, at least, no injured animal should pollute his board; and, having recorded his vow, walked six miles to gain a hamlet, famous for fish dinners, where, without an idea of breaking his sentimental engagement, he regaled himself on a small matter of crimped cod and oyster sauce. After all, the progress of extermination and reproduction seems to be the plan on which nature proceeds in maintaining the balance amongst the animal tribes, and carrying on the system of the universe. Man, in his sphere, is one of the most constant exterminators; and if, in satisfying the instinct which impels him to be such, he can acquire the power of realizing the following beautiful picture, there is little to be said concerning the inhumanity of angling.

"The fisher for salmon and trout with the fly employs not only machinery to assist his physical powers, but applies sagacity to conquer difficulties; and the pleasure derived from ingenious resources and devices, as well as from active pursuit, belongs to this amusement. Then, as to its philosophical tendency, it is a pursuit of moral discipline, requiring patience, forbearance, and command of temper. As connected with natural science, it may be vaunted as demanding a knowledge of the habits of a considerable tribe of created beings—fishes, and the animals that they prey upon, and an acquaintance with the signs and tokens of the weather and its changes, the nature of waters, and of the atmosphere. As to its poetical relations, it carries us into the most wild and beautiful scenery of nature; amongst the mountain lakes, and the clear and lovely streams that gush from the higher ranges of elevated hills, or that make their way through the cavities of calcareous strata. How delightful in the early spring, after the dull and tedious time of winter, when the frosts disappear, and the sunshine warms the earth and waters, to wander forth by some clear stream, to see the leaf bursting from the purple bud, to scent the odours of the bank perfumed by the violet, and enamelled, as it were, with the primrose and the daisy; to wander upon the fresh turf below the shade of trees, whose bright blossoms are filled with the music of the bee; and on the surface of the waters to view the gaudy flies sparkling like animated gems in the sunbeams, whilst the bright and beautiful trout is watching them from below; to hear the twittering of the water-birds, who, alarmed at your approach, rapidly hide themselves beneath the flowers and leaves of the water-lily; and, as the season advances, to find all these objects changed for others of the same kind, but better and brighter, till the swallow and trout contend, as it were, for the gaudy May-fly, and till, in pursuing your amusement in the calm and balmly evening, you are serenaded by the songs of the cheerful thrush and melodious nightingale, performing the offices of paternal love, in thickets ornamented with the rose and woodbine."—Pp. 8–10.

Before leaving this beautiful passage, in which the angler seems to contemplate nature with the eye at once of a poet and a philosopher, we may inform our reader, supposing him more ignorant than ourselves, that not all the love of rural scenery which is inspired by Walton—not all the instructions in practice which may be collected from this work, the composition of that far more illustious successor, who has condescended to be his imitator, will ever make an angler out of one who is not gifted with certain natural qualifications for that amusement. No degree of zealous study will supply the want of natural parts. To "fish by the book" would be as vain an attempt as Master Stephen's proposal to keep his hawk on that principle.

There must be a certain quickness of eye to judge where

the fish lies—a precision and neatness of hand to cast the line lightly, and with such truth and address that the fly shall fall on the very square inch of the stream which you aimed at, and that with as little splash as if it were the descent of the natural insect; there is a certain delicacy of manipulation with which you must use the rod and reel when (happy man!) you actually have hooked a heavy fish; all of which requisites must combine to ensure success. There are the same personal qualities requisite in shooting, billiards, and other exercises of skill, in the use of the turning-lathe, and as no one knows better than the author of the present work, in the management of philosophical experiments. If thou hast any of this species of alertness of hand and truth of eye in thee, go forth, gentle reader, with "*Salmonia*" in thy pocket, and return with thy basket more or less heavy in proportion to thy perseverance. But if thou wantest this peculiar knack, we doubt if even the patience that is exercised in a punt above Chelsea bridge would greatly mend thy day's work; though thy dinner depended on it, thou mayest go on flogging the water from morning till midnight, entangling the hook now in a bush, now in a stem, now driving it through the nose of some brother of the angle, and now through thine own, but not a fin wilt thou basket, whether of bull-trout or minnow; and thou must content thee with half the definition of the angler, and be the fool at one end of the stick and string, without the gudgeon at the other.

Indeed, there always seemed to us something magical in this peculiar dexterity, which no chance or advantages of circumstances ever came to balance. The inequality between individual anglers exists to a degree which simple men will not be able to comprehend from a perusal of *Salmonia*. Halieus exhorts his less skilful companion—

"Try in that deep pool, below the Tumbling Bay; I see two or three good fish rising there, and there is a lively breeze. The largest fish refuses your fly again and again; try the others. There you have hooked him; now carry him down stream, and keep his head high, out of the weeds. He plunges and fights with great force;—he is the best-fed fish I have yet seen at the end of the line, and will weigh more in proportion to his length. I will land him for you."—P. 39.

Instant success follows on the adopting of the precept, but, general reader, do not hastily trust that it will be so in

real life. We used sometimes to pursue the amusement with an excellent friend now no more, and we still recollect the mortifying distinction between his success and our want of it. With all the kindness and much of the skill of Halieus, he trained us to high adventure:—"Throw where yonder stone breaks the stream; there is a trout behind it"—we obeyed, and hooked the stone itself: "Let your fly fall light on the ripple"—we threw, and it fell with the emphasis of a quoit. Our Mentor gave us the choice of his flies, and relinquished in our favour even that which we had seen do instant execution. It seemed as if what in his hands had been a real, animated insect, the live child of heat and moisture, was disenchanted in ours, and returned to a clumsy composition of iron, wool, fur, and feathers. The changing from one to the other bank of the stream in no respect mended the matter, and while trouts came wriggling to the shore as if our companion had charmed them out of the river, we had nothing to struggle with except eel-weeds and alder-roots. In short, there was a spell in it, and we have our suspicions at this moment, that set a bucket of water before our comrade, he would have drawn out a fish, while we, angling in a duke's preserve, might have failed of catching a *bane-stickle.*

There are, however, those to whom this fatality attaches in a much greater degree than to us, who, after all, were not without having occasionally our lucky days; whereas all men have heard of the fisherman of the Eastern tale, whose persevering ill-fortune first fished up a pannier full of slime, next the carcass of an ass, and taking no warning by these omens, at last dragged out a genie who had like to have wrung his head off. We ourselves know a respected friend whose only attempts at angling were equally ominous with those of this Oriental. In his first experiment he fished up the carcass of a drowned man; in the second his hook, indeed, was only entangled in the body of a horse, but which perhaps equalized the two accidents, that horse proved to be his own. We have not heard of his making a third experiment, but we have no doubt that should he be unwise enough to attempt it, the result must be something portentous. *Non cuivis*,—therefore it is not every one who can pursue with success this delightful sylvan amusement; there

must be, as Tony Lumpkin says, "a concatenation accordingly."

The work before us alarms us on another topic, or rather would have alarmed us, had we acquired the information contained in the following passage, during a more active period of our life. The party of anglers are seated at dinner, a scene which our author understands as well as he does the art of fly fishing, or the more recondite mysteries of philosophy, and it is after a hearty meal upon fresh salmon, eaten with the salt and water it is boiled in, and some delicate snipes from a Highland morass, that one of the pleasant interlocutors, Ornither, makes a genial proposal for another bottle of claret, observing (most reasonably, as we should have thought, *à priori*), that a pint per man (Scottish measure, we hope, for the scene lies on Loch Maree) was not too much after such a day's fatigue. To this motion, which we are afraid we might, in our rashness, have seconded, Halieus makes the following unexpected opposition:—

"*Hal.*—You have made me president for these four days, and I forbid it. A half-pint of wine for young men in perfect health is enough, and you will be able to take your exercise better, and feel better for this abstinence. How few people calculate upon the effects of constantly renewed fever in our luxurious system of living in England! The heart is made to act too powerfully, the blood is thrown upon the nobler parts, and with the system of wading adopted by some sportsmen, whether in shooting or fishing, is delivered either to the hemorrhoidal veins, or what is worse, to the head. I have known several free livers who have terminated their lives by apoplexy, or have been rendered miserable by palsy, in consequence of the joint effects of cold feet and too stimulating a diet; that is to say, as much animal food as they could eat, with a pint or perhaps a bottle of wine per day. Be guided by me, my friends, and neither drink nor wade. I know there are old men who have done both and have enjoyed perfect health; but these are *devil's decoys* to the unwary, and ten suffer for one that escapes. I could quote to you an instance from this very county, one of the strongest men I have ever known. He was not intemperate, but he lived luxuriously, and waded as a salmon fisher for many years in this very river; but before he was fifty, palsy deprived him of the use of his limbs, and he is still a living example of the danger of the system which you are ambitious of adopting.

"*Orn.*—Well, I give up the wine, but I intend to wade in Hancock's boots to-morrow.

"*Hal.*—Wear them, but do not wade in them. The feet must become cold in a stream of water constantly passing over the caoutchouc and leather, notwithstahding the thick stockings. They

are good for keeping the feet warm, and I think where there is exercise, as in snipe-shooting, may be used without any bad effects. But I advise no one to stand still (which an angler must do sometimes) in the water, even with these ingenious water-proof inventions. All anglers should remember old Boerhaave's maxims of health, and act upon them: 'Keep the feet warm, and the head cool, and the body open.'"—Pp. 102–104.

We before hinted that we have had our lucky days, and the most propitious time, both as to the size and number of trouts, were the hours before and after sunset upon the very warmest days of July and August. The large trouts which have lain hid during the whole day are then abroad, for the purpose of food, and take the fly eagerly. These moments,

> "When the sun, retiring slowly,
> Gives to dews the freshen'd air,"

are still alive in our recollection as green spots in the waste of existence. We recollect with what delight we entered knee-deep into the stream after the heat of a sultry day; the green boughs on the margin scarce waving a leaf to the balmy gale of the evening—the stream which glided past us almost alive with the object of our pursuit—the whole a mixture of animal enjoyment, gratified love of sport, with a species of mental repose which enhanced both. This delightful amusement was not to be obtained if, "like the poor cat in the adage," we spared wetting our feet, for the shallowness of the stream, as well as the branches of the trees, impeded our sport, if we could not reach the middle-current with our cast. Neither see we much cause to feel regret or remorse when we add that any little chillness which might arise from pursuing this fascinating sport too late in the evening, was effectually removed by a glass of right Nantz, Schiedam, or Glenlivet; which remedy, if the glass be not too large or filled a second time, we can with a good conscience recommend as a sovereign specific upon occasions of wet feet.

We will not, however, suppress evidence, though somewhat contradictory of our own, as we happen to recollect an anecdote corroborative of the view taken by Halieus concerning the risk of wading, and at the same time indicative of the passionate hold which the sport of angling maintains over the minds of some individuals, with whatever risk it may be accompanied. It is now a great many years (considerably above thirty) since we met in fishing quarters the

very pleasing and accomplished gentleman, then engaged in his medical studies, from whom we heard the story.

In a former fishing excursion, such as that in which he was engaged at the time, our friend had observed a follower of the same sport holding his course down the very midst of the small river; and the angler in question was a "noticeable man." He was of uncommon stature—a large and portly figure, brandishing with both hands a rod which commanded the stream on either side—while, being immersed to the waist, his fair round belly seemed to project like a dark rock when in the shallow water, and in the deep current to rest and float on the surface of the waters like the hull of some rich argosy.

Our friend could not help looking back more than once at this singular figure, until he suddenly observed the angler quit the stream, get out upon the bank, and hasten towards him with shouts which seemed a signal of distress. On his closer approach, our medical friend observed that the countenance of the fisherman, naturally bluff and jolly, and not unfitted to correspond with the height of his stature and importance of his paunch, seemed disordered and convulsed with pain. He begged earnestly to know if our acquaintance had in his basket a flask with spirits of any kind, complaining, at the same time, of an attack of cramp in the stomach which gave him intolerable agony. This was supplied, with all the benevolence which should subsist between brothers of the angle, according to the instructions of their patriarch, Izaak Walton. When the tall fisherman had experienced the relief which the cordial drop afforded, our informer told his profession, and inquired whether these attacks were frequent, and whether they seemed constitutional. "Very frequent," answered the lusty edition of *Piscator*, "and I am afraid rooted in my system."—"In that case, sir," replied our friend, "allow me to tell you that fishing, or at least wading while you fish, is the most dangerous amusement you could select for yourself."—"I know it," said the poor patient dejectedly. "Assure yourself," pursued the physician, "that your very life depends upon your forbearing to pursue your sport in the manner you do." The intelligence seemed nothing new to our forlorn angler. "I know it, sir," he said, "I have been told so by the best doctors—but," he added, with an air of

stoical yet rueful resignation, that might have graced a man who sacrificed life to some weighty duty, "Heaven's will be done! I cannot live without fishing, and without wading I can never catch a fin." So saying, the giant thanked his adviser, went back to the spot where he had left his rod, and was seen a few minutes afterwards bowel-deep in the stream.

Our friend had the the curiosity to inquire after the name and condition of this devoted angler, to whom life was nothing without wading waist-deep after trouts. In the course of the year he saw his death announced by the newspapers. He was found dead on the banks of his favourite stream—*nota-bene;* no brandy flask. Halieus and we ourselves have each a portion in this sad story, and may part stakes upon it; for while he fortifies his doctrine concerning wet feet by this doleful example, we are entitled to hang a label, with *sic evitabile*, round the neck of a certain *vade-mecum*, which John Bunyan allows even to pilgrims, and without which, in our humble opinion, no wanderer ought to walk the world.

Indeed, after all, we have difficulty in separating our pleasant recollections of the exercise of fishing from the green bank where we rendezvoused at noon—our slice of cold beef and a gentle flirtation which we held with that same flask, after the manner of the cavaliers of Cervantes and the *picaros* of Gil Blas. So, perhaps, we do not after all possess the genuine admiration of the sport itself, abstractedly considered; and the want of this undivided ardour may be at once the cause and the consequence of the imperfect progress we have in the art. This at least all the world, and the subjects of our criticism in particular, will be ready to verify, that our indifferent success cannot arise from any want of equanimity and good nature.—We must recollect, however, that we are taking the privilege of a sportsman, to which we are by no means entitled, and prating about our exploits and recollections of field sports, while our readers have no game to eat by way of indemnification. The fact is, that whenever we "babble of green fields" we feel a tendency to lose our way. We will, however, endeavour to proceed more methodically in future, and to give something like a general account of "Salmonia," before proceeding further with our miscellaneous remarks.

The book is confessedly written in the conversational form and discursive style of old Izaak Walton, whose *Complete Angler*, augmented with a second part, has long been a standard work of our language; and has passed through so many editions, as to ascertain its undiminished attractions in spite of the fashion of all things that passes away. The form of both works is the same in the outline. In each, the zealous fisher is the Coryphæus of the dialogue, who replies to the objections made to his art by a friend who has prejudices against his pursuits of the angler—confutes him by reasons, introduces him to the practice of the art which he had vindicated in theory—teaches him the secrets upon which success depends, and familiarizes him with those innocent accessory pleasures which render the simplest and most accessible of country sports the most agreeable also to a person of calm and contemplative habits.

In comparing the two treatises, the authors occur to our imagination as pilgrims bound for the same shrine, resembling each other in their general habit—the scalloped hat, the dalmatique, and the knobbed and spiked staff—which equalize all who assume the character; corresponding no less in the humble mien, and unpretending step, with which they approach the object of their common reverence, and sympathizing also in the feeling of devotion which, for the time, lessens all temporal distinctions, whether resting upon distinction of rank or difference of intellect. Yet, though alike in purpose, dress, and demeanour, the observant eye can doubtless discern an essential difference betwixt those devotees. The burgess does not make his approach to the shrine with the stately pace of a knight or noble; the simple and uninformed rustic has not the contemplative step of the philosopher, or the quick glance of the poet; there is, in short, something of individuality in each personage, which distinguishes advantageously or otherwise, in spite of the circumstances of general resemblance.

The palm of originality, and of an exquisite simplicity which cannot, perhaps, be imitated with entire success, must remain with our worthy patriarch, Izaak. But, on the other hand, his incalculably more limited range of experience of every kind has, after his first voyage of discovery, left a huge continent of terra incognita for our modern to

make the scene of further discoveries, and, though holding the same course, to introduce us to regions of which his predecessor did not even know the existence. This *concordia discors*, which gives us the power of comparing the habits of remote times, the ideas and sentiments of persons so strongly contrasted, and treating the same subject in such different styles—forms one of the charms of this book, and at the same time makes us look back to old Izaak's with additional interest.

Izaak Walton, a London citizen of the middle of the seventeenth century, does not aspire above his sphere in any particular. His walks are to Finsbury, and up Tottenham Hill; his farthest excursions, even in pursuit of his favourite amusement, only reach Ware and Waltham; his diversion, when there, is the drowsy watching of the immersion of a cork and a quill; and almost all his ideas confined to baits of lob-worms and live maggots. This picture is of a most cockney-like character, and we no more expect Piscator to soar beyond it, and to kill, for example, a salmon of twenty pounds weight with a single hair, than we would look to see his brother linen-draper, John Gilpin, leading a charge of hussars. What is there, we ask, that relieves the low character, we had almost said the vulgarity, of a picture so little elevated and so homely? It is the exquisite simplicity of the good old man, enjoying tranquillity in his own mind, and breathing benevolence to all around him, and expressing himself with such a graceful ease, that the London shopkeeper dapping for chubs, acquires the veneration due to a Grecian philosopher, within whose cheerful heart, to use an expression of his own, wisdom, peace, patience, and a quiet mind did cohabit.*

* We cannot resist the temptation to transcribe some sweet verses introduced in the first dialogue of Salmonia, the contribution of a lady, whose elegant genius adorns her high rank:—"A noble lady (says Halieus), long distinguished at court for pre-eminent beauty and grace, and whose mind possesses undying charms, has written some lines in my copy of Walton, which, if you will allow me, I will repeat to you.

"'Albeit, gentle angler, I
Delight not in thy trade,
Yet in thy pages there doth lie
So much of quaint simplicity,

Our modern Piscator is of a different mould, one familiar equally with the world of books and those high circles in society, which, in our age, aristocratically closed against the pretensions of mere wealth, open so readily to distinguished talents and acquirements. His range, therefore, both of enjoyment and of instruction, is far wider than that of Walton.

The latter carries us no farther than the brooks within a short walk to London, though his rich vein of poetical fancy renders their banks so delightfully rural, by seating himself and his scholar under a honey-suckle hedge during a soft shower, there to set and sing while gentle rain refreshed the burning earth, and gave a yet sweeter smell to the lovely

So much of mind,
Of such good kind,
That none need be afraid,
Caught by thy cunning bait, this book,
To be ensnared on thy hook.

"'Gladly from thee, I'm lured to bear
With things that seemed most vile before,
For thou didst on poor subjects rear
Matter the wisest sage might hear.
And with a grace,
That doth efface
More laboured works, thy simple lore
Can teach us that thy skilful *lines*,
More than the scaly brood *confines*.

"'Our hearts and senses too, we see,
Rise quickly at thy master hand,
And ready to be caught by thee
Are lured to virtue willingly.
Content and peace,
With health and ease,
Walk by thy side. At thy command
We bid adieu to worldly care,
And join in gifts that all may share.

"'Gladly, with thee, I pace along,
And of sweet fancies dream,
Waiting till some inspired song,
Within my memory cherished long,
Comes fairer forth,
With more of worth;
Because that time upon its stream
Feathers and chaff will bear away,
But give to gems a brighter ray.'"

flowers that embroidered the verdant meadows. Halieus, on the contrary, transports us to the ornate scenes of Denham upon the Colne, where the river is strictly preserved within the park of a wealthy and hospitable proprietor, and gives us the following picturesque description, as a contrast to the unadorned meadows of the Lea.

"*Poiet.*—This is really a very charming villa scene, I may almost say, a pastoral scene. The meadows have the verdure which even the Londoners enjoy as a peculiar feature of the English landscape. The river is clear, and has all the beauties of a trout stream of the larger size,—there rapid and here still, and there tumbling in foam and fury over abrupt dams upon clean gravel, as if pursuing a natural course. And that Island, with its poplars and willows, and the flies making it their summer paradise, and its little fishing house, are all in character; and, if not extremely picturesque, it is at least a very pleasant scene, from its verdure and pure waters, for the lovers of our innocent amusement."—Pp. 21, 22.

This Italian and ornamental species of landscape may be compared advantageously with a voyage down a Highland lake, a scene which never disturbed Walton's quiet thoughts even in a dream.

"*Poiet.*—That cloud-breasted mountain on the left is of the best character of Scotch mountains: these woods, likewise, are respectable for this northern country. I think I see islands, also, in the distance: and the quantity of cloud always gives effect to this kind of view; and, perhaps, without such assistance to the imagination, there would be nothing even approaching to the sublime in these countries; but cloud and mist, by creating obscurity and offering a substitute for greatness and distance, gives something of an Alpine and majestic character to this region."—P. 82.

In the continuation of this description, our modern, by what painters call an accident, enlivens his still scenery with a touch of science and painting at once, far beyond the limited sphere of father Walton. The latter has done all that his extent of travel and experience could suggest, when he has taught us to listen to a "friendly contention between the singing birds in an adjacent grove, and the echo whose dead voice lived in a hollow tree near to the top of a primrose-hill," or shown us how to beguile time "by viewing the harmless lambs seen leaping securely in the cool shade, while others sported themselves in the cheerful sun, or craved comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating

dams." The modern author, in a wild land, calls our attention to a far less usual phenomenon, and describes the flight of an eagle, and the education of its callow brood, with the pencil of a Salvator Rosa, and the accuracy of a Gilbert White.

"*Poiet.*—The scenery improves as we advance nearer the lower parts of the lake. The mountains become higher, and that small island or peninsula presents a bold craggy outline; and the birch wood below it, and the pines above, make a scene somewhat Alpine in character. But what is that large bird soaring above the pointed rock, towards the end of the lake? Surely it is an eagle!

"*Hal.*—You are right, it is an eagle, and of a rare and peculiar species—the grey or silver eagle, a noble bird! From the size of the animal, it must be the female; and her aery is in that high rock. I dare say the male is not far off.

"*Phys.*—I think I see another bird, of a smaller size, perched on the rock below, which is similar in form.

"*Hal.*—You do: it is the consort of that beautiful and powerful bird; and I have no doubt their young ones are not far off.

"*Poiet.*—Look at the bird! She dashes into the water, falling like a rock, and raising a column of spray; she has fallen from a great height. And now she rises again into the air; what an extraordinary sight!

"*Hal.*—She is pursuing her prey, and is one of our fraternity, —a catcher of fish. She has missed her quarry this time, and has moved further down towards the river, and falls again from a great height. There! You see her rise with a fish in her talons.

"*Poiet.*—She gives an interest which I hardly expected to have found to this scene. Pray are there many of these animals in this country?

"*Hal.*—Of this species I have seen but these two, and I believe the young ones migrate as soon as they can provide for themselves; for this solitary bird requires a large space to move and feed in, and does not allow its offspring to partake its reign or to live near it. Of other species of the eagle, there are some in different parts of the mountains, particularly of the Osprey; and of the great fishing or brown eagle; and I once saw a very fine and interesting sight in one of the crags of Ben Weevis, near Strathgarve, as I was going, on the 20th of August, in pursuit of black game. Two parent eagles were teaching their offspring—two young birds, the manœuvres of flight. They began by rising from the top of a mountain in the eye of the sun (it was about mid-day and bright for this climate). They at first made small circles, and the young birds imitated them; they paused on their wings, waiting till they had made their first flight, and then took a second and larger gyration,—always rising towards the sun, and enlarging their circle of flight so as to make a gradually extending spiral. The young ones still slowly followed, apparently flying better as they mounted; and they continued this sublime kind

of exercise, always rising till they became mere points in the air, and the young ones were lost, and afterwards their parents, to our aching sight. But we have touched the shore, and the lake has terminated: you are now on the river Ewe."—Pp. 84–86.

In like manner our ancient Piscator's habits make us acquainted with the snug honest English alehouse, where they find a cleanly room, sweet-briars and honeysuckles peeping into the windows, and *Chevy Chace*, the *Children in the Wood*, the *Spanish Lady's Love*, and twenty ballads more, stuck about the walls; where the landlady is tidy, and handsome, and civil; where they dress a chub so admirably as to equal a trout, and wash him down with a modest cup of the best home-brewed; where they tell tales, sing songs, or join in a catch, or find some other harmless sport to content them without offence to God or man, until it is time to occupy a bed where the linen looks white, and smells of lavender. Halieus and his company repose themselves, on the contrary, in the elegant villas of Denham or Downton, or the lordly castles of Inverara or Dunrobin, partake of *chère exquise*, and give philosophic rules for the practice of Apicius. Or else the sportsmen are the romantic inhabitants of some Irish cabin or Scotch *bothy*, where they dress their own salmon with sauce a la Tartare, and dilute it with *mountain dew* and claret cooled in the next spring.

And here, lest we be accused of passing over the most interesting and edifying passage of the volume, we will communicate to the curious gastronome, a circumstance of which, if his travels have been limited as those of Isaak Walton, we suspect he is not aware. The salmon exposed to sale in London, in however excellent condition, very, very rarely is, or can be had in what those who inhabit the banks of a salmon-stream account the first perfection. Halieus gives us the following tempting account of the proper preparation of the fish, where extraordinary attention is employed. It succeeds an account of hooking and playing a salmon in Loch Maree.

"*Hal.*—He seems fairly tired: I shall bring him in to shore. Now gaff him; strike as near the tail as you can. He is safe; we must prepare him for the pot. Give him a stunning blow on the head to deprive him of sensation, and then give him a transverse cut just below the gills, and crimp him by cutting to the bone on each side, so as almost to divide him into slices; and now hold him by the tail that he may bleed. There is a small

spring, I see, close under that bank, which I dare say has the mean temperature of the atmosphere in this climate, and is much under 50°—place him there, and let him remain for ten minutes, and then carry him to the pot, and let the water and salt boil furiously before you put in a slice, and give time to the water to recover its heat before you throw in another, and so with the whole fish, and leave the head out and throw in the thickest pieces first."—Pp. 94, 95.

This receipt reminds us of the various *kettles of fish*, technically so termed, and dressed after the recipé of Halieus, which we have partaken of, *fronde super viridi*, near the ruins of Tilmouth Chapel, finding, when we had fair companions, some subject for wit from the Wishing Well where Saint Cuthbert is supposed to indulge with a grant of their desires the votaries who drink of his spring with due devotion to his sanctity. There we enjoyed ourselves

> Where none was unwilling, and few were unable
> To sing a wild song, or to tell a wild tale.

But as our patriarch Walton says, "these companions are gone, and with them many of our pleasant hours, even as a shadow that passes away and returns not. The rationale of this mode of cookery is thus explained by Halieus.

"*Poiet.*—I am endeavouring to find a reason for the effect of crimping and cold in preserving the curd of fish. Have you ever thought on this subject?

"*Hal.*—Yes: I conclude that the fat of salmon between the flakes, is mixed with much albumen and gelatine, and is extremely liable to decompose, and by keeping it cool the decomposition is retarded, and by the boiling salt and water, which is of a higher temperature than that of common boiling water, the albumen is coagulated, and the curdiness preserved. The crimping, by preventing the irritability of the fibre from being gradually exhausted, seems to preserve it so hard and crisp, that it breaks under the teeth; and a fresh fish not crimped is generally tough."—Pp. 97, 98.

Before quitting a subject which many may think one of the most interesting in our article, there may be some comfort for those who cannot put on the pot so soon as the fish is hooked, in reflecting, that the taste for crimped fish, dressed as above, is not universal. We have known strangers who had not been accustomed to eat salmon thus prepared, object to the curdy fish as poor and hard, and greatly approve of the same salmon when he had been kept for a day or two, until the curd dissolved into oil, and gave

a richer taste to the flakes betwixt which it lay. The same mess will not please every palate. But the crimped fresh salmon is the natural taste, nor should it be eaten with any other sauce than a spoonful of the salt and water, or brine in which it has been boiled, with the addition of a little lemon-juice or (if that cannot be had) vinegar and pepper.

Of the risks and dangers which attend angling (to continue the contrast between the two works) Walton, too peaceful and grave a person to seek quarrels, and whose travels led him to no haunts where they were to be found without seeking, has but little to show. Some distant hint is thrown out, we believe, on the risk of encountering that Giant Despair of a sportsman's pilgrimage, an ungracious and untractable gamekeeper, and Father Izaak talks rather feelingly, though we trust not from personal experience, of the harmless angler having his shoulders basted, his fish seized, and his rod broken by some such merciless faitour. Halieus and his brethren were protected from every risk of that kind. The name of their leader must have been an *open sesamum* to the most jealous preserves, and a quietus to the Cerberus who guarded them. Yet that the sport of his characters might not altogether want the dignity of danger, we are treated with an encounter between a Highland dunnie-wassail and the fishing-party, which the civility of the *southrons* brings to a happy termination. The anecdote is well told, and we have little doubt, from the truth of the keeping, that the scene has been sketched from life.

"*Hal.*—Now I will wager ten to one that this pool has been fished before to-day.

"*Orn.*—By whom?

"*Hal.*—I know not; but take my wager and we will ascertain.

"*Orn.*—I shall ascertain without the wager if possible. See, a man connected with the fishing advances, let us ask him. There you see; it has been fished once or twice by one who claims without charter the right of angling."

Their rival soon after appears:—

"*Hal.*—But our intrusive brother angler (as I must call him), is coming down the river to take his evening cast. A stout Highlander, with a powerful tail, or, as we should call it in England, *suite*. He is resolved not to be driven off, and I am not sure that the laird himself could divert him from his purpose, except by a stronger tail and force of arms; but I will try my eloquence upon him. 'Sir, we hope you will excuse us for fishing in this pool, where it seems you were going to take your cast; but the Laird has desired us to stand in his shoes for a few

days, and has given up angling while we are here: and as we come nearly a thousand miles for this amusement, we are sure you are too much of a gentleman to spoil our sport; and we will take care to supply your fish kettle while we are here morning and evening, and we shall send you, as we hope, a salmon before night.'

"*Poiet.*—He grumbles good sport to us, and is off with his tail: you have hit him in the right place. He is, I am sure, a pot fisher, and somewhat hungry, and provided he gets the salmon does not care who catches him!

"*Hal.*—You are severe on the Highland gentleman, and I think extremely unjust. Nothing could be more ready than his assent, and a keen fisherman must not be expected to be in the best possible humour when he believes he has a right, and which perhaps he generally enjoys without interruption, taken away from him by entire strangers."—P. 90–93.

Our readers will, by this time, probably be of opinion that, upon the general comparison of the works, the elder worthy author has not greatly anticipated or forestalled the work of our contemporary. Far less will this appear to be the case, when we consider the two manuals, whether with reference to the practical art of which they treat, or the philosophical, scientific, and general observations which accompany both. On the first of these we have already given an opinion. It is probable that honest Izaak knew nothing even of fly-fishing of any kind save what he learned, by report, from Cotton or others; and as for salmon, we question if he ever saw one entire, unless it were upon a fishmonger's stall. Now, salmon-fishing is to all other kinds of angling as buck-shooting to shooting of any meaner description. The salmon is in this particular, the king of fish. It requires a dexterous hand and an acute eye to raise and strike him, and when this is achieved the sport is only begun, at the point where, even in trout angling, unless in case of an unusually lively and strong fish, it is at once commenced and ended. Indeed the most sprightly trout that ever was hooked shows mere child's play in comparison to a fresh-run salmon. There is all the difference which exists between coursing the hare and hunting the fox. The pleasure and the suspense are of twenty times the duration—the address and strength required infinitely greater—the prize, when attained, not only more honourable, but more valuable. The hazards of failure are also an hundred-fold multiplied: the instinct of the salmon leads to the most singular efforts to escape, which must be met and

foiled by equal promptitude on the part of the angler. However that faculty is acquired, the salmon seems, when hooked, at once to conceive the nature of its misfortune, and to follow the mode of disentangling itself most like to be successful. For this it makes the most extraordinary efforts, sometimes shooting off with fury that is apparently irresistible among such boiling currents and sharp rocks as seem most like to cut the line—sometimes lying at the bottom of the pool with the appearance of sullen indifference, as if nothing could rouse him. In the first case, it is the business of the angler to hold the fish in play, amid his wildest frolics using him as a father does an extravagant son, neither allowing him so much line as may enable the youth to shake himself clear of the paternal restraint which hangs so loose on him, or curbing so tight as to induce him to break through it by a sudden effort of sturdy opposition. In the salmon's wildest vagaries he must be made to feel that there is a secret restraint on his motions, which yet must never amount to such a dead pull upon him as may be encountered and overcome by an attempt to break the line by main force. His sullen fits are no less to be dreaded. When the fish lies at the bottom of a pool, motionless and sulky as if he were a stone, the angler must summon together his utmost vigilance, for he is certainly collecting his strength for some decisive exertion. If the sportsman, growing impatient, tightens the line upon the fish while he is in this condition, his victim will probably spring into the air with his whole force, with the obvious purpose of throwing his body on the line in his descent, and so either breaking it or dislodging the hook. Should he succeed in falling with his whole weight on a tightened line, all is over; the best of hooks and most trusty gut must, one or other, or both, give way. But if the angler be sufficiently on his guard, he will throw downward the point of his rod, with the quickness of thought, and drop his line on the water, the instant the fish makes his summerset, so that his weight may descend on the water and on a slackened line, which the promptitude of the angler must instantly, by raising his rod and using his reel, again contract of the necessary tightness, leaving the fish not an instant to profit by the momentary relaxation. This manœuvre we have seen the same fish renew three times running, foiled in every attempt

by the acuteness of an exellent fisherman, who gave way to his fury, and instantly recovered the command of his motions when he had eluded the emphasis of his flurry.

But we should overpower the patience of all, save brethren of the angle, were we to prosecute our description of this noble sport. We cannot help adding that although, as ordinarily practised, it is the exercise of a strong and robust man, yet by help of a boat, it may in many situations be followed even by the aged and infirm, if possessed of the requisite skill; and so much does dexterity supply the want of bodily strength, that we have known a gentleman in a very weak state of health at the time, kill a fish of twenty pounds' weight after playing him for an hour.

The delight afforded by success in this animating sport is of most engrossing character, and has had many illustrious devotees. It was Trajan's favourite pastime—it was, in our own time, Paley's and Nelson's;* and we have ourselves seen the first sculptor in Europe when he had taken two

* The author of *Salmonia* mentions Nelson's fondness for fly-fishing, and expresses a wish to see it noticed in the next edition of "that most exquisite and touching life of our hero by the Laureate, an immortal monument raised by genius to valour." We believe neither Halieus nor the Laureate will be displeased with the following little anecdote, from a letter of a gentleman now at the head of the medical profession, with which he favoured us shortly after perusing *Salmonia*. "I was (says our friend) at the Naval Hospital at Yarmouth, on the morning when Nelson, after the battle of Copenhagen (having sent the wounded before him), arrived at the roads, and landed on the jetty. The populace soon surrounded him, and the military were drawn up in the market-place ready to receive him; but, making his way through the crowd, and the dust, and the clamour, he went straight to the hospital. I went round the wards with him, and was much interested in observing his demeanour to the sailors: he stopped at every bed, and to every man he had something kind and cheerful to say. At length he stopped opposite a bed on which a sailor was lying, who had lost his right arm close to the shoulder-joint, and the following short dialogue passed between them:—*Nelson.* 'Well, Jack, what's the matter with you?' *Sailor.* 'Lost my right arm, your honour.' Nelson paused, looked down at his own empty sleeve, then at the sailor, and said playfully, 'Well, Jack, then you and I are spoiled for fishermen—cheer up, my brave fellow.' And he passed briskly on to the next bed; but these few words had a magical effect upon the poor fellow, for I saw his eyes sparkle with delight as Nelson turned away and pursued his course through the wards. As this was the only occasion on which I saw Nelson, I may possibly overrate the value of the incident."

salmon on the same morning, and can well believe that his sense of self-importance exceeded twentyfold that which he felt on the production of any of the masterpieces which have immortalized him. But, perhaps, no one has followed this fascinating amusement so far and in so many climates and countries as the distinguished author of *Salmonia* himself. Without saying a word more on the subject of Walton—even Richard Franck falls far behind our modern worthy, although an angler and author who excelled old Izaak in experience and the advantage of distant travel, as far as he fell short of him in all the accomplishments of sense and style. This Franck, the self-entitled philanthropist,* who, to use his own phrase, "stepped into Scotland to rummage and rifle her rivers and rivulets—her northern torrents, which shone so splendidly in every fir wood—her diminutive hills, that overtopped the submissive dales, and overlooked rapid torrents and pretty purling, gliding brooks, where they polished rocks and embellished fortifications," did not at least venture out of Britain; whereas Halieus is not only familiar with the most remote streams and lakes of North Britain, but with those of Ireland, where the salmon fisheries flourish to a great extent,—nay, has followed his sport through most countries in Europe, and killed fish, the description of which makes an Englishman's mouth water, in rivers, the names of which set his teeth on edge.

The instructions and information imparted to anglers are, as we may believe, equally clear, authentic, and entertaining. The account of the fabrication of fishhooks is highly interesting: the best, our author says, are made by O'Shaughnessy of Limerick. He mentions, also, those made at Keswick—to which, if they have not lost credit, we would add the hooks of the Llandales of Carlisle, who in our younger days had good reputation. We do not in-

*[The title of the curious work alluded to, is, "Northern Memoirs, calculated for the Meridian of Scotland, wherein most or all of the Cities, Citadels, Seaports, Castles, Rivers and Rivulets, &c. are compendiously described, &c. *To which is added:* The Contemplative and Practical Angler, by way of diversion, &c. Writ in the year 1658, but not till now made public, by Richard Franck, Philanthropus. Lond. 8vo. 1694." Reprinted, with preface and notes, by Sir Walter Scott; Edinb. 8vo. 1821. A notice of the work will be found in the *Retrospective Review*, vol. viii, pp. 170-194, and also in the *Censura Literaria*.]

tend to enter more particularly into these technicalities; for, as one of Franck's eugolists says,—

"We are no fishers,
Only well-wishers,
Unto the game."

The general tone of a moral teacher is so happily assumed by Walton that it appears a part of his nature. Halieus introduces such ethic lessons more sparingly, feeling, as we have before hinted, that that which is simplicity in an original author, becomes affectation in one who follows his footsteps. But though Walton had already said all that could be naturally and gracefully said on the subjects of temperance, humility, and unambitious peace of conscience, which are themes too monotonous to be repeated without satiety, as the sweetest melodies weary the ear upon frequent reiteration; yet Halieus and his companions do not shun such themes when they fall in their way. A debate takes place in their party, whether or not they should continue to pursue their amusement upon Sunday. The proposal is relinquished, on the anglers being assured that the people (the scene being in Scotland) would highly resent their doing so. But the dispute continues on the difference in this particular, betwixt the church of Scotland and that of Geneva, and other Protestant churches abroad, where the forenoon having been occupied in divine service, the evening is spent in dancing, singing, games, and sports of every description. The contest not being decided, leaves us room to express our own opinion on the subject, which we will do in as few words as possible.

If we believe in the divine origin of the commandment, the Sabbath is instituted for the express purposes of religion. The time set apart is the "Sabbath of the Lord;" a day on which we are not to work our own works, or think our own thoughts. The precept is positive, and the purpose clear. For our eternal benefit, a certain space of every week is appointed, which, sacred from all other avocations, save those imposed by necessity and mercy, is to be employed in religious duties. The Roman Catholic church, which lays so much force on observances merely ritual, may consistently suppose that the time claimed is more than sufficient for the occasion, and dismiss the peasants,

when mass is over, to any game or gambol which fancy may dictate, leaving it with the priests to do, on behalf of the congregation, what further is necessary for the working out of their salvation. But this is not Protestant doctrine, though it may be imitated by Protestant churches. He who has to accomplish his own salvation, must not carry to tennis-courts and skittle-grounds the train of reflections which ought necessarily to be excited by a serious discourse of religion. The religious part of the Sunday's exercise is not to be considered as a bitter medicine, the taste of which is as soon as possible to be removed by a bit of sugar. On the contrary, our demeanour through the rest of the day ought to be, not sullen certainly, or morose, but serious, and tending to instruction. Give to the world one half of the Sunday, and you will find that religion has no strong hold of the other. Pass the morning at church, and the evening, according to your taste or rank, in the cricket-field, or at the Opera, and you will soon find thoughts of the evening hazards and bets intrude themselves on the sermon, and that recollections of the popular melodies interfere with the psalms. Religion is thus treated like Lear, to whom his ungrateful daughters first denied one-half of his stipulated attendance, and then made it a question whether they should grant him any share of what remained. We should do our readers and author the greatest injustice in concluding our reflections on this passage in any other than the words of the publication itself.

"*Phys.*—I envy no quality of the mind or intellect in others; not genius, power, wit, or fancy; but, if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe, most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness—creates new hopes, when all earthly hopes vanish; and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity: makes an instrument of torture and of shame the ladder of ascent to paradise; and, far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blest, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the sceptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation, and despair!"—P. 136.

We might quote other passages, not unworthy of this strain. The work, as we had occasion to observe already, was written during a slow recovery from a severe illness;

and the tone of the dialogue reflects throughout what a good and great man's mind might be expected to exhibit under such circumstances. Serious thoughts may be expressed otherwise than in maxims. But we pass from this. If the modern author does not so frequently as Walton assume professedly the character of the moralist, it would, on the other hand, be absurd to compare poor Izaak with such assistants as Dubravius, Aldrovandus, Gesner, and other naturalists of the seventeenth century, with the remarks of a distinguished philosopher, who has, by his own efforts, so widely enlarged the horizon of science, during the nineteenth century. A very great number of curious facts, concerning the natural history of fishes, are here recorded, and the high scientific character of the author of *Salmonia* is an ample pledge for their accuracy. Yet it is not to be expected that even this accomplished observer of nature should be able to clear up, in so brief a publication, the dark doubts which hang over many parts of the history of the salmo genus, through its various species. We observe that he displays the true spirit of philosophy in two most important particulars. He is never hasty in drawing general conclusions from individual facts, showing, by his modesty, that his object is the attainment of truth, not the desire to augment his own reputation by the display of ingenious theories. Indeed, standing so high in public estimation, as he deservedly does, no man can more easily afford to despise every species of favour which does not rest upon a genuine basis.

In like manner, we may observe that it is not sufficient to induce this acute investigator of science to discredit the report of a fact, that it has been rested by vulgar credulity upon erroneous grounds, since what is in itself true is often ascribed to false or absurd causes. The following passage, which concludes a train of remarks upon the superstitious belief in omens, coming, as it does, from the author of *Salmonia*, ought to impose a check on that vulgar incredulity which is disposed to disbelieve all which it cannot understand. The passage is highly philosophical.

"*Phys.*—In my opinion, profound minds are the most likely to think lightly of the resources of human reason; and it is the pert, superficial thinker who is generally strongest in every kind of unbelief. The deep philosopher sees chains of causes and effects so wonderfully and strangely linked together, that he is usually

the last person to decide upon the impossibility of any two series of events being independent of each other; and, in science, so many natural miracles, as it were, have been brought to light,—such as the fall of stones from meteors in the atmosphere, the disarming a thunder cloud by a metallic point, the production of fire from ice by a metal white as silver, and referring certain laws of motion of the sea to the moon,—that the physical inquirer is seldom disposed to assert, confidently, on any abtruse subjects belonging to the order of natural things, and still less so on those relating to the mere mysterious relations of moral events and intellectual natures."—Pp. 159, 160.

Among other curious phenomena, our author touches upon the strongly disputed character of the par, a small fish, whose appearance is as well known as his parentage and ultimate fate are unknown. From the boldness with which these Liliputian fish rise to a large salmon-fly, many have been disposed to see in the par the young salmon, when they have just quitted the form of spawn. One of the most experienced and scientific anglers of our acquaintance entertains this opinion of the indentity between the par and the smoult of the salmon, from having observed that when the silvery scales are rubbed off the sides of the smoult they exhibit the blue, or olive-blush marks (see *Salmonia*, page 68), which are considered as distinguishing the par. The same curious observer of Nature has also remarked that the *lens* of the par's eye is arranged in the same manner with that of the salmon, and totally different from the lens of Lochleven trout, herring, sperling, and so forth. Others are disposed to think the par a distinct species of trout; and the author of *Salmonia*, again, is inclined to agree with a third set of naturalists, who consider this little fish as a mule, the offspring of a trout and a salmon according to some, or rather of the sea trout and common trout. It is difficult for us to reconcile the fact of their being found in such great numbers with the theory of their being of a neutral race.

There are other curious points of investigation. Experiments on the trouts of every species, show, as the author observes (in p. 69), that they change their character with their place of residence. We had ourselves occasion to put a number of small trout, of very inferior description, into a pool which had once been a marle-bog, but was flooded for the purpose of forming a piece of artificial water. They are now of large size, as red as those caught in Loch Leven, and of a rich taste, as we would be happy to show,

from experiment, to Halieus, or any of his party, providing they will take the trouble to catch the fish, which, from being well-fed we suppose, defy all common skill.

The remarks on the various kinds of flies (p. 203), on the migration of eels (p. 191), on the grayling (p. 165), are all curious subjects, which must not, however, delay us.

We looked with some anxiety for a solution of the great doubt, what is the proper food of the salmon itself. No fisherman or cook that ever we saw or heard of, pretends to have found anything in their stomach excepting a yellowish liquid. Yet they rise to artificial flies, and are also caught with bait. Our author conjectures that this phenomenon occurs because salmon are usually caught travelling up the rivers from the sea, in which progress they do not load themselves with food. Their digestion, he observes, is very quick, and they seldom seek more food until what they have previously taken is decomposed. Salmon, when taken *in* the salt water, *have* been found, says Halieus, with undigested food in their stomachs. This does not quite satisfy us. By far the greater part of salmon are taken by the net, which must, one would think, occasionally sweep out fish having their stomachs full, since their being taken in that manner has no reference to the state of their appetite. One would think, therefore, that let them be as abstemious as anchorites, they must eat sometimes, and be taken with food in their stomach; yet, we are assured, it never happens. It has also been been remarked that the large gaudy fly, to which the salmon usually rises, has no resemblance to any known insect in earth, air, or water (unless a wasp perhaps), and it has been suggested that the fish seems to take it rather from sport than from appetite; and, in that case, the very curious problem concerning the actual nature of their food, is not yet decidedly cleared. At least, there is something very interesting and curious concerning the mode of their feeding, which seems so sparing, even when they are in the highest condition, and their process of digestion, which appears so unusually rapid.

Walton, as might be expected, is full of childish and absurd fables concerning those prodigies and miracles, in which superstitious eld was wont to believe. Our modern author places a microscope before us, instead of a magic lantern, and teaches us to look upon truth instead of amusing

us with fiction. He has reviewed and disbanded the whole regiment of monsters which guarded the pages of Pontoppiddan. Touched as with the spear of Ithuriel, the remains of a sea-snake appear those of a *squalus maximus;* the kraken, or island fish, is reduced into a compost of *urticæ marinæ*, or sea blubbers; and, what we should least of all have suspected, the celebrated Caithness mermaid arises before us in the form of a stout young traveller, who has proved himself, by his journal, to have been bathing at the spot and time when the sea-nymph was seen, and who, while confessing some of the characters ascribed to the figure, denied the green hair and fishy tail as obstinately as Lady Teazle does the butler and the coach-horse.—Pp. 243–245.

But we are called from this, and other curious subjects of inquiry suggested in *Salmonia*, to consider a point of much more interest—the question now being, not what the salmon puts into its stomach, but whether we are likely, at no distant period, to have salmon for the benefit of ours. The very giants in Guildhall are moved at the surmise; Gog boweth down, Magog stoopeth, and the spirits of the fathers of the city wax faint at the suggestion. Yet the evil is not the less certain; and its approach is distinctly announced by Halieus, who, after recording former feats on the Tweed, Tyne, and other Scottish rivers, pronounces on each of them the melancholy conclusion *fuit*, and with good reason, as the reader will presently learn, declares they now afford much less sport to the angler; and even what remains is daily decreasing; so that there is very serious ground to fear that the salmon will erelong altogether desert the more southern, at least, of the Scottish rivers.

We need not tell our readers that the possession of immense quantities of this rich and valuable fish in her firths and estuaries was an advantage which nature allotted to Scotland, as some compensation, seemingly, for the great inferiority in soil and climate to the sister kingdom, since where the earth is most sterile the sea is often remarked to be most fruitful. Our northern neighbours seem to have been early aware of this national gain, and soon began to legislate for the preservation of the breed of this noble fish, as well as for the best mode of disposing of them for the general advantage of the country. Some of these statutes

are so curious, that they are worthy of notice. The legislators of Scotland had observed the tendency of the fish, in spawning season, to run up to the tops of the smallest brooks, and there deposit the spawn destined for the continuation of the race upon shallow beds of gravel. To assure them of a free passage and protection, the salmon species were declared into *regalia* or *royal fish*, nor did possession of either or both banks of the stream confer the right of taking them, even though the term *fishings* stood in the charter, unless the word *salmon-fishings* was expressly employed.

In order to obtain free passage for the fish at the spawning season, all dikes, dams, and weirs drawn across the river were directed to be constructed, with a breach in the centre for the run of the salmon, which breach was to be so large that a year-old hog might be turned round in it without touching the weir or dam-head either with nose or tail. The whimsical nature of the measure adopted ascertains the antiquity of the regulation.

Another statute adopted in Scotland contains the very essence of that system of political economy, by which an anxious care for the prosperity of trade assumes into the hands of the legislators the power of directing commerce, and encumbers her with aid, where, left to her own exertions, she would make much more progress. In the year 1531, the Scottish legislature seemed to have become apprehensive that the persons who dealt in these exquisite fish might export them to their neighbours at too cheap a price; and they announce that in all time coming it shall be unlawful to export salmon, unless by such shippers as shall find security to bring home one-half of the value in coined money, the other moiety in Bordeaux wine, or *other good pennyworth*. This last clause seems to relax greatly the dictatorial character of the statute, which, so mitigated, only imports that the Scottish trader should get for his cargo of salmon as good an equivalent as the foreign market would afford.

Nothwithstanding the apprehension of the ruling powers, on the subject of the imprudent exportations of this staple commodity of poor Caledonia, the salmon continued to frequent their rivers, and though much was sent abroad to supply the Catholic countries during the period of Lent, plenty still remained at home, for the use of the inhabitants. Franck, the travelled angler already mentioned, tells us, that

in his time a large well-fed salmon (suppose about twelve pounds) cost only sixpence; and he mentions what is still remembered by tradition, a rule that domestics were not to be fed on salmon more than three times a-week. It was, indeed, scarcely possible to procure so much excellent food at so cheap a rate; and we may easily understand the error of the Highland gentleman who, visiting London for the first time, indulged himself in the luxury of a beef-steak, but ordered Donald a cut of fresh salmon. The account of the reckoning must have afforded the honest dunnie-wassail no pleasing surprise.

But a capital like London is a Maelstrom—an immense whirlpool—whose gyrations sweep in whatever is peculiarly desirable from the most distant regions of the empire—so active becomes the love of gain when set in motion by the love of luxury. We recollect once being on shipboard to the north of Duncan's Bay Head, and out of sight of land, the nearest being the Feroe Islands:—we were walking the deck, watching a whale which was gamboling at some distance, throwing up his huge side to the sun, and sending ever and anon a sheet of water and foam from his nostrils. Our thoughts were on Hecla and on the icebergs of the Pole, on the Scalds of Iceland and the Sea-kings of Norway, when a sail hove in sight: we asked what craft it was—and were answered, "a Gravesend brig dredging for lobsters." Never was enchantment so effectually broken—never stage-trick in pantomime more successfully played off. Scene changes from Feroe and Iceland to the Albion in Aldersgate Street—Exeunt Scald, champion, and whale—Enter common councilman, turbot, and lobster-sauce.

Thanks to that same omnipotent power of attraction possessed by wealth and luxury, the art of packing salmon in ice, for the London market, was perfected, thirty or forty years ago, since which time, as was to be expected, the fisheries have risen incalculably in value, the fish have become dear in proportion, and the natives of the countries, through which salmon-rivers flow, become accustomed to see them taken and cased up for the great city, by scores and hundreds, without having it in their power to purchase a pound for their table. It followed as an unavoidable consequence, that more industry was exerted in the fishery, which now afforded so much more profit, and newer and

more effective modes of entrapping the salmon were from day to day employed. The law, indeed, placed a certain check upon those proceedings, without which restraint the fish would scarcely ever be suffered to enter a tide river. The veneration due to the Sabbath, and the interest of the inhabitants on the higher part of the river, alike recommend that, from twelve o'clock at night on Saturday to the same hour on Sunday, the water should be free for the run of fish,—not only from the actual drawing of nets or other fishing operations, but from all bar-nets or similar obstacles thrown across the stream. Six-sevenths of the fish are therefore delivered up at the very outset to the proprietors of fisheries at the mouth of the river, whose nets are planted and managed with such dexterity, that they can, if they please, catch every single salmon that attempts to enter. While the fish are thus sought for, and destroyed at the mouths of the rivers, with ever-increasing avidity, inspired by decrease of the commodity, and increase of the demand, other causes are at work in the upper parts of the river where the salmon breed, which diminish the production of the fish, in a degree more than corresponding with the destruction of the full-grown fish beneath. Two of these causes are in full and active operation, threatening, in process of no distant time, the total destruction of the fish in all the southern salmon-rivers in Scotland.

One of these causes of destruction is the general system of drainage practised upon all the high pasture lands of the mountain farms, in a degree unheard of in any former period, and which has produced, and is daily producing, the most complete change on the brooks and rivers which, twenty years since, were fed from morasses that are now dry pasture. Halieus alludes to this, in accounting for the diminution of the number of insects on which grayling, trouts, and other fish of estimation subsisted. We quote the passage at length:—

"I attribute the change of the quantity of flies in the rivers to the cultivation of the country. Most of the bogs or marshes which fed many considerable streams are drained; and the consequence is that they are more likely to be affected by severe droughts and great floods—the first killing and the second washing away the larvæ and aurelias. May-flies, thirty years ago, were abundant in the upper part of the Teme river in Herefordshire, where it receives the Clun: they are now seldom or rarely

seen. And most of the rivers of that part of England, as well as of the west, with the exception of those that rise in the still uncultivated parts of Dartmoor and Exmoor, are, after rain, rapid and unfordable torrents, and in dry summers little more than scanty rills. And Exmoor and Dartmoor, almost the only great remains of those moist, spongy, or peaty soils which once covered the greatest part of the highlands of England, are becoming cultivated, and their sources will gradually gain the same character as those of our midland and highly improved counties. I cannot give you an idea of the effects of peat mosses and grassy marshes on the water thrown down from the atmosphere, better, than by comparing their effects to those of roofs of houses of thatched straw, as contrasted with roofs of slate, on a shower of rain. The slate begins to drop immediately, and sends down what it receives in a rapid torrent, and is dry soon after the shower is over. The roof of thatch, on the contrary, sponge like, is long before the water drops from it; but it continues dropping and wet for hours after the shower is over, and the slate is dry."—P. 63.

The author speaks of England, but we are equally sure of his testimony when we add, that in the more southern parts of Scotland the same causes and effects take place on a scale much more extensive, and affect the salmon more than the inferior kind of fish. Small drains, formed with a peculiar spade, at a rate as low as a penny a rood, have seamed, as it were, with numerous veins, the sides of the hundred hills, amongst which the Clyde, Tweed, Annan, and Nith, have their sources. The morasses by which these hills were formerly covered, used to receive and retain, like sponges, the quantities of rain which fall in that region of mists, and soaking from thence, by slow degrees, into rivulets and streamlets, they transmitted the moisture gradually to the main body of the river. The consequence was, that the rivers, slower in rising to flood, and slower in subsiding from that state, maintained in general, a full and equable stream, permitting the salmon, at almost all times, to pursue their instinctive progress towards the upland sources. Halieus, so well acquainted with these localities, must remember well the manner in which fish used to come up to the upper streams in a course of showery, or, as it is there termed, soft weather, which, without producing an overwhelming torrent, rendered the river full enough to carry the salmon through every impediment. In these degenerate times, such showers are not felt on the river; but when it is at all swollen, the water rushes down in an

immense inundation, which forces the fish into pools and dams. The flood subsides as suddenly as it arose, and deserts the fish, who would otherwise have made a long and rapid journey, and supplied in their passage the upper fisheries; whereas at present, they remain in the places where they have been arrested by the flood, and never mount higher, being there killed with spears.

This cause of the destruction of the upper fisheries may, perhaps, find a remedy from some check being put to the system of indiscriminate drainage, which, in some respects eminently useful and even necessary, has been carried to an excess hurtful to the pasturage, to benefit which was the object of the practice. The original purpose of draining was most just and proper. The farmers of olden times were in use to lay numerous flocks upon their farms, trusting that the sheep (an animal of extraordinary endurance) would shift through the winter months, in an ordinary season, partly by scraping up the snow, and obtaining such coarse food as lies beneath,—partly by enduring want of food, with the patient and hardy habits which the animal is endowed with. But the consequence was, that spring found the flock in a weak and emaciated condition, and disposed to throw themselves eagerly upon the fresh and lushy grass, which first appears on the spring-heads and marshes which surround them. This rich and tender food, eaten in quantity by an animal in a state of exhaustion, was naturally calculated to produce a disease that swept off whole flocks, which, having survived the winter's famine, were unfitted to gorge themselves, at once, on the spring grass. Draining was in such circumstances highly advantageous. It prevents the existence of the grass which the flock could not feed upon with safety.

But in the present improved system of store-farming there is much more economy of animal life. Most tenants lay on the farm a less numerous stock, attend to giving them food during the severe storms of snow, and expect to bring them through winter in a healthy and hardy condition. To such the entire loss of the early spring grass afforded by the undrained bogs, is a heavy sacrifice. The species of grass which grows upon the drained lands, and especially near the drains themselves, is peculiarly destitute of sustenance, tough and unfit to be eaten by the sheep; and thus hundreds,

nay thousands, of acres have been rendered sterile whose former fertility only caused disease, because sheep were admitted to them when in a weak and unhealthy state. We have some reason to believe that this truth begins to be felt, and that judicious farmers (always maintaining the system of draining to a certain extent) may be now disposed to qualify its excess, and restore a part of their spring-heads to their natural character, observing, of course, a careful system of herding, which shall exclude from the dangerous food the weaker and more exhausted part of their stock. This would of course be attended with benefit to the fisheries by restoring a more equable state of the river.

The other main cause of the scarcity of salmon, and which threatens the total annihilation of the fisheries, rests on moral circumstances, for which it is far more difficult to find a remedy; for while erroneous practices may be corrected when the cure is to be applied to passive nature, it is almost impossible to remedy those evils which spring from the clashing interests, passions, and prejudices of mankind.

We have stated that the activity and success of the means adopted in the lower fisheries, and particularly at their outlets to the sea, by help of modern invention and industry, exerting itself to meet the increasing demand, have had a great effect in altogether intercepting the passage of salmon, during the lawful fishing season, to the upper parts of the river. Taking the Tweed for an example, there are now no fisheries above Kelso which afford any considerable rent to the proprietors. Those of Makerston, Mertoun, &c., are let for inconsiderable sums. The streams about and above Melrose, in which Halieus was so successful under the guidance of the late amiable and lamented Lord Somerville, are now of no value; and those at Yair Bridge, where within the memory of man ninety-nine salmon (we mark the exact number) were taken in one day, are now totally unproductive.

Were it not for the peculiar habits of the salmon, it might be justly argued, that the upper proprietors must submit to this loss as one incidental to their local situation, which gives them only a reversionary right in such fish as escape the nets of those placed lower down the river,—which are now so very few, that scarce one occurs without bearing the mark of having encountered a mesh in his passage. But

then it is to be considered that the upper streams are those in which the fish deposit their spawn, and that during the whole close-time or breeding season, when the salmon, by law, ought to be undisturbed, their safety, and that of the shoals which are to supply the demand of the next season, must rely upon the protection afforded them at that period. Accordingly, all nets and other obstructions are removed from the river, and the fish ought to be permitted to ascend to the very heads of the streams uninjured, for the purpose of depositing the spawn. The plain handwriting of Nature, as well as the regulation of municipal law, seems to prohibit the killing of the fish at this season, when they are said to be *foul*, are most uncomely to look upon, and even when smoked (the only mode of using them) are accounted a very unhealthy and deleterious food. The penalties are also very high, sufficiently so to prove totally ruinous to the class of persons by whom the laws of close-time are infringed. Yet neither the fears of punishment nor of poison have any effect in preserving the spawning fish, which are destroyed in the upper parts of the river, and the brooks and streams by which these are fed, with a degree of eagerness which resembles a desire to retaliate upon those who engrossed all the fish during the open season by destroying all such as the close-time throws within the mercy of the high country. The proprietors and better class of farmers do not indeed partake in these devastations, but they witness them with perfect indifference, perhaps not without a sense of gratified revenge. As they neither have the amusement of angling, nor the convenience of a fish for their tables, when the salmon are in season, it is not of the least personal consequence to them whether the breed is preserved or destroyed, and they are as indifferent to it as a man who has no game of his own, is to the extent of poaching on a sporting squire's manor.

The proprietors of the lower fisheries, the only persons whose purses are interested, may, indeed, prosecute offenders in the proper courts; but the country in which the spear and torch are so actively employed during the *black-fishing*, as this species of poaching is called, is wild, mountainous, and thinly inhabited, so that it is difficult to obtain such proof of delinquency as is requisite for conviction. If water-bailiffs are sent from a lower part of the river, they must encounter,

as strangers employed in an obnoxious office, much difficulty, and even danger. If they desire to engage officers within the district for this species of preventive service, the office will not be accepted by any with the purpose of discharging its duties with the necessary activity, in a case where the whole peasants of the country make common cause, and where the gentry are totally indifferent. It is only by enlisting these last in the cause, that a predominant authority, constantly exerted, might probably lessen this great evil. For two or three years after the last Tweed Act was passed, we believe the laws were better kept both at the mouth of the river and in the upper country. But, at present, the destruction of the spawning fish is universal, and joined to the engrossing activity with which the fish are prevented from ascending in the lawful season, must necessarily compel the salmon to leave the river; for even the strong instinct which induces the salmon to return to the stream in which it was bred, will give way under such unremitting persecution as the river at present undergoes—while, to use a vulgar but expressive phrase, the two classes of persons inhabiting the upper and lower banks are "burning the candle at both ends."

Neither do the upper and lower *heritors*, as they are called in Scotland, play for equal stakes. It is true the occupation of Halieus and his philosophical companions is nigh lost in the upper districts. But the loss is that of sport merely; whereas that which may be suffered at the mouth of the river shall affect patrimonial interest, to the extent of several thousands a-year.

The most probable mode of redeeming these fisheries from almost sure ruin would, perhaps, be a compromise, by which the upper *heritors* should be admitted to share such a portion of the fish for their sport and their table as they formerly enjoyed—they, on the other hand, exerting themselves, as they have the means of doing, to prevent or punish those who transgress during close-time. But we have no expectation of such an agreement. If, for example, it were proposed to afford a free use of twenty-four hours per week, in addition to those already conceded between Saturday and Sunday night, it would probably be difficult to induce the inferior proprietors to sacrifice one-sixth part of their immediate weekly gains even for the probability of

securing from destruction the fishery out of which these gains arise. Or, indeed, if the proprietors of the lower fisheries took a more expanded view of their own interests, and judged it worth while to make a partial sacrifice to preserve the whole, it might still be found difficult or impossible to reconcile their tenants, whose interest is of a temporary character, to submission to a loss which should affect their profit immediately, in order to secure the prosperity of the fisheries at a period when they might be let to other persons.

We are happy, therefore, that a sport which we *have* admired is recorded in *Salmonia*—where the descendants of those who have witnessed or shared it will read of it with the same feelings wherewith the present generation peruse accounts of the chase of red or fallow deer, wild-boars or wild-cattle,

——"All once our own."

We must now conclude with the parting address of the Coryphæus of *Salmonia* to his party, p. 270.

"I have made you idlers at home and abroad, but I hope to some purpose; and I trust you will confess the time bestowed upon angling has not been thrown away. The most important principle perhaps in life is to have a pursuit—a useful one if possible, and at all events an innocent one. And the scenes you have enjoyed—the contemplations to which they have led, and the exercise in which we have indulged, have, I am sure, been very salutary to the body, and, I hope, to the mind. I have always found a peculiar effect from this kind of life; it has appeared to bring me back to early times and feelings, and to create again the hopes and happiness of youthful days."

[Sir Humphry Davy died at Geneva, on the 30th May, 1829, in his 51st year. Shortly after his death appeared his *Consolations of Travel, or Last Days of a Philosopher.*]

ANCIENT HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.*

[Quarterly Review, July, 1829.]

The situation of Scotland, in respect to her early history, was, till of late years, extremely odd. Her inhabitants believed themselves, and, by dint of asseveration persuaded others to believe them, one of the most ancient nations in the world, possessed of clear and indisputable documents authenticating their history up to the very earliest era of recorded time. This error was no mere transitory ebullition of vanity, but maintained and fostered by reference to divers respectable tissues, entitled Histories of Scotland,—all ringing the changes upon a set of fables which had been ingeniously invented to prevent the disgrace of avowed ignorance. Thus do

> "Geographers on pathless downs
> Place elephants instead of towns."

Hector Boece, or Boethius, in his *Scotorum Historia ab illius Gentis Origine*, first printed at Paris in 1526, is the artist to whose pencil the flourishes in the blank leaves of Scottish story are chiefly to be ascribed. He was certainly a person of learning and talent, since he was the friend of Erasmus, and is described by him as *vir singularis ingenii et facundi oris*. But when Erasmus tells us that even the thought of a falsehood was unknown to him, we can hardly suppose he ever read that work in which friend Hector

> "in imposition strong,
> Beats the best liar that e'er wagg'd a tongue."

For materials, he had before him the Rhyming Chronicle of Wynton, Prior of Lochleven, the Chronicle of John

* "*Annals of the Caledonians, Picts, and Scots; and of Strathclyde, Cumberland, Galloway, and Murray. By* Joseph Ritson, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1828."

Fordun, and his continuator, Bower, and similar worthies. There was little information probably to be gained from public records, which were not then, as now, accessible to every student; and this, indeed, is some apology for the gross errors of Hector's predecessors, and his credulity in adopting them; but it affords none for the various additions with which it has been his pleasure to embellish the elder figments; bolstering them out with plausible circumstances, and issuing absurd family legends, bardic traditions, and all the crazy extravagances of popular report, under the authority of a grave Principal, for such he was, of the University of Aberdeen. Still less was he entitled to rest upon such evidence as that of Verimundas, Cornelius Hibernicus, John Campbell, and others, whom no author save himself ever saw, or heard of—men of straw—mere names. Thus we may pardon his repeating, as a tradition occurring in Wynton, and other early historians, how Gathelus, the son of Cecrops, king of Athens, son-in-law to Pharaoh, king of Egypt (having married his daughter Scota),—this couple, terrified by the plagues inflicted on Pharaoh for his obstinacy, left Egypt in search of a more quiet residence in some distant land;—how, in their exploratory voyage, they founded the cities of Compostella and Lisbon;—how they discovered Ireland and peopled it, and, finally, how they and their followers, the Scots, so called as being the subjects of Scota, obtained possession of North Britain. The anxiety of every nation is as great as that of Falconbridge, to have some proper man for their father; and Boethius, in his day, could not have well avoided retailing what his predecessors had left upon record about Gathelus and Scota. But he is totally without excuse, when he augments the falsehood with a circumstance devised by himself; and assures us that when King *Ptolemy* sent abroad a mathematical mission to enlarge the knowledge of geography, they were entertained hospitably at the court of Ruether, an imaginary king of Scotland, and returned delighted at having found, in so remote a region, the language, manners, and government of Egypt. In this, as in other cases, Hector dressed up and adorned the rude fictions of early times, and gave wings to the bug which would otherwise have crawled unnoticed in its native obscurity. Upon such principles, this notable forger put forth his regular pedigree of Scottish kings, some

few of whose names are to be found, unquestionably, in a brief and doubtful catalogue of Irish authorities, but most are individually indebted to himself for their very existence, and all of them for their lives, characters, and the respective events of their respective reigns.

A much more eminent man condescended to take him for his guide and authority during this early period, and repeat his fabulous narrative in language equal, for spirit and emphasis, to that of the silver age of Rome—George Buchanan. Lesley, the celebrated bishop of Ross, who had done and suffered so much in the cause of Queen Mary, indited, also, a history of Scotland (published at Rome in 1578), in which he saw no cause to reject the ready, convenient, and creditable list of ancient monarchs drawn up by Boece. A prelate and royalist, he scorned not to see as far into a millstone as Buchanan, a heretic and opposer of the divine right of the sovereign; and accordingly adopted, without hesitation, the history of Gathelus and Scota, which the classical taste of the latter historian had thrown somewhat into the background.

Thus, thanks to the goodly correspondence amongst these grave authors, the annals of Scotland continued to be garnished with a comely catalogue of kings whose existence no true-born native would suffer to be impugned or challenged. To render their individual stories more diversified, they follow each other arrayed successively in light and darkness—a moderate and worthy prince being as regularly succeeded by a profligate and oppressive tyrant, as the squares of a chess-board are alternated with black and white. According to the universal belief introduced upon such foundations, Fergus I, descended from Gathelus and Scota, in the year before the coming of Christ 330, took possession of the kingdom of North Britain, and bestowed on it the name of Scotland, in which his posterity ever since have reigned.

The Scottish people continued to enjoy their dream of antiquity, and of the immense length of their royal line, for more than half a century, though not without challenge on the subject by the Welsh and Irish, two nations as proud, and one by nature, and the other by mismanagement, very nearly as poor as themselves. The publication of O'Flaherty's "*Ogygia*" gave rise to much resentment among Scottish antiquaries. Mr. Roderick O'Flaherty did much more

than out-herod Herod—he out-hectored Hector Boethius. He did not, indeed, pretend to dispute the arrival of Gathelus with his Egyptians or Milesians. On the contrary, he is more particular in noticing the exact day of their arrival than Boethius himself—to wit, the kalends of May, the fifth day of the week, and the seventh of the moon, in the year of creation 2934. But he scorned to allow that Irish chronology was confined by so recent a date as this; and, after giving some account of Cappa, Lagne, and Luafat, three primeval inhabitants of the Green Isle, who had been driven from Spain to Ireland only to be drowned in the deluge, he narrates how Partholane, with a colony of Scythians, took possession of Ireland by a descent on Inver-suegene, in Kerry, in the month of May, the fourteenth day of the moon, and of all days in the week, of a Wednesday, in the year of the world 1969, &c. &c. A more formidable assailant was William Lloyd, bishop successively of St. Asaph, Coventry, and Worcester, who, in his history of the Government of the Church in Great Britain and Ireland, lopped from Boethius' catalogue no less than forty-four kings, supposed to have existed between the arrival of Fergus I and the fifth century. The bishop was backed and defended by Stillingfleet, in his *Origines Britannicæ;* and the painful Welsh antiquary, Humphry Lhuyd, entered the lists to impugn formally the authority of Boethius, Buchanan, and their brethren.

These assailants were not without an antagonist. Sir George Mackenzie, who, at that time (in the reign, namely, of Charles II) held the office of Lord Advocate, and who is termed, by Dryden, "that noble wit of Scotland," stepped forward, ex-officio, as defender of the antiquities of the royal line. The reasons which he alleges for lifting the gage of battle, as well as the arguments by which he endeavours to support a very feeble cause, show a singular mixture of the spirit of ultra-loyal chivalry with the forensic habits of a king's counsel.

"I leave it," he says, "to all indifferent men whether I, as king's advocate, was not in duty obliged to answer a book written by the late reverend and learned Bishop of St. Asaph, to prove that king Fergus, and twenty-four posterior kings, were merely fabulous and idle inventions, since that assertion did not only give the lie flatly to two of our most just and learned kings, but overturned the foundations on which they had built the duty and kindness of

their subjects; and since precedency is one of the chief glories of the crown, and since for this not only kings but subjects fight and debate, how could I suffer this right and privilege of our crown to be stolen from it by this assertion, which did expressly subtract about eight hundred and thirty years from their antiquity?" *

Sir George Mackenzie's defence of the royal line, is, as might be expected, a specimen of the merest special pleading. It had, however, considerable effect in Scotland, where all good Tories of the day were disposed to believe what was, in their idea, a proof of the inalienable right of the monarch, and where every Whig would have thought it sinful to discredit anything which Buchanan had asserted. There was to both parties a *noli me tangere* in the question; and though Sir Robert Sibbald and others faintly hesitated their doubts, Hector Boethius remained lord of the ascendant, and Fergus I, and his two score of descendants, were swallowed by his readers as they might have bolted a poached egg.

The first step to a calm investigation of the early and obscure parts of Scottish history, occurs in the Dissertation of Father Innes, a Benedictine priest in the Scottish college of Paris. He has collected with labour, and published with considerable accuracy, the ancient chronicles and fragments of Scottish history. By comparing these with the more specious and highly-manufactured narratives of Boethius and Buchanan, it appears that the more ancient authorities for Scottish history consist—firstly, in a few notices occurring in the Roman writers, which, as might be expected, are casual, and not easily reconcilable with each other; as the remarks of men not very solicitous to be accurate concerning barbarous tribes, frequently, no doubt, changing their situation, manners, and even names,—and secondly, one or two meagre lists and chronicles, concerning the Scottish and Pictish kings, preserved in Christian convents.

At the time when Severus made his march into the northern part of this island, we can plainly discover two distinct nations inhabiting the country since called Scotland. 1. Between the wall of Severus, which was finally fixed as the barrier of the Roman empire, extending from the Solway to the mouth of the Tyne, and the ancient and more north-

*See the Works of Sir George Mackenzie, in two volumes folio, vol. ii, pp. 399, 400.

ern wall built by Hadrian betwixt the Firths of Clyde and Forth, the provinces of Berwick, Roxburgh, Selkirk, Dumfries, and Clydesdale, with the three Lothians, were inhabited by the *Meatæ*, or Midland Britons—a species of borderers, who alternately acknowledged the Roman yoke, or shook it off, as they perceived the necessity of submission, or the opportunity of resistance. 2. Beyond the wall of Hadrian, and amidst the rude mountains called the Grampian range, were situated the powerful and unconquered race, who are termed by the Romans *Caledonian* Britons; and who, favoured by the strength of the country, left grounds for the boast of their descendants, still cherished in the history and song, that

> "When the Romans endeavoured their country to gain,
> Their ancestors fought, and they fought not in vain."

Thus far is tolerable plain sailing; but in the end of the third century (A. D. 296) occurs the mention of a third people, the *Picts*. In A. D. 306, these are again spoken of by Eumenius the Rhetorician, in an oration delivered at Augustodunum (Autun) in Gaul, before Constantine, the son of Constantius Clorus, in praise of the exploits of the latter. The turn of expression here would seem to infer, that the Caledonians were, in those later days, classed with other tribes under the general name of Picts—"Caledonum aliorumque Pictorum." Elsewhere the same orator talks of the *Britons*, the *Picts*, and the *Irish*, as inhabiting and waging war with each other in the isle of Britain.—It is tolerably clear, then, that in the beginning of the fourth century, there were no *Scots* in the northern part of Britain, any more than there were, at the same period, English, or Angles, in its southern division.

The Scots were, in the mean while, an existing people, although they had not as yet been distinguished in the country which now bears their name.* They seem to have

* One of the first times they are mentioned (if, indeed, they are not confounded with a tribe called the Attacotti, inhabiting a part of Monteith and the Lennox) is by St. Jerome, in the character of cannibals. "When a very young boy," says he, "I myself beheld in Gaul a tribe of British descent, called the Scots, devouring human flesh." "*Quid loquar de cæteris nationibus, cum ipse adolescentulus in Gallia viderim Scotos, gentem Britannicam, humanis vesci carnibus.*" The assertion is positive; but it is easy to suppose how even a saint, *adhuc adolescentulus*, may have been imposed upon respecting the materials of the banquet. There was a

made their first descent on *Ireland* during the third century, and probably towards the end of it; for none of the authors before that period, namely Cæsar, Diodorus Siculus, Strabo, Mela, Ptolemy, Tacitus, Pliny, or Solinus, mention their existence. The Irish tradition infers their having come from Spain; and seas and climate considered, the west of that peninsula seems as natural a point for emigrating to the south of Ireland as any part of the north of Europe. Others, however, are captivated with the resemblance between the words Scot and Scythian, and insist, at all risks, on holding them to be synonymous. Be that as it may, to *Ireland* came the Scots—and, to the great confusion of history, conferred on the Green Isle the name of Scotland.

The "first gem of the sea" had already been occupied by the Hiberni, or Hiberniones, of whom nothing is known save, that they were probably a colony from Britain—perhaps the same people whom O'Flaherty, assigning to them an indefinite antiquity, distinguishes by the name of Firhomraigh, Fermorians, and affirms to be genuine Autochtones.* Over these Hiberni, however, the invading Scots appear to have obtained, for the time, a complete superiority. In the very ancient work called *St. Patrick's Confession*, they are uniformly distinguished as lords of the soil, while the old inhabitants figure as common people or vassals. It was evidently no single invasion which could give the strangers such an ascendence.

A restless, a wandering, and it would appear a conquering race, the Scots of Ireland soon extended themselves into the north-western extremity of Great Britain, where, after having occupied several of the western islands, they at length possessed themselves of Argyll,—the country, that is, of the Gael and Gauls. The Irish Scots, who accomplished this settlement, are usually termed Dalriads, or Dalreudini. This first descent of the Scots on the land to which they were afterwards to give a *permanent* name, was made, it is said, under the command of Cairbar Riadah, who had been forced to fly from Ulster by the arms of Fin

grand controversy, now forgotten, on this passage, arising out of a note in Gibbon, in which Dr. Parr cut a principal figure. Some MSS. for *Scotos* read *Attacottos*.

*See Father Innes's Essay, p. 517. Tillemont, Historia Ecclesiæ, p. 453.

M'Coul, the Fingal of Macpherson. The plausible date assigned to this event is about the year 258. The Scots no doubt found Argyll and Cantire thinly peopled, as well as abounding with strong defiles; the one circumstance enabling them easily to obtain possession of the country, and the other assisting them in maintaining it. This Dalriadic colony, however, seems at length to have drawn on themselves the enmity of the Picts—a much more numerous and powerful nation—by whom they were expelled from Scotland, about the middle of the fifth century. They appear, however, to have remained united; at least, the Irish authorities give one catalogue, and the Scottish a similar, though not an exactly corresponding list, of the chiefs succeeding to Cairbar Riadah, by whom the Dalriads were governed from their first entrance to Argyll to the expulsion from thence—and continuing the genealogy, during their exile, down to Fergus the son of Erch or Eric. This Fergus, according to our later and more sound antiquaries, is the founder of the Scottish line. He led back the Dalreudini to the shores of Argyll, establised them in the settlement from which their fathers had been driven by the Picts, and was the first king of the Scots in North Britain, though his kingdom was limited to little more than one county of what is now termed Scotland. This second arrival of the Scoto-Irish seems to have been about 503.

After having thus achieved their final settlement in Britain, the Scots or Scoto-Irish invaders are frequently named in history—often as combining their forces with those of the Picts in making the furious inroads by which the Roman province of South Britain was long infested and at length totally overrun; and, perhaps, more frequently as engaged in contests with each other. These last became more incessant and deadly after the arrival of the Saxons: these two nations were now compelled to exhaust on each other the warlike spirit which no longer found a vent at the expense of their southern neighbours. At length, the Scots becoming decidedly superior in the struggle, the Picts, A. D. 840, were defeated by Kenneth M'Alpine, the twenty-fourth prince in descent from Fergus, the son of Eric; and the Scots, improving their victory, it is said, with exterminating cruelty, the Picts sustained such loss, that their name is afterwards scarce mentioned in history—where, amid the

darkness of a barbarous age, they had hitherto made a rather conspicuous figure. This phenomenon, the vanishing of a whole people from the page of history, reminds us of those accidents in natural scenery, where, upon tracing some fine stream with the degree of pleasure which such occupation usually excites, we arrive at the spot where it is swallowed up by

> ——— "Caverns measureless to man,
> And sinks in silence to a sunless ocean."

But we shall be called upon to consider this remarkable fact ere we finish our article.

Father Innes, it must be observed, was an antiquary, not an historian. His Essay was of a negative nature, merely showing what parts of the apocryphal history of Scotland could not possibly be true. He conjured down at once almost one-half of the sceptred shadows, which had kept their fantastic stand in the misty porch of Scottish history. He had ventured into the *mare incognitum*, and ascertained one-half of the islands of former navigators, to be, in sailor's language, Cape Flyaways; but he had not pretended to survey the shores and inlets of which the dim region actually afforded traces.

The more important part, though not the whole of this research, was left to Sir David Dalrymple, Bart., a Scottish judge, by the title of Lord Hailes. There was never, perhaps, an author better qualified, from habits and qualities, to become the father of national history, in a country where the real springs had been in a great measure choked up and destroyed, and where fanciful authors had hewn out to themselves broken cisterns which could hold no water. In his profession as a barrister, Dalrymple had been intimate beyond others with that branch of jurisprudence which connects itself with the history and antiquities of Scotland; and his Memorial or Legal Statement, in the great case respecting the succession to the earldom of Sutherland, is still accounted, both in a legal and literary point of view, one of the most able pleadings on the rules of construction which ought to be applied to ancient grants of hereditary nobility that ever enlightened a court of justice. Of a distinguised Whig family, he was, by education, and early instruction, freed from certain prejudices, not unamiable

in their origin, but highly calculated to blind historical judgment, which were, in his day, almost unalienably attached to the character of the opposite party; while his calm and candid temper secured him from embracing in extravagance the tenets of his own Whig friends. The leisure—for a Scottish judge of the Court of Session was not then oppressed with a degree of labour under which the stoutest constitutions have been in later times known to sink, and the strongest minds to give way—the leisure which his office permitted him was sufficient: a noble library of his own, and the full command of the inestimable collection belonging to the Faculty of Advocates, afforded him an ample mine of materials; and habits of accuracy, pushed almost to the verge of prudery, were the warrant at the same time for laborious research and for scrupulous fidelity.

In communicating truths, of which he had to tell many unpleasing to preconceived opinions or prejudices, Lord Hailes's independent and dignified situation obtained for him a credence which might have been refused to a mere literary adventurer. Above all, and far superior in this to future labourers in the same vineyard, Lord Hailes's principles, moral and religious, rendered him incapable of making differences upon abstract questions of history a reason for triumphing over those who might entertain less sound opinions than his own. He at no time rendered a painful truth yet more unacceptable by stating it with bitterness. His aim was to make converts to his opinions by force of argument and persuasion, not by reproach, ridicule and sarcasm.

The Annals of Scotland, by this excellent person, of which the first volume was published in 1776, do not embrace those darker periods of which we have hitherto been treating, and to which we must again return. They commence A. D. 1034, at the well-chosen epoch of the gracious Duncan's ascent to the throne, from which he was precipitated by the treason of his kinsman, Macbeth,—a point of Scottish history which, illuminated by the fire of genius, like some solitary peak in a distant range of mountains touched with the beams of the rising sun, shines with a brilliancy not its own, and seems clear and distinct to the eye, while all around is dark and uncertain. This secures to the first pages of our annalist an attention to which those that follow cannot aspire; for who is not attracted by the

well-known sounds of Macbeth, Banquo, Macduff, and Malcolm, and would not willingly listen to the real history of the actors in that immortal drama? As the annals are, in a great measure, a collection of detached facts, recorded under their respective dates, they are, of course, brief, dry notices of insulated occurrences, and possess little interest to the general reader, except that which we have already noticed, till they reach the great events which followed the accession of David I. Lord Hailes here employs language severely conforming to that of the authorities—who afforded him, indeed, information of the events, but no means of arguing on them. As the story advances, the style becomes more animated and interesting, and the author not only details his facts in a clear, precise, and manly manner, but illustrates them by a selection of the most striking details and characteristic expressions collected from old authorities, and also by the shrewd and terse remarks which the progress of the tale suggested to one well acquainted both with books and men. These annals reach from 1034 down to the death of David II, in 1370–1. A better and surer guide through a history which, till his time, was almost totally unknown, will never be supplied, though unquestionably much remains to be discovered, and some things to be corrected. As was the historian's office and duty, Lord Hailes, in the course of his narrative, overthrew or dispersed the various inventions, traditions, and legends with which the adulation of bards, the superstition of monks, and last, not least, the vanity of Boethius and his kindred, had encumbered the fabric of Scottish history. These popular idols were not to be pulled down—these Dalilahs of the public imagination were not to be destroyed, however, without opposition. Scotland was generally surprised and offended at the great innovation upon her antiquities. From occupying a huge portion of the imagination of the natives, that remainder of the favourite legends, which stood the test of Lord Hailes's refining crucible, dwindled into comparatively a matter not worth even thinking on. The feelings of the nation resembled those of the wizard, whose treasure, derived from the father of falsehood, is turned suddenly into trash—or of an over-trading banker, who awakes, and behold! his paper—is paper. No precise answer was made to Lord Hailes. Lord Elibank, who was remarkable

for exercising in paradoxes his very acute understanding, attempted, indeed, a defence of the tradition concerning the supposed league between Charlemagne and the Scottish King Achaius; but this contest of wit and ingenuity with research and learning soon ended; and that precious figment has since slept with its fathers.

With such an impression of Lord Hailes's merits, we are far from asserting his infallibility. With all his talent and industry, he was only a single individual labouring in a difficult task, where the toil of others had hitherto done but little. He may and must have made mistakes and omissions: and, while distrusting the prejudices of others, occasionally was the victim of his own incredulity, and rejected facts which have since been proved to be true, because they seemed improbable. But we contend strenuously, that he who first gave a clue to the labyrinth of Scottish history is entitled to the most profound respect from those whose task he has rendered so easy; and that his errors, when such occur, should be handled with the same affectionate respect as those of a parent.

The emendations thus introduced by Lord Hailes were far from being readily or cordially adopted by his countrymen; but *magna est veritas et prævalebit*—they took not the less root that they were considered at first with rather unwilling minds, and only admitted because truth was irrefragable. Still it was only on the middle ages of Scottish history, that Dalrymple's labours had thrown actual light. He had blown, like a destined knight, the trumpet of truth before the enchanted castles which Boethius and Buchanan had established on the debateable ground: but when their portals, towers, and barbicans had dissolved before his summons; the space hitherto filled by these delusive monuments remained—mere space. It was to be expected that others would arise to attempt at least carrying into the dim era of the Caledonians, Picts, Scots, and Dalriads, something of the spirit of Sir David's research. And here, accordingly, there began, erelong, a controversy in which the most violent opinions have been maintained on the slightest authorities, and which may be termed to Scotttsh antiquaries the very slough of despond, whereon much learning has been thrown without mending the path: or, rather, a Serbonian bog, capable of swamping whole armies of commentators.

The first who sounded its depths was the pugnacious John Pinkerton. He was a man of an eager, acute, tenacious temper: a devourer of learning—a very *helluo librorum*, who, relinquishing the profession of the law, to which he was bred, resolved to force himself into notice by dint of a display of profound learning, inferring an acquaintance with the most uncommon and abtruse authors, and a great degree of contempt for those whose researches had not matched his own. He entertained or affected great respect for, and acquaintance with, the works of foreign literati; and, assuming an enthusiasm for their learning, indulged his own arrogance by employing their uncivil language, and translating the classical vituperation of *mentiris impudentissime* into the St. Giles's dialect of "you lie, scoundrel."

It may puzzle some of our readers who are not familiarly acquainted with the study of antiquities to guess what opportunities that very abstract pursuit can possibly afford for the use of violent language or party spleen. Indeed, a plain man would imagine, *à priori*, that no more passionless investigation could well be discovered than one touching the language, manners, and fortunes of a nation whose memory is now only preserved by a few brief indications in hoary chronicles, more than a thousand years old, and a dubious chain of popular tradition. Pinkerton, however, contrived to introduce into his argument a deep and peculiar strain of offence. His *Essay on the History of Scotland preceding the Reign of Malcolm III*, is founded on one wide and sweeping assertion. It pleased Mr. John to divide modern Europe into four classes:—Two of these—and the only two with which we are at present concerned—being first, the *Celts*, the most ancient inhabitants of Europe, "and who were to the others what the savages of America are to the European settlers there;" and, second, the *Goths*, a mighty and preponderating people, originally Scythians, who coming westward from the wilds of their native country, occupied, conquered, and colonized all the northern parts of Europe. Mr. Pinkerton debates at great length, and with much display of learning, on the history of the Goths, and the conquests which he states them to have obtained over the Celts, in their progress through all Europe. It is not with this general statement that we are called upon to struggle; but he proceeds to lay down the

law, that—"The Celts of Ireland, Wales, and the Highlands of Scotland, are savages, have been savages since the world began, while a separate people, that is, while themselves and of unmixed blood;" and affirms that "the contempt borne by these Celts for the England-Lowland-Scottish and later Irish (who are Irish and Scots), is extreme, and knows no bounds." Elsewhere the same strain is pursued—"The Celts of Scotland always are, and continue to be, a dishonoured, timid, filthy, ignorant and degraded race."

"It is to the lies of our Celtic neighbours that we are indebted for the fables of English history down to within these thirty years, and the almost total perdition of the history of Scotland and Ireland. Geoffrey of Monmouth, most of the Irish historians, and the Highland bards and seannachies in Scotland, show that falsehood is the natural growth of the Celtic mind; and the case is the same to this day. No reprobation can be too strong for such frontless impudence; and to say that a writer is a Celt, is to say that he is a stranger to truth, modesty, and morality. Diodorus Siculus (lib. v, p. 354) remarks the cloudy speech and intellect, synecdochic phrase, and hyperbolical pride of the old Celts. Their idiotic credulity was derided by the Roman poets—'*Et tumidus Gallus credulitate fruar*'—'Vaniloquum Celtæ genus.'—Characters of nations change—Characters of savage RACES never."—*Dissertation on the Goths.*

Such extravagant abuse puts a sober-minded reader in remembrance of a case of supposed possession, and induces him to exclaim with the clown, in *Twelfth Night*, "O hyperbolical fiend! how wexest thou this man!"

The Highlanders of Scotland, Celts or not, for many of them are of Scandinavian or Gothic origin, had long inherited a large share of the kindness and respect of their countrymen. Three centuries had passed away since they were considered as the enemies of the Lowlanders. Their primitive manner and mode of life—their ready and constant use of arms—the unquestionable courage which they had displayed on many occasions, and particularly during the wars of Montrose and Dundee, and in the later insurrections of 1715 and 1745—even the severities inflicted on them—had rendered them interesting to their countrymen; in a word, the whole nation was disposed—we think justly—to consider them the representatives of the ancient Scots, from whom the royal line was unquestionably descended, and who, by the admission of Mr. Pinkerton himself, had given

name to the whole nation. It cannot be denied that they were a very poor people, indifferent to comforts which they had not the means of obtaining, ignorant because they had not the means of instruction; contented with the most wretched accommodation; indifferent to cleanliness, which was no especial attribute of their Lowland neighbours—Goths, as Mr. Pinkerton would insist upon terming them;—in short, it must be admitted that these Highland Celts shared all the miseries and privations incident to a people driven by preponderating force out of a country comparatively fertile, and forced to defend their independence among barren rocks and wildernesses. We must also allow that their character comprehends a considerable portion of what they themselves call *spag-linhn*, or assumption of consequence; nor do we see much cause for wonder here, it being the common nature of human beings to seek in such feelings internal solace for the pressure of external circumstances. But when all this is admitted, there must remain with the Highlanders, as a people, the virtues of unshaken faith, hospitality, and a general high-toned feeling of thought and expression approaching more nearly to the enthusiasm of chivalry than anything to be found among their Lowland neighbours; though these also may claim their peculiar merits. The slur of want of courage will hardly stick upon the Welsh, who so long defended their *paupera regna* against the overbearing force of the whole kingdom of England, and yielded at last less to open force than fraud, and the consequences of their own civil dissensions; and such charges brought against the Irish nation are too ludicrous to admit serious consideration. We presume that a regiment of either of these three races would desire nothing better than to rest the character of their country on the issue of a contest with an equal or superior number, either of Swedes, Danes, or Saxons, which ever might be reckoned the most genuine representatives of the mighty Goths, or of the trans-Tiverini themselves, the unquestionable descendants of the far more mighty Romans, by whom the world was conquered.

The Highland antiquaries justly incurred Pinkerton's severe censure for the readiness with which they had reposed unlimited confidence in the sophisticated poems of Ossian, and endeavoured to pass them as historical authorities upon

their neighbours. But, although this castigation was merited, it came with indifferent grace from the author who had, in his first literary work, attempted to palm on the public a whole sheaf of modern antique ballads, which he (John Pinkerton) only confessed to be imitations, when he perceived that no one was disposed to receive them as genuine.

We well remember how angry and mortified the Highlanders were at Pinkerton's impeachment of their national consequence, and how a club of young men of that time, more in playful malice than in serious conviction, enjoyed their vexation, and embroiled the dispute, by assuming the title of The Mighty *Goths*. The humour however had its day, and the Highlanders were, in due time, restored to the post, of being, after their cognates of Wales, the most ancient and unmingled race of the inhabitants of Britain. When we would describe the genius of Scotland, he still appears as he was seen of yore by an inspired Lowland bard,

> "Great daring darted from his eye,
> A broadsword shogled at his thigh,
> On his right arm a targe."

Having bestowed an immense profusion of many-languaged lore on the Goths in general, it was Mr. Pinkerton's next business to conduct to Scotland a band of this noble people, and place them in the capacity of conquerors over the detested Celts. For this purpose, he selected a tribe residing near Colchis, called Peuki, transported them from the Euxine sea to the mouth of the Danube, and finally to the shores of the Baltic, at the expense of a display of erudition which rather tends to embarrass the reader than to illustrate the argument. You find yourself, while quotations of Greek and Latin are resounding around you, in the situation of the boy whose holiday stock of fireworks has exploded in his pocket, very much alarmed and very little hurt. One good authority of an ancient author, stating these Peuki to have come to Scandinavia from the Euxine sea, and to have gone from thence to Scotland, and occupied the Lowlands of that country, would have been worth a thousand vague insinuations and fanciful deductions, but we are furnished with none such. The conclusion to which Mr. Pinkerton arrives is, that these Peuki of the Euxine, after using the varied names of Peuke, Peukini, Pichtar,

Peuchter, or Pehten, at length settled in the eastern Lowlands of Scotland, under the name of Piks or *Piki*. The Romans, however, found fault, it seems, with this last denomination. The word Piki implied in Latin, *wood-peckers*, and a victory over such an enemy would have sounded oddly in their annals; and for this reason, we are assured, the Romans changed the name of their noble antagonists to Picts. The last step in the real derivation, however, was more probably Vic-Viriar—the Picts being the genuine Vikingr, or sea-kings of the north. Great questions for argument were thus launched forth to the world. If the Picts were Peuki, they were Goths; if they were sea-kings, then they were Scandinavians; in either case, they spoke a Gothic dialect, and must have bequeathed it to their descendants. Hence the question became infinitely more curious than as it related merely to the twilight history of a people, little but whose name survived; in a word, it came to touch on the history and composition of the Scottish language. The Gothic champions boldly advocated the theory that, as the Picts, supposing them Goths, must have spoken a Teutonic dialect, therefore the materials of the existing English tongue must have been possessed in Scotland long before the Angles had given either name or language to old England itself.

The hypothesis of Pinkerton had, in truth, been struck out before his day by Sir John Clerk of Pennycuik, though with the modest hesitation of a scholar, and the civilized manners of a gentleman. After publication of the Enquiry, its author obtained many followers, although some of them relapsed to the Celtic faith. Amongst those who remained were Dr. John Jamieson, author of the Dictionary, the late John Sibbald, editor of a selection of ancient Scottish poems, and other distinguished archæologists.

George Chalmers raised a banner against Pinkerton on the other side, and long previous to the publication of his great work of *Caledonia*—a work unequalled, if we consider it as a mass of materials assembled by the labour of a single man—Joseph Ritson, an antiquary of the first order, had embraced the same side with vehemence. Of this last writer we may say with justice, that, allowing for a certain portion of irritability (a constitutional *disease*), he possessed, in a degree surpassing his contemporaries, the patience, the candour, and the industry necessary for antiquarian re-

searches. He was firm, and somewhat obstinate in his opinions, as was natural in one who had adopted them after much thought. But he piqued himself on the most perfect honesty in research and quotation, and, if you brought him sufficient evidence to convince him of his error, he was the first to avow his conviction to the world. His violence, though often to be regretted, was always sincere and unaffected; while that of Pinkerton was suspected by some of his friends to be in a great measure assumed, for the sake of attracting attention. Certain it is, that the latter antiquary laid aside much of the virulence displayed in his earlier publications, as he fell into the vale of years. The sun set heavily on both—for Joseph Ritson's whimsicalities terminated in mental alienation; and the career of Pinkerton, which in its commencement attracted the notice of Gibbon, who desired to adopt him as an associate in the proposed task of editing the British historians, ended in exile, in obscurity, and we fear in indigence. His studious and laborious disposition deserves praise; and the defects we have had to notice with pain, arose in youth from the arrogance of inexperience, and in his latter years from mortification at the failure of a long series of literary attempts—some of which merited another fate.

Ritson's posthumous publication now before us is entitled *Annals of the Caledonians, Picts, and Scots, and of Strathclyde, Cumberland, and Galloway.* These *annals* consist of separate lists of *all* the passages concerning each of these people and districts,—with the name of the author marked beneath each little extract. Every set of annals, therefore, contains all that one could learn by laboriously wading through the whole long catalogue of authorities. It is evident that such a summary of authorities so collected, and given without fear or favour, must contain the whole of the genuine materials of judgment. It is not every antiquarian disputant whom we would permit to arrange the evidence for us; many of the tribe might wish to bring into court those witnesses only whose testimony made for their own side of the question. But the accuracy and fidelity of Ritson are beyond suspicion.

In the Gothic system, adopted and advocated by Pinkerton, he was met by a singular dilemma, the consequences of which affect, more than he was willing to allow, the train

of his whole reasoning. In supposing the *Picts* to have been a Gothic people, he encountered a choice of difficulties, either they were the same with the ancient *Caledonians*, continually spoken of by the Roman historians, from Tacitus to Procopius; or, they must have been a separate people, who invaded and conquered those original natives about the year 296,—when the *Picts* are first mentioned in history,—and who, in the course of the next century, must have totally rooted out and destroyed these Caledonians, since the latter are, after the beginning of their third century, rarely mentioned in history.

It is clear that if Mr. Pinkerton could have made any choice betwixt these alternatives, with the least countenance from history, the latter would have best suited his system. Accordingly he frankly tells us, that before he had fully examined the subject, "he was of opinion that the Picts were a new race, who had come in upon the Caledonians in the third century, and expelled them." But finding that this theory, "although perhaps, many an acute and wise argument might be employed in it," was totally in opposition to every existing authority, he assumes credit for renouncing it, and acquiescing in the conclusion that the Caledonians and the Picts were one and the same people.

This, indeed, is the one point on which most who have considered the question seem to agree; but in acceding to it, Mr. Pinkerton has raised serious objections to many parts of his own theory. In the first place, this invasion from the north of Europe (totally unauthorized by history) puts an end to the whole position about Sea-Kings, or *Vic-Viriar*—for who ever heard of Scandinavian invasions two centuries before the Christian era? In the second place we are required to believe that the Piker, Pichter, Piochtar, or Peuchtar, had, for three centuries and upwards, laid aside all the glories of their name, derived, as it was, from the euphonious sound of Peuké, by which their native home on the banks of the Euxine had been distinguished, and which they had bestowed upon a mountainous tract on the shores of the Baltic. We are required, we say, to believe that all these appellations were laid aside and suffered to merge in the general term of Caledonians, which is supposed to signify foresters, or the inhabitants of a wooded region—a term indisputably of Celtic origin. It is even more startling to

require our further assent to the proposition that, after a space of three centuries, during which they had been contented to veil their Gothic glories under the Celtic appellation of Caledonians, the nation suddenly reassumed, and stuck exclusively to, their original name of Picts, or Piks, which they had all along known as their only proper name. If Pinkerton had found such a position in the writings of an unfortunate Celt, what quarter would have been granted?

Pinkerton stands, however, on the authority of Tacitus; and indeed no other authority worthy of much notice has ever been pressed into the service. The Roman historian affords, indeed, no countenance to the idea that the Peukini, or any other people, conquered and took possession of North Britain; but he argues distinctly, that the Caledonians must have been of German origin, *since* they resembled the Germans in their large limbs and red hair. He speaks, however, with much less certainty on the subject than those who have written upon it so many centuries after the people themselves have ceased to exist. His words are —"Ceterum Britanniam qui mortales initio coluerunt, indigenæ an advecti—ut inter barbaros, parum compertum. Habitus corporum varii: atque ex eo argumenta; namque rutilæ Caledoniam habitantium comæ, magni artus, Germanicam originem asseverant. Silurum colorati vultus et torti plerumque crines, et positio contra Hispaniam, Iberos veteres trajecisse, easque sedes occupasse, fidem faciunt. Proximi Gallis et similes sunt, seu durante originis vi; seu, procurrentibus in diversa terris, positio cœli corporibus habitum dedit. In universum tamen æstimanti, Gallos vicinum solum occupasse credibile est."* This passage in our view, seems to exclude the existence of any collateral evidence which might add force to the supposition afforded by corporeal resemblance. If, for example, there had been any rumour among the inhabitants of Caledonia that their ancestors emigrated from Germany, and settled, either forcibly or by permission, upon the coasts which they had since inhabited, Tacitus would not have failed to notice a report corroborative of his opinions. Again, if there had been any feature of national customs, national manners, or national worship, which assimilated the Caledonians to the Germans,—and created a difference betwixt them and the

* Tacitus in Agricolam.

other races of Britain,—Tacitus was neither so bad a reasoner nor so indifferent an observer as to suffer so strong a circumstance to escape his notice. Much more are we entitled to say, that the Caledonians must have spoken the same language with the other nations of Britain, since the fact of their having spoken German, or anything allied to it, could not, for an instant, have escaped the remark of Agricola and his army, and must, of course, when reported to Tacitus, have been considered by him as more decisive proof of their German descent than their large limbs and red hair, since such external similitude might be the work of chance, or, perhaps, of resemblance of climate, while correspondence of language is an infallible mark of common descent.

Under any theory, much cannot be founded *here* on the differences of complexion; since Pinkerton well knew that the Scoto-Irish, undeniably *Celts*, are addressed by a bard of their own as "the sons of Alba, the men of the yellow tresses," and that in the very song which details the names of their kings.

To return to Tacitus,—"Proximi Gallis et similes sunt, seu durante originis vi; seu, procurrentibus in diversa terris, positio cœli corporibus habitum dedit." So far the proofs are alike in all the three cases; but mark what follows in that which is applicable only to the descent of the *Britons*, so far as they spring from the *Gauls:*—"In universum tamen æstimanti, Gallos vicinum solum occupasse credibile est. Eorum sacra deprehendas, superstitionum persuasione. Sermo haud multum diversus; in deposcendis periculis eadem audacia, et ubi advenere, in detractandis eadem formido;—plus tamen ferociæ Britanni præferunt, ut quos nondum longa pax emollierit; nam Gallos quoque in bellis floruisse accepimus; amissa virtute pariter ac libertate; quod Brittanorum olim victis evenit—cæteri manent quales Galli fuerunt."

Here is a proof that Tacitus knew the importance of bringing forward the similarity of manners and language. There may be a dispute *how far* the similarity is asserted by the historian, to have existed betwixt the Britons and Gauls,—whether through the race generally, or only as applicable to those tribes which lay nearest to France. This depends on the interpretation of *vicinum solum*. It may aid us in our interpretation if we consider that the only

Britons who could, in the time of Tacitus, be termed *unconquered*, were not such as resided on the sea-coast opposite to Gaul,—for these tribes were first of all invaded and broken,—but the Caledonians, who still maintained stout resistance.

We are not interested in disputing that the Caledonians carried on any such commerce as they possessed by means of the ports of the Low Countries; and it is probable enough that in the fast following changes of such a period, they might augment their population by emigrations from those Belgic shores; in other words, that a stream of German blood thus infused into their Celtic veins, might have made them approach more nearly in appearance to the deep-blooming, large-bodied, strong-limbed, yellow-haired, and blue-eyed Teuton. But by the negative evidence of Tacitus, they had neither his rites, his laws, his altar, nor his language; and we think this positive evidence will bear us out in asserting, that their religion, temper, habits, and speech were decidedly Celtic, being those of old Gaul.

The *Caledonians*, however, maintained an obstinate struggle against the Romans, from the latter part of the first to the beginning of the third century, during which time all the unconquered tribes beyond the Northern wall were designed by this generic appellation, though doubtless consisting, according to the unhappy custom of the Gauls, of small independent states or clans, whom a strong and immediate sense of public and general danger could alone bring to act in concert. The expedition of Severus, as it was the last, so it was the most formidable invasion which the conquerors of the world directed against the barbarians of Britain. This emperor himself, a prince of great military skill, marched from York, at the head of an immense army destined to carry fire and sword to the northern extremity of the island, with the avowed determination not only completely to crush the barbarians, but to cut down their woods, make roads over their mountains and through their marshes, and render the whole country accessible to the Roman legions. Through fatigue, privation, and constant skirmishes, Severus is said, by Dion, to have lost fifty thousand men—a statement which will illustrate the original numbers of his host. He penetrated as far as the Frith of Moray; but exhausted by losses, and himself broken in health, and afflicted by family dissen-

sions, he was finally compelled to make a treaty with the Caledonians, leaving them in possession of the inaccessible country, the attempt to conquer which had cost him such loss. Having made a peace, which he meant should be perpetual, he showed the imperfect nature of his success by again repairing the wall betwixt the friths of Clyde and Forth, and assigning it as the frontier of the Roman province.

This was accomplished in 210, and in 212 the Britons were again in arms; and now, not only the Caledonians, who advanced southward from the barren mountains, in which the arms of the emperor had cooped them up for a short season, but also the Meatæ, or half-subdued people, who resided between the two walls, were united against the Romans. This incensed Severus so much, that he reassembled his forces with the declared purpose of sparing neither sex nor age in his next campaign; and by slaying even mothers with their unborn infants, to exterminate, if possible, these obstinate barbarians. He died while at York, and was saved the actual guilt of the atrocious campaign which he meditated. After the death of this emperor, we hear little more of the Caledonians under that title; though the name continues to occur occasionally in history. And this brings us back to Pinkerton and his antagonists.

Amidst their confusion of statements, we see, or think we see—for critics are not exempt from the illusions proper to this fairy ground, of which it may be said, "the isle is full of noises"—we think, then, we see fair reasons for holding to the opinion of George Chalmers. It has the advantage of agreeing substantially with those of Camden, Selden, and Father Innes. In a word, Chalmers has argued the case of the Pictish origin with much attention, and seems to us to prove clearly that the Picts are no other than the Caledonian Britons, driven to the extremity of Scotland, beyond the Moray frith, by the overbearing force of the Romans, but who, returning when the decay of the empire, felt through all its frontiers, gave the barbarians, in their turn, the power of becoming the assailants, confined the Romans to a denfensive war, which for the sake of the unhappy colonists, they maintained and renewed from time to time, until at length they left them to their own resources, and fairly evacuated the island. The very same people, in

short, or confederacy of tribes, who retreated as Caledonians, advanced again, if our theory be the true one, under their new name of Picts.

Nor does there seem any necessity for searching for the etymology of the name further than the obvious meaning of the Latin word *Picti*, very naturally applied to them by the Romans and the Roman colonists. Cæsar had found the Britons of his time in the habit of tatooing their bodies, and staining them with various colours, either from that love of ornament which seems to precede even the invention of decent dress—or from the desire, by thus distinguishing themselves in the field of battle, of inspiring confidence amidst their followers and terror in the enemy. The free Britons retained this custom, while those who were subdued by the Romans laid that, with other warlike habits, aside; and, in the words of Tacitus, lost at once their courage and their liberty. In the time of Agricola, the custom of painting the body was still, probably, so general, that a name derived from its use would not have indicated distinctly any particular tribe or body of people; the term of Caledonians, or Woodsmen, was, therefore, bestowed on the barbarians who opposed the father-in-law of Tacitus. But the victory over Galgacus, followed by the successes of Lollius Urbicus and other Roman generals, repelled, from time to time, the attacks of the Britons, and prevented intercourse between the Roman colonists, unless so far as the wealth of the latter was temptation to the poverty of the last, and induced them to predatory incursions. The great effort of Severus must have contributed still further to the increase of this estrangement; and it became every day more natural that both the Roman soldiers and the colonial Britons should distinguish their northern neighbours by a name taken from a practice entirely disused in the peaceful and subjugated province of South Britain. They called, then, those wild foresters the *painted men;* exactly such a title as the English settlers might have bestowed upon the native savages of America, had they not chosen to confuse topography by giving them the name of Indians. Many an epithet, given originally as a nickname to a nation or to a faction, has the luck to be adopted and used by themselves in serious earnest; and we see no reason for hesitating to conclude that the unconquered mountaineers took up the name thus bestowed on them by

the Romans, varying the accent by a guttural, as was common among the Celts, and pronouncing the word, as, indeed, it is to this day pronunced in Scotland by the vulgar, *Peght*. We can discover little need for seeking further. Claudian's evidence establishes the fact that these people were really addicted to the habit from which we presume their name to have been assigned to them. In one passage we find—

—"nec falso nomine Pictos."

And in one yet more striking, he represents the victorious legionary as perusing the decaying characters marked on the body of the dying barbarian—

——— "feroque notatas
Perlegit exangues Picto moriente figures."

Ritson raises an objection to our system, which we should hardly have expected from so acute an antiquary.

"Another reason (says he), which will render the pretence of the Picts being Caledonians, or indigenous Britons, still more absurd, is the authentic epistle of Gildas, who being himself a Briton, and having likewise resided for some time in Ireland, could not possibly have been mistaken in the account he has given of these hostile, savage, and pagan strangers (viz. the *Picts*), without the slightest intimation that they had degenerated from their parent stock."—Vol. i, p. 88.

Surely in answer to this, it is enough to say that propinquity of blood no more binds individuals or nations in amity, as a matter of necessity, than propinquity of tenets establishes good-will among sects. A rude and fierce people, like the free Britons, whether we call them Caledonians or Picts, must have entertained, against the effeminate and timid colonist and bondsman of Rome, even such a spiteful mixture of anger and contempt as that with which a flock of jackdaws may be seen to welcome a tamed individual of the same breed, who has escaped from his wicker cage in full uniform of cap and bells. Besides the abstract feeling of contempt and hatred nourished by the free savage against the degenerate tyro of civilization, there was, moreover, in this case, every passion afloat which could stimulate the stronger party. It was a war, in which every circumstance tempted to the indulgence of every species of oppression. The free Briton was powerful, the colonist weak; the former accustomed to war, proud, haughty, domineering; the latter effeminate, feeble and accustomed to constant submission.

The one was covetous of the wealth which he could only gain by cruelty and rapine, the other wanted heart to defend it. What could a distant recollection of common descent have availed to restrain such powerful motives for rapacity? or what wonder that Gildas, however querimonious, should not have thought it worth while to record as an exaggeration of the many injuries he and his neighbours received from the Picts, that they were inflicted by their cousins only ten times removed? for, in truth, there had been no intercourse between the southern and northern Britons for at least three centuries, a time long enough to puzzle pedigrees, even in the memory of a Welshman. Lastly, and *ex super abundanti*, it is to be considered that the ravages and atrocities, of which the British Jeremiah complains, were not inflicted by the Picts alone, but by the Scots also, against whom the charge of unkind cousinship could not be objected.

So much for Ritson and Gildas. It is, moreover, clear that the Picts were, one division of them at least, actually in possession of the old name of Caledonians, very slightly altered—for Ammianus Marcellinus expressly tells us that the Picts are divided into Vecturiones and Deucaledonii; the former of which names distinguished those who achieved settlements beyond the wall of Severus; the latter applied to such of the nation as remained in the more northern provinces possessed by the Caledonians of old. When there is such penury of evidence, every circumstance becomes of importance.

The next subject of bitter argument is the Pictish language:—and this, indeed, is the only point of their history at all interesting to the present generation. Their manners and customs cannot now be traced; their religion, or rather the superstitions which they received before they were converted to Christianity, are scarcely to be seen; their battles and conquests were like the battles of kites and crows; but if the Picts were really the nation who transmitted to us the first germ of the noble language which has gained immortality from having been so often employed in the service of genius, and in defence of religion and liberty, we ought to collect and cherish the least fact in their history, as we would the ashes of our forefathers.

There was never a question of philological importance pressed within a narrower compass. We are left almost

entirely to conjecture. The Picts, during the time the nation flourished, were, like other barbarians, too ardent upon acting to think of recording their feats; and, *de facto*, there are no remains of their language excepting a single word or two. That they had, however, a separate language of their own is marked and witnessed by Bede, who expressly says that the gospel is preached in this island in as many tongues as there are Books of Moses,—"*quinque gentium linguis, Anglorum scilicet, Brittonum, Scottorum*, Pictorum, *et Latinorum*." But *in what degree* the Pictish tongue differed from any of the others named,—whether it was of kin to the Celtic dialects of the Britons and Scots, or to the Gothic one of the Angles, Bede does not say. As little can we gather on this head from Adoman, the biographer of Saint Columba, who tells that in the country of the Picts that zealous missionary was obliged to employ an interpreter. The Welsh and the Scottish Highlanders do not at this day understand each other, though we all know that they speak cognate dialects of the Celtic. We are, therefore, free in the absence of proof, to believe that the Picts spoke a third dialect of the Celtic, formed during their long exile into the remote regions beyond the Moray frith, and unintelligible in the end to either of the other Celtic tribes of these islands.

Now comes the single intelligible word of this once celebrated people, which has been accidentally preserved. Bede, in describing the northern wall of the Romans, says that it began at Abercnyh, the well known Abercorn of later history, and extended to a place called, *sermone Pictorum*, in the Pictish language, *Penfahel*, but in the Saxon language, *Peneltun*. Nennius, a Briton, terms the same place *Pengual*, and says it was denominated in Scottish *Cenail*, but in English, *Peneltun*. A single word affords a very narrow ground for controversy, especially where it is fiercely and sternly maintained. It is like coming to slugs and a sawpit. Let us for once have recourse to etymology. The prefix *Pen* signifies a head or point, whether used literally or analogically. Penmanmaur is the peak so called in Welsh; and all the *Bens* in the Highlands of Scotland are peaked mountains. Pendragon, or Dragon's point or head, was the British name for the chief of their confederacies, when they had the prudence to adopt one. *Fahel*, as pro-

nounced by the Picts, was unquestionably the same with the *gual* of the Welsh; and *guahal*, the *gu* being pronounced like the modern *wh*, as often occurs in Celtic dialects, is simply *whaal* or *wall:* Penfahel, and Pengual, therefore, mean the same thing, *caput valli*, namely, the Head of the Wall.* The Picts, apparently used a pronunciation still practised in the northern counties, from whence they came, as in Aberdeenshire and Buchan, where the people *hodie* say *fat* instead of *what*, *fite* for *white*, and so forth.

On the other hand, the word Peneltun, by which the same place was distinguished in Saxon, is no more than a compound of the old Pictish and British name, with the addition of *ton* or *town*, usually applied to a dwelling or place of abode, and still used in that sense in modern Anglo-Scottish.† Peneltun is merely Pen-wal-ton, *i. e.* the town or dwelling at the head of the wall, a very natural name for any residence which might exist or be erected there. We do not, therefore, argue too much in saying that the slight difference between the British Pengual and the Pictish Penfahel consists merely in pronunciation, and that it argues as far as the evidence goes, that both languages were Celtic. It remains to be noticed that the Scots used the word Cenail (Cean being equivalent in Irish to the British Pen) to denominate the same place. It is therefore probable (as, indeed, we should be inclined to conclude *à priori*) that the Celtic of Ireland, as spoken by the Dalriads, resembled the dialect of the Picts in a less degree than the British did. The prepositions of *Aber* and *Pit*, occurring frequently in the countries possessed by the Picts, are also

*It is well known to all who have looked in a Scottish book of antiquity, that the letters *gh*, absurdly printed *qu*, are almost uniformly placed for *wh*, of which it has the power and force. So *whom* is printed *quhom*, *which* is printed *quilk*, *what* is printed *quhat*, &c., to the very unnecessary cumbrance of the Southron. This mode of expressing the sound is not, however, peculiar to Scotland. In the English chronicles, Guildhall is often printed *Wheldehall*. In the Spanish, the same mode of writing is universally adopted, as *alguazil* is pronounced *alwhazil*, &c.

†In Scotland, the mansion, though only a farm-house, is always called the town, and the difference between a landward town (frequently a single farm-house) and a borough town, makes the distinction between a solitary residence and what is in English called a town, or assembly of houses.

said to be genuine remains of their language. Aber, signifying the opposite side of a river, is used commonly in Gaelic or Celtic; but then it exists in a similar sense in several Gothic dialects, so that this word affords no evidence on either side. *Pit* is used as a *hollow* in the Celtic, and the Anglo-Saxon use of the word, in the second and limited sense of a hole in the ground, seems secondary and derivative. The numerous proper names compounded with this prefix, in Fife and elsewhere, show that the Picts, who imposed them, use the word in its more general or Celtic acceptation.

Another piece of evidence on the subject of the Pictish language occurs in the names of their kings, preserved in a certain brief chronicle, written about the tenth century, retrieved from oblivion by the care of Father Innes, and the authenticity of which stands unimpeached. Unhappily the few words with which the chronicle is introduced are in Latin, and its contents are but a beadroll of harsh and very unchristian sounding names,—Drust, Drest, Necton, Morbot-filius, Drest, Gurthinthin-moch. The ingenious George Chalmers takes this unbaptized jargon in hand, and endeavours to prove that they are most of them of Celtic derivation: but to say the truth, etymological pursuits are so easily favoured by a *tour de force*, a little liberality of construction, that unless where derivations are obvious and manifest, they are very apt to remind us of Swift. Indeed, Mr. Chalmers was addicted to the dean's method. In various instances he sent down to clergymen or others, five or six interpretations of the name of the parish or place which occupied his attention, and left it to his correspondents to select among them the derivation which best suited the localities. Even this equitable freedom of choice did not content some unreasonable persons. The clergyman whom he invited to assist him in selecting the most applicable interpretation of the proper name of his own parish, Stobo, sent him back the whole cargo, with an additional etymology, which he preferred to them all, the component parts being, according to his view, a Latin and a French word, *Sto-beau*, I stand fair, *i. e.* I command a beautiful prospect.

As we do not call into court the derivations of Mr. Chalmers, though making in favour of the side of the question which we have chiefly advocated in this article, so we must

omit the evidence of Dr. Jamieson, the learned Scottish lexicographer, whose testimony would otherwise have weight on the opposite side. The doctor, who has done so much for the Lowland Scottish brogue, is naturally jealous of its honour and antiquity, and favourable to the system of Pinkerton and other antiquaries, who, disdaining to account the dialect of Dunbar and Burns merely a slight variation of the Anglo-Saxon, first imported from England, and borrowed from the Northumbrians, and other barbarous people, contend, on the contrary, that it is the lineal legitimate offspring of a noble antique Gothic dialect spoken by the Picts, and that it was generally adopted in Scotland, at least as soon as any Gothic roots had been planted on the southern soil of Great Britain by the Hengists and the Horsas. To verify this ambition of establishing a claim of high antiquity and originality for his Lowland Scottish, we can occasionally see in Dr. Jamieson's excellent book a desire to derive words and synonymes from the Islandic, the Suio-Gothic, and other more remote sources, which, if system had not been in the way, the venerable lexicographer might have found at his own door in the Anglo-Saxon.

The truth is, that we have of late years become more and more persuaded that it is not the mere circumstance of similar words with similar meanings being found indifferent dialects, all flowing from a common source, which is sufficient to prove that one tribe or people have borrowed their language from another. King James's observation, that *like* is a bad mark, has force here as well as elsewhere. The only feasible method of coming to any conclusion is to inquire carefully in which tongue any given vocable retains its most simple and primitive meaning. But the task of tracing the oblique uses of words to the direct and primitive sense has been much neglected by lexicographers; and by few more than Dr. Jamieson,—of these few one being Dr. Samuel Johnson.

But really—conclusions, formerly adopted as axioms, concerning the existence of four distinct mother languages in Europe, to which all European dialects were to be referred, and which mother languages, belonging to different generic races of mankind, had no resemblance with or derivation from each other, have of late years become extremely doubtful. The more extensively and accurately that the study of language is pursued, the more are men becoming

convinced that all human tongues proceed from one and the same root; and even what Pinkerton considered as the impassable gulf between Goth and Celt is every day losing something of its importance. Let us pass, then, from the region of etymology, and return to the historical facts, which, few and doubtful, are still the best we can find.

The Picts, advancing from the north against the Roman provinces, were seconded by the Scots or Dalriads, a tribe who, emigrating from Ireland, had twice attempted, and the second time succeeded in colonizing Argyllshire. They of course lay on the western side of the wall, and were seconded by the tribes called Attacotti, of whom we know little more than that they were Britons, uncommonly savage, and occupied (probably) the shires of Ayre, Lanark, Stirling, and Dumfries. The joint force of these barbarians was repeatedly driven back by the Romans,—for it was not one effort that could overthrow the colossal power which had been built to endure for ages. In 368 the armies of the free natives on the west frontier, joined with the Picts on the eastern side of the island, who, if not allied, were working to a joint purpose, not only passed the walls, as on former occasions, but followed their success into the very midst of South Britain, inspired terror and confusion into the capital, and were only driven back by Theodosius, who led to Britain, in person, the Jovian and Herculean legions. He thus again compelled to peace the insurgent tribes who, if the description of Gildas may be relied on, differed somewhat in manners, (*moribus ex parte dissidentes*), but agreed in their thirst of human blood, in hiding their faces with shaggy hair, and in wearing clothes wrapped loosely around their middle. This passage (Gildas, cap. xv) seems to intimate that the Picts, as well as the Scots, used the glibh or coolin, and wore the Irish mantle or Highland plaid.

Of other particulars concerning the Picts we learn little. They received the Christian religion, in a nominal manner at least, from the instructions of Saint Columba and Saint Palladius; but it does not appear to have mitigated their ferocity. Palladius died in the country of the Picts about 481.

It is here impossible to avoid remarking, that at Abernethy and at Brechin there are still in existence two of the round towers, of which so many occur in Ireland. Abernethy is said, by uniform tradition, to have been the capital of the

Picts, and Brechin in the same district (now the county of Angus) was certainly a place of early importance. In Ireland there exist nearly thirty of these very peculiar buildings, which have been the very *cruces antiquariorum*. They could not have been beacons, for they are often (at Abernethy in particular) placed in low and obscure situations, though there are sites adjacent well calculated for watch-towers. They could not be hermitages, unless we suppose that some caste of anchorites had improved on the idea of Simon Stylites, and taken up their abode in the hollow of such a pillar as that of which the Syrian holy man was contented to occupy the top. They could hardly be belfries, for though always placed close or near to a church, there is no aperture at the top for suffering the sound of the bells to be heard. Minarets they might have been accounted, if we had authority for believing that the ancient Christians were summoned to prayers like the Mahometans by the voice of criers. It is, however, all but impossible to doubt that they were ecclesiastical buildings; and the most distinct idea we are able to form of them is, from the circumstance that the inestimably singular scene of Irish antiquities, called the Seven Churches in the county of Wicklow, includes one of those round towers, detached in the usual manner, and another erected on the gable-end of the ruinous chapel of St. Kevin, as if some architect of genius had discovered the means of uniting the steeple and the church. These towers might, possibly, have been contrived for the temporary retreat of the priest, and the means of protecting the "holy things" from desecration on the occasion of alarm, which in those uncertain times suddenly happened, and as suddenly passed away. These edifices at Brechin and Abernethy, however, were certainly constructed after the introduction of Christianity, and were, in all probability, built in imitation of the same round towers in Ireland, under the direction of the Irish monks who brought Christianity into Scotland. We may notice, however, that the masonry of these towers is excellent, and may be held, in some sort, to bear witness to the popular tradition, that the Picts were skilful in architecture.

The only further particular worth notice is, that the Picts, at least their principal leaders, used chariots, which seems to countenance their identity with the Caledonians, a con-

siderable part of whose force consisted in the *covinarii* noticed by Tacitus. There may be still seen, in the churchyard of Meigle (also in Angusshire), an ancient monument representing a chief in his chariot, perhaps the only representation of the kind now extant in these kingdoms.

The rich plunder of the British province, and the feeble opposition of the Romanized Britons, tempted fresh incursions of the barbarous tribes. The Scots, when the Romans had left the island, pressed more and more heavily upon the provincialists on the western frontier. There had all along remained on the exterior of the more southern wall a considerable nation of Britons, who occupied the kingdom, as it is called, of Strath Clywd, running from near Melrose on the east, to the Irish sea, and having their metropolis at Dun-Britton, now Dumbarton. This nation, which appears to have consisted of the remnants of the Meatæ, or midland Britons, the dwellers between the walls, are generally called the Cumbrians of Strath Clyde. They appeared to have comprehended the very savage race of Attacotti; and there can be no doubt that they agreed in manners and in purposes with the Irish Scots, who now, emerging from their native county of Argyll, inflicted great misfortunes on the western side of Roman Britain.

Mean time the Picts laid the eastern frontier waste with the like ferocity. There seems little room to doubt that they passed over the frith and took possession of Lothian, where that part of them which were called Vecturiones (quære Phecturiones, or Picturiones) established settlements, while those which remained in their seats in the north were described as Deucaledonians. This was the high and palmy state of the power of the Picts. Although it may be doubted whether they ever had any permanent residence in what is now called England, yet they harassed it with daily incursions so far southward, that the Britons complained, according to Gildas' figure of speech, that the barbarians drove them on the sea, and the sea repelled them on the sword of the barbarians, an extravagant mode of expressing the progress which the invaders, on either side of the island, had made into the very centre of South Britain. The Romanized Britons, divided into an immense variety of petty states, of which Mr. Turner enumerates thirty-three, were distracted by civil discord, and incapable of any

combined or effectual resistance against the northern invaders. On the remedy resorted to by Vortigern, king of the South Britons, to wit, the calling in of Hengist and the Saxons, and its consequences, we need not dwell. Their first arrival took place A. D. 449. Soon after their landing, the Saxons repelled the Scots and the Picts with such slaughter as seems to have put an effectual stop to their incursions.

The fate of war was now changed. The Saxons and Danes retaliated heavily on the barbarians of the north the injuries which they had inflicted upon the Romish Britons, and the southern division of the Pictish nation, termed Vecturiones, seems, at the formation of the Heptarchy, to have been swallowed up in the Saxon kingdom of Northumberland. This conquest, as far as the frith of Forth, was completed by Oswald about A. D. 365. The northern Picts, or Deucaledonians, partially secured by the frith of Forth, to which their realm still extended, from the retaliations of the Saxons, had found new antagonists in their old allies the Scots of Argyll. These two nations, no longer possessing the means or opportunity of pressing southwards, fell hotly on each other; and we can see, through these dim ages, indistinct marks of their mutual fury. They were like fierce dogs of the chase, who, when their proper prey has escaped them, turn their rage on each other.

There exists, as already noticed, an ancient and genuine list of Scottish kings, from the arrival of the Dalriads under Fergus, the son of Erick, down to Kenneth, called MacAlpine, and there is a corresponding catalogue of kings of the northern Picts, published by Innes. Various allusions are made to the battles and successes of the two lines against each other. In A. D. 837, the Scots appear to have obtained a final and decisive victory over the Picts. This is affirmed by all the elder chroniclers, who give no circumstances at all; by Boece and Buchanan the same catastrophe is garnished with particulars which are highly improbable; and by popular tradition, which is fresh upon the subject till this hour, it has been adorned by circumstances altogether impossible. The ancient chronicler of the Scottish and Pictish kings mentions that Drust, the last king of the Picts, "was slain at Forteviot, or, as others say, at Scone." Of Kenneth MacAlpine, the victorious monarch of the Scots, it states

"super Scotos regnavit, destructis Pictis—Hic mira calliditate duxit Scotos de Argadia in terram Pictorum." A great revolution is thus rather indicated than described, and were it not that Drust, *ultimus Pictorum*, is said to have died in battle, we should scarcely be enabled to judge whether the revolution was of a civil or military kind. If the monkish chronicler understood Latin, there seems to have been as much prudence as valour in the exploit by which Kenneth, the son of Alpine, united North Britain beyond the new wall into one kingdom. The ancient catalogue, called the Pictish Chronicle, refers to the same fact as certain, and as recorded by the author, although the passage which contained it is unhappily lost. "Pictavia autem a Pictis nominata, quos (ut diximus) *Kinadius delevit*." The chronicle adds, that their destruction was a punishment from Heaven. A third meagre chronicle, or list of the names of Scottish kings, is given from a duan, or poem, recited by a Celtic bard at the coronation of Malcolm IV, in which, according to what seems to have been an established custom of the nation, he recited the royal genealogy. This poem is considered as authentic, and in the main confirms the Pictish chronicle so called, and the chronicle of Saint Andrew's, containing another list of Scottish monarchs. All these authorities confirm each other by placing Kenneth MacAlpine in the same rank.

A more modern authority, the prior of Lochleven, thus mentions the conquests of Kenneth:—

"Dowghty man he was and stowte,
All the Peychtes he put owte,
Gret bataylys than dyde he
To put in fredume hys cuntre.
Fra the Peychtes left the land,
Sextene yeare he was lyvand
Owt of Ergyle the Scottes
He browcht, and thar the Peychtes
Han before them theire dwellyng
He gart them [*the Scots*] dwell, and was thair king," &c.

Buchanan knows a great deal more of the matter. He tells us how Kenneth, finding his nobles a little backward during a council of war, treated them to a handsome entertainment, at which the whole party got drunk, and fell asleep in the dining parlour,—whereon the king introduced a young fellow clad in the skins of stockfish, and none of

the newest, who hallooed out to the magnates that they must obey the voice of Heaven, and go presently to war—and how this acute stratagem prevailed—the fearful sound of the voice and the phosphoric flashing of the skin-dress being received by the tipsy chieftains as an intimation from above. They rushed against the Picts, totally vanquished them, and subjected them to tribute. Buchanan adds, that the subjected Picts rebelled, and, in consequence, were driven out of their possessions, and annihilated as a nation, the few who were left alive flying into England in indigence and misery.

This account is abridged from Boece, who gives many additions, the more improbable as they are the more circumstantial. He gives us the speech of Kenneth to his lords, declaring that the Picts, as mortal enemies of the Scots, must be totally extirpated, and he tells the manner by which this was accomplished; in the language of his translator, Bellenden, not only the warriors of the nation, but priests, matrons, virgins, and children, were "without miseration totally slain, and the walls, houses, castles, and kirks, were burned and brought to the ground."* In another part of his work, Hector adds, that the Picts possessed the secret of brewing a certain delicious drink out of the heather-tops, a valuable secret where barley must have been a rare article, which perished along with them, under circumstances which by whomever invented, have always continued to form a part of the common people's belief. Two alone, out of all Kenneth's numerous prisoners (says the tradition), a father and a son, had been preserved, in hopes of obtaining from them the discovery of this inestimable secret. The father agreed to make the disclosure, if a previous boon should be granted him. This was promised and sworn to. "My demand," said the old man, "is that you strike off presently the head of my son." The Scots were somewhat surprised by the request, but it was persisted in, and they complied. "And now," said the stern captive, "you may put me to death also. My son was young and timorous, and the promise of life might have availed with him. I am old and resolved; and by no tortures which you can inflict, shall you ever ex-

* Boece's Chronicles, translated by Bellenden, republished Edinburgh, 1821, vol. ii, p. 121.

tort from me the secret of compounding that delicious liquor." He was put to death accordingly; and thus, in the words of an excellent old ballad,

> "The Picts were undone, cut off mother's son,
> For not teaching the Scots to brew heather-ale,"*

Thus all ancient and modern authorities, historical or traditionary, coincide more or less in the fact that the Picts were defeated, and if not totally extirpated, yet destroyed as an independent and existing nation, by the victorious Scots; who, led from the narrow bounds of Argyll by the *mira calliditas* of Kenneth MacAlpine, extended their sway over the shores of Angus and Fifeshire, so long the native seats of the Pictish race. Every authority yet discovered attests the same fact, however it may be defaced by improbabilities and traditional exaggerations.

But this general belief, however encumbered with difficulties, is a dead-blow to the hypothesis of Pinkerton, called the Gothic system. Let us grant to the upholders of that belief that the Picts had come into this country from Scandinavia—let us pass over the improbability that, though possessed of the various aliases of Peukini, Peohtar, Peuchtar, and Pechtar, they veiled themselves for two centuries under the British epithet of Caledonians, or woodmen—that, in or about the year 296, they reassumed their proper denomination of Picts, and were distinguished, as Pinkerton insists a Gothic people must have been, by conduct and courage, over the inferior Celtic tribes—granting, we say, these improbable circumstances, how is it possible that, possessing an infinite superiority in arts and arms over the Scots, admitted to have been genuine Celts from Ireland, they should have yet succumbed so absolutely under the latter people, that the Pictish dynasty was destroyed, their name and language abolished, and their country seized upon

* See the Ex-aletation of Ale, in Ritson's Ancient songs. This genial secret is not, however, entirely lost. Old moor-fowl shooters, amongst whom *we* (to speak *selon les règles*) once *were* numbered, may remember remote sheelings and shepherd-huts, in which they have been regaled with a light, lively, and pleasant liquor, brewed chiefly from heath-flowers. But honey, sugar, or spirit, was always added, in these degenerate days, to assist the fermentation, and the genuine heath-ale of the Picts was supposed to have been independent of such auxiliaries.

by a people unworthy, according to the leading principle of this system, to loose the very latchets of their brogues, if they happened to wear such integuments? That the Celts inhabiting a much more limited country, should have been victorious, and so completely victorious, over the mighty Goths, must remain an insoluble difficulty to the supporters of a system which assumes the superiority of the latter over the former, as its very groundstone.

Mr. Pinkerton accordingly feels the difficulty of his position, and has recourse to measures of defence which he would have reprobated in his opponents. He avails himself of a few scattered notices, in which the succession of Kenneth MacAlpine to the Pictish throne is noticed, without its being intimated upon what species of revolution that event took place. The Gothic champion argues that, such authorities being silent, we ought to believe in any supposable case whatever, rather than in the conquest of a noble Gothic nation by a horde of contemptible Celts. The suppositions commence with an attempt to take, in common phrase, the bull by the horns. Mr. Pinkerton turns the tables on his opponents gallantly, averring that Kenneth was a Pictish, not a Scottish, king, and that under his leading the Picts had defeated the Scots or Dalriads, and annexed their dominion to that of the triumphant Goths. "As it is to Highland sennachies and Irish churchmen that we owe the conquest of the Picts by the Dalriads, there is every reason to suppose that the usual perversion of Celtic understanding has taken place, and that the truth is the direct reverse."* So that because the fact is affirmed by ancient authorities, and corresponds with the catalogues of kings of both nations which the Enquirer has himself recognized, the chronicles and genealogies must be thrown aside so soon as this evidence becomes inconsistent with Mr. Pinkerton's *system*. It is, no doubt, one way of defending a hypothesis, to proclaim, *ex cathedra*, that it is inconsistent with reason to doubt it.

But although the Enquirer has ascended the very pinnacle of defiance, and proclaimed from thence an event the positive reverse of which all the world had hitherto believed, upon the evidence of all extant authorities, he seems in his secret

* Enquiry, vol. ii, p. 171.

soul to have considered his position there as too precarious to be defended, and he speedily offers to capitulate upon much more moderate terms. He admits that it is hard to impeach all those ancient authorities, Celtic though they be, which unite in the person of Kenneth, the son of Alpine, the two kingdoms of the Picts and Scots. "Spare me the mortification of owning that the Picts were conquered by the Scots—I will surrender, on the contrary, my unanswerable argument, drawn from the nature of the different races, and will be contented to suppose that Kenneth had some claim to the Pictish kingdom by the mother's side, favoured by a strong party in the kingdom; and that the revolution which united the two nations was of a bloodless character, or at least effected in a great measure by a faction amongst the Picts themselves. This," says our acute author, "is a medial opinion betwixt two extremes, one of which avers that Kenneth was merely king of the Picts, and the contrary assertion that he was of the old Dalriadic race. Now though it be true," he further says, "that truth is one extreme, and falsehood another, and a medial opinion may, abstractedly considered, be thought to be neither true nor false, yet in human testimony there is generally such a mixture of falsehood in truth, and of truth in falsehood, that the medial point has always been considered as that of truth, wisdom, and virtue. *Medio tutissimus ibis* is a maxim applicable to history as well as to life, and has been followed in doubtful points by most writers of wisdom and moderation,"* To this strain of affected moderation, which seems to throw the mode of writing history into the arbitrary hands of the author, we must decidedly demur. The author who writes the history of the past merely upon his own ideas of probability, had as well commence prophet at once. He will then be quite as likely to hit reality; and if he refers his predictions to a distant date, he will be less in danger of confutation. In fact, it seems to us that Mr. Pinkerton rests too much upon his prejudiced and unjust system: ascribing, without distinction, good and bad qualities to two races of men, loading one with abuse, and claiming exclusively for the other the most noble qualities. We can only bestow a passing word on this subject.

* Enquiry, vol. ii, p. 162.

That there is such a thing as a national character, as well as an individual one, no one can doubt, any more than that there is such a thing as family resemblance. But though this may in part be owing to qualities derived from parents, yet the national character, and the family face too, are perpetually subjected to the most extraordinary changes. Why else are the modern Italians less warlike than the conquerors of the world?—they share the blood of heroes, but it no longer warms heroic hearts. In the same manner it is absurd to suppose any necessary and permanent superiority in the Gothic over the Celtic tribes. Time was that the former showed predominating points of character. They were ambitious, restless, practised in war, and overran many nations. In everything except numbers, an invading tribe has superiority over that which is invaded. The aggressors have meditated the attempt, calculated the means, are spurred on by desire of spoil, and rendered confident by the very fact of being the assailants,—unencumbered—in most cases —by the aged, the infirm, the females, and children of their tribe, they bring to the conquest few besides those whose arms are to win it. The invaded people, on the other hand, had every reason to incline to submission. Safety for their families, protection for their substance, recommended humiliating treaties with a rapacious foe. When we consider that such were in early times the advantages of the invading Goths, such the circumstances unfavourable to the invaded Celts, we need not resort to any theory of a supposed innate superiority to account for the former having, in many or most cases, effected settlements in the country of the latter, or wonder that they often compelled the natives to retreat to the mountains. It was amongst these recesses that we find them making a stand; and even if we deny the praise of national valour to the existing race who retreated thither, it would be outrageous, and against all historical testimony, to refuse it to their descendants—the Celtiberians of Spain, the indigenous Irish, the Cambro-Britons of Wales, or the Scottish Gael, or Highlanders, who with hardy hearts and active hands defended their native hills, and have so often and so undeniably rendered themselves dreaded by the successors of those conquering Goths who had compelled their fathers to seek refuge in the wilderness.

Neither will the analogy of the animal creation bear out

Mr. Pinkerton in imputing such extravagant consequences to the mere circumstance of decent. All persons who deal in breeding horses, cattle, dogs, or the like, remark that to perpetuate peculiar habits, structure of body, and intellectual qualities, if we may so say, in the same line, it is necessary to continue the race from the same stock. But if, on the other hand, the breeder is less desirous to preserve any particular qualification, than to attain general excellence, he endeavours, by crossing various races, to obtain an animal which shall combine the highest properties of each. Thus the grey-hound, valued only for one quality, speed, is reared from the best specimens of that peculiar quality, but if it is desired that the creature shall also have tenacity of jaw, we mix the race with that of the bull-dog. If we apply this to mankind, we shall find certain peculiar qualities proper to nations living pure and unmixed, and transmitting to their decendants the type which they have received from their own fathers. But if we seek patterns of general excellence, we shall be more likely to find such amongst nations whose original race has been repeatedly crossed. We will not, however, insist upon a subject which may lead into disquisitions as fanciful as those which we are now endeavouring to expose. It is enough to say, that to lay such excessive weight upon the innate or inherited qualities of any peculiar race of Adam seems to us equally unauthorized by moral theory or by physical experience.

But, moreover, to return to our chronicles, the hypothesis of Mr. Pinkerton is contradicted by facts too conclusive to bear dispute. If the Picts had, as he is perversely disposed to contend, defeated the Scots, and subjugated those by whom, according to the ordinary account, they were themselves vanquished, their language, manners, and name must have predominated. The same must have been the case, more or less, if the states and people had been united by any species of friendly alliance. It could only be the general dispersion and desolation of the Pictish nation, which could well nigh destroy the very name of the Picts,—which could totally annihilate their language, and with some slight exceptions, destroy so completely the memory of their race, that scarce an instance occurs of the proper names familiar to their royal dynasty being again mentioned in history.

The most clear testimony on this subject, in addition to

what is found in the brief commentaries already noticed, is that of Henry of Huntingdon, who wrote about the year 1154. He observes, as Bede had done before him, that Britannia originally used five languages,—that of the native British, that of the Angles or Saxons, that of the Scots, that of the Picts, and that of the Romans. "But," he proceeds, "the Picts in his time seemed so far extinct, and their language so utterly destroyed, that all which was recorded of them in ancient history appeared a mere fable." He goes on to moralize upon the instability of human affairs; dwelling on the strange fact that not only kings, princes, and a whole people had perished, but even the very language, which he holds to be the more remarkable, "as the language must have been one of those which Heaven instituted at the origin of separate tongues." Thus, an early and impartial authority relates the destruction of the Picts, their name, and their very language—while he accounts for it by Grangousier's solution—the will of Providence.

This stubborn fact, of the total or almost total perishing of the Picts, joined to the certainty that they are very little mentioned in history after Kenneth MacAlpine's reign (858), is poorly accounted for by Pinkerton, who supposes that, however inferior the Scots were to the Picts in valour, they were superior in learning, possessed a clergy of better information, and attentive to recording the events of the time; in consequence of which they (the learned Scots) gradually palmed upon the Picts a language and a history which were not their own. This assertion, which there is no attempt to prove, is so totally devoid of verisimilitude, that it will afford no passage over the gulf which the destruction of the Pictish people opens in the history of Scotland.

Here, therefore, we have arrived at the successive points of conclusion:—1. That the Picts, being the ancient Caledonians, must have spoken a dialect of the Celtic, common to all the original inhabitants of the island. 2. That they and their language, having been dispersed and denationalized by the success of the Scots, and the severity with which it was improved, neither could have been in future influential upon the manners or speech of their country; in other words, what is now called the *Scottish* language—(a language, *ex facie*, very little removed from the ancient English, and called expressly, by the oldest Scotch writers

themselves, *Inglis*)—must have had some other than a Pictish origin.

We are, nevertheless, far from driving these propositions to extremity. We feel that we owe it to the memory of a man of talents and labour, as well as to the numerous and respectable authors who have followed his sentiments, to endeavour to show how far we are influenced by his and their arguments, though far short of the point of absolute conviction.

To return to our two propositions, therefore, we must concede that neither of them is to be understood absolutely and unlimitedly.

I. Although we conceive the Picts being *ex concessis* the same people with the Caledonians, must have spoken a dialect in the main Celtic, yet we think it highly probable that, by the time they came to be known under the name of Picts, their language had received and retained a strong infusion of the northern Gothic. The Caledonians, we must remember, when driven beyond the wall of Severus, chiefly directed their retreat to the eastern coast of the island, and the shores of the *Pent*land frith, to which they are said to have bequeathed their name. Here they must necessarily have had frequent intercourse with the Scandinavians, who were commencing their piratical incursions, and had already possessed themselves of the Orkney and Zetland isles. Intercourse between barbarians, whether of a hostile or amicable nature, leads directly to the poorer language becoming indebted to the more copious for all the words that can express new ideas, or improved arts of war or peace. This tendency to the union of two rude tongues, derives additional force from the general custom of converting captives of war into domestic servants. It may be therefore supposed that, during the time they were pent up beyond the Moray frith, the Picts, coming into contact with the Norsemen on many points, may have transferred to their own language a considerable portion of that of the worshippers of Odin. When, upon the retreat of the Romans, the Vecturiones, or southern Picts, broke into Lothian and Northumberland, they were not long ere they encountered with Saxons and Danes, and from them their language might receive another stock of Saxon and Danish phraseology; and already prepared to borrow from that source, they might again assimilate their

original Celtic more nearly to a Gothic dialect. We verily believe that, esteeming the language of the Picts to be radically Celtic, these repeated collisions and communications between them and tribes of Gothic descent, was sufficient to give it such a tinge of the Teutonic as will fully account for the Scottish words which appear to have been directly derived from the Mæso-Gothic, Sui-Gothic, Islandic, or other dialects of the Gothic tongue, without passing through the Anglo-Saxon medium. Of this we shall say a few words more hereafter.

II. When we hold that the dissolution of the Pictish nation took place upon their being defeated by the Scots, we only adopt what the authorities of the period intimate, and not the absurd additions with which either the learned historians of a later age, or the unlearned vulgar, have overloaded a simple tale. We are as far from believing that a great nation was at once and entirely dissolved and annihilated, as we are from swallowing the tradition of the heather-ale.

It must be considered that the people of whom we speak had, neither under their former name of Caledonians, nor under the later adopted name of Picts, much the aspect of a separate or independent nation. They were, in all probability, rather a collection of clans or tribes, which, although originally independent of each other, were formed into a sort of federal republic by community of language, manners and interests, and finally by being placed, for the most part, under command of the same chief or king. Such confederations, like those of the Five Nations and Six Nations of North America, are common among all savage peoples, and many such were adopted by the Britons, for a longer or a shorter time, as exigencies required or permitted. But these associations only resemble the union of detached branches, which, fastened together with a twig, form a fagot, and as such have a distinct and combined existence; although a single stroke of a hedgebill divides the fagot-band, and the boughs separated from each are dispersed and no longer to be recognised as forming a single and individua object. The sword of Kenneth did not, probably, exterminate the Picts, but it cut asunder their band of union, and deprived them, for whatever reason, of their existence as an independent people and nation.

Some would, no doubt, feel shame at the idea of fixing themselves among the ranks of the Scots, their ancient enemies. But besides these, there were two countries in which the Picts formed a part of the inhabitants, where they were not so much affected by the calamity which had fallen upon the great body of the nation which dwelt beyond the Forth.

These countries were—1st. Lothian, into which the southern Picts had penetrated, and which they occupied under the name of Vecturiones, as previously noticed. Since the arrival of the Saxons, however, the ascertainment of their superiority in war, and the subsequent invasion of the Danes or Norsemen, these Lothian Picts had lost their character of an individual and conquering people in the southern regions, by superior force, as their northern brethren had lost their original possessions in Angus and Fife shires, by the conquest achieved by the Scots. It is, however, highly probable, that, possessed already of a dialect greatly blended with that of the Gothic tribes, these southern Picts or Vecturiones might contribute a good deal towards the predominance of a language allied, from the circumstances we have mentioned, with the Norse and Anglo-Saxon, and so may have contributed a share to the formation of the Lowland Scottish dialect, which, there is no doubt, was first used in these provinces. Secondly, another point of refuge was open to such of the Picts as refused to submit to the stern rule of Kenneth MacAlpine: to wit, Galwegia, or the modern Galloway, the history of which district, if fit materials existed to compose it, would be of singular interest to the antiquary. Such materials have not been discovered. But that the country nearest to Ireland had been originally occupied by the Gael or Celts from that island, is clear, both from the name Gaelwegia, and from the epithet of the *Wild Scots of Galloway*, handed down from immemorial tradition, adopted in chronicles and in statutes, and hardly yet abolished from popular use. The Picts had, however, broken in upon these colonists, and, if they had not conquered the district, had at least occupied many parts of it. These Galwegian Picts had been severely warred upon by Alpine, the father of the fortunate Kenneth the Second. His brief history bears that he had made great conquests over the Galwegian Picts, but was finally slain in that country. In Galloway, therefore, there *might* have

remained a considerable body of the Pictish nation, and after-events assure us that such was the fact.

The Picts, after their dispersion, are once mentioned by the English Chronicles—viz. as fighting under the command of Constantine—called indifferently King of Scots or *King of Picts*—at the great battle of Brunnanburgh, in 938, when a mighty confederacy of the northern tribes joined with Anluf or Oluf, a Danish monarch, to subvert the throne of King Athelstane.* The Picts are also named, in an ancient and spirited poem on this conflict, as forming part of the forces of Constantine, King of Scotland. The epithet probably comprehended such of Lothian as still retained distinctive manners, together with the Picts of Galloway, who had mingled with the *Wild Scots* of that district, and had given their national name to them.

These Picts of Galloway are mentioned for the last time in the reign of David the First of Scotland, and composed a principal division of his army during the war of the Standard. They are described as ferocious savages, half clad and half armed, but of great courage, and advancing haughty pretensions to superiority over the Norman knights who had joined the Scottish host. The cruelties which they practised in ravaging the country, sparing neither sex nor age, and tossing infants upon their bloody lances, seems to be exaggerated by the English historians. They won a great battle at Clitherow, near the sources of the river Ribble. William, son of Duncan, base-born brother of King David, was their commander. But the want of discipline of the Galwegians occasioned misfortunes which counterbalanced the victories gained by their ferocious courage. These wild soldiers mutinied in the Scottish camp, and would have slain the king, if not prevented by a well-judged, though false, alarm, stating the English to be close at hand. Their chiefs brawled and bullied in the council; and, on the night before the battle of Northallerton, A. D. 1138, asserted, as their right, the privilege of leading the van on the ensuing day. It was conceded to them, though reluctantly, as the best way of preserving peace. We may here remark that different English historians call the vanguard, thus composed,

* See Sharon Turner's excellent History of the Anglo-Saxons, vol. ii, p. 330.

by the various names of Picts, Scots, Galwegians, and Men of Lothian. Lord Hailes observes that "this strange contrariety ought to teach us that the English historians are no certain guides for ascertaining the denominatious of the different tribes which inhabited Scotland in ancient times." This proposition, in the abstract, is as judicious as those of the venerable historian usually are. But, in this particular instance, the body which led the van was so strangely mingled, that any of these four epithets, though apparently contradictory of each other, might without impropriety be applied to them. 1. They were Picts, as sprung from the remains of that people who fled to their kinsmen in Galloway. 2. But they might, in one point of view, be termed Scots, since the Picts possessed the province in common with a colony from Ireland, called the Wild Scots of Galloway, and remembered to this day by that name. 3. They were termed Gallovidians, or Galwenses, or Galwegians, as inhabiting the province of Galloway. 4. If there mixed with them any considerable number of the Vecturiones, or Southland Picts, which is a thing highly probable, they might, in consequence of such admixture, be without impropriety termed Lothian men by a foreign historian, who was not greatly interested in knowing himself, or transmitting to posterity, of what precise tribes this "nefanda exercitus" consisted.

The following curious circumstance illustrates the doubt which race predominated amongst the Galwegians, during the action. Leading the van, which their presumption had demanded, they rushed on with terrible shouts of "Albanigh, Albanigh!" *We are the men of Albany*, or Albyn. This war-cry, of course, asserted that the assailants were *the* ancient inhabitants of Scotland—a boast agreeing with their descent from the Picts or ancient Caledonians. They charged with courage worthy of the vaunt; but when, after a severe struggle, they were driven back by the English, these last shouted in derision, "Erygh, Erygh—standard!" that is—"Ye are but Irish—ye are but Irish—the standard forever!" The standard alluded to, is the holy banner sent into the field by Thurstan, Bishop of York, which formed naturally the war-cry of the English, and indeed gave name to the war. In shouting out the epithet of *Irish* as a reproach, the English alluded to that part of the Galwegians

who, though ranked among the Picts, were yet Wild Scots of Irish extraction. To conclude—the people of Galloway spoke a Celtic dialect till within a very late period;—a circumstance unfavourable to those who hold that the Picts spoke a Gothic one—since, in that case, strong Gothic traces must have lingered where the remains of the Pictish people had found their final refuge.

After the battle of the Standard, although the Galwegians are often mentioned, we hear no more of their Pictish descent; and it is probable that, during the time when the district enjoyed a period of stormy independence under its native lords, down to 1234 (when Roland, the last of these, left his lordship to heirs-female), there was no distinction made between the people of Galloway, whether of Pictish or Hiberno-Scottish descent.

We have now gone hastily through a curious inquiry—Ritson having courteously afforded us the light of his Chronicles; illustrating the Latin motto, *vivit post funera virtus*, and speaking as with a voice from the tomb. If by means of the weapons furnished by this industrious antiquary, we have been enabled to point out some flaws in the Gothic system of his celebrated opponent, it is without the least desire to awaken the warmth of the late controversy. We would wish to be considered as only desirous to know the truth in so far as the truth can be discovered, and with the respect due to the ashes of learned and able scholars; for we must not forget that, quoting Chalmers or Ritson against Pinkerton,

"We breathe these dead words in as dead an ear."

There is, however, a living scholar of great merit, who has written more lately on this interesting subject, and who justly claims our recommendation to such of our readers as are interested in the early history of Britain. Mr. Low had distinguished himself by a prize essay, entitled (quaintly enough) "On the Ancient History of the Kingdom of the Gaelic, the extent of the Country, its Laws, Population, Poetry, and Learned." To this essay the Highland Society of London awarded the premium—and deservedly, since we know of few single volumes of recent date offering such a display of research. Mr. Low is, we have been told, one of that laborious and ill-requited class of men who have done

so much essential service, as well as honour, to their country—the parochial schoolmasters of Scotland. In such a situation, command of leisure is rare; access to authorities peculiarly difficult; and the student works at an expense of time, labour, and too often health, not easily to be appreciated by those more fortunate scholars, whose hours of study are hours of relaxation. It is to be hoped that Mr. Lowe's talents and zeal will raise him from the respectable but hard-working and ill-remunerated class to which he belongs, and place him in a pulpit of The Kirk.

The defect of the book is an aptitude to lean on slender authorities—a slight mixture, in short, of the old sin of the race. Perhaps the author may not have seen the more recent compositions, in which such forgeries as the laws of Kenneth MacAlpine, for example, have been unanimously rejected by lawyers and historians. The history of the old book termed the *Regiam Majestatem*, again, is pretty well understood to have been a *ruse-de-guerre* on the part of Edward I of England, used for the purpose of riveting the feudal code upon the Scotish nation, as more favourable to his views, and abolishing the consuetudinary laws and customs of the Scots and Bretts; of the Dalriadic Scots, that is, and the Britons of Strath Clyde. Mr. Low also swallows, by wholesale, the belief in Ossian—history, poetry, chronology and all. These things savour a little of the ancient credulity of the Scottish historians, who could find it in their hearts to deny nothing with which they conceived the honour of their *Antiqua Mater* to be concerned. The Essay was originally composed for the Highland Society of London amongst whom some lingering worshippers of the neglected idol are probably to be found, and this is a circumstance which the candid reader will keep in view. We are extremely sorry that our limits permit us to say nothing further upon the labours of this modest and meritorious young man, and in such a case it would be truly unjust to enlarge on deficiencies.

ON PLANTING WASTE LANDS.*

[Quarterly Review, October, 1827.]

Education has been often compared to the planting and training up of vegetable productions, and the parallel holds true in this remarkable particular, amongst others, that numerous systems are recommended and practised in both cases which are totally contradictory of each other, and most of which can, nevertheless, be supported by an appeal to the fruits they have brought forth. It would seem to follow that the oak is more easily taught to grow, and the young idea how to shoot, than is generally allowed by the warm assertors of particular systems, and that nature will even in cases of neglect or mismanagement do a great deal to supply the errors of carelessness whether of the preceptor or the forester. It would be wasting words, to set about proving that in both departments there are certain rules which greatly assist Nature in her operations, and bring the tree, or the youth, to an earlier and higher degree of maturity than either would otherwise have obtained. But we think it equally plain, that the rules which are found most effectual are of a very general character, and, when put into practice, must be modified according to the circumstances of each individual case; from which it results, that an exclusive attachment to the *minutiæ* of particular systems will, in many instances, be found worse than unnecessary.

To apply this maxim to the art of planting, we would remark that there are certain general principles respecting planting, pruning, thinning, and so forth, without which no plantation will be found eminently successful, even in the most advantageous situations; and, which being carefully

* *The Forester's Guide and Profitable Planter. By* Robert Monteath. *Edinburgh*, 1824.

followed in less favourable circumstances, will make up for many deficiencies of soil and climate. But on the other hand, there are many peculiar modes of treating plantations which, succeeding extremely well in one situation, will in another impede, rather than advance, the progress of the wood. Yet it frequently happens, that these very varieties, or peculiarities of practice, are insisted upon, by those who build systems, as the indispensable requisites for success in every case, This leads to empirical doctrines of all sorts, which, perhaps, prevail more among planters than in any other department of rural practice. Such are, violent and exclusive prepossessions entertained in favour of any particular kind of tree, how valuable soever; such are also the differences eagerly and obstinately maintained respecting particular modes of preparing the ground, and the precise season of putting in the plants, Such, also, are some particular doctrines held concerning pruning. Upon all these points we find practical men entertain and express very opposite opinions, with as much pertinacity as if they had been handed down, in direct tradition, from the first of men and of foresters. The feuds arising from these differences of opinion have, as in the case of religion itself, been unfavourable to the progress of the good cause; and one of the most important of national improvements has been, in a great measure, neglected, because men could not make up their minds concerning the very best possible mode of conducting it.

We are far, very far, from supposing ourselves capable of filling up, by a general sketch, a summary of rules which may be useful to the planter, yet we claim some knowledge of the subject, from sixteen years undeviating attention to the raising young plantations of considerable extent, upon lands, which may be, in general, termed waste and unimproved. Indeed, to lay aside for a moment our impersonality, the author of this article having, in the course of that time, seen reason to change his opinion on many important points, and particularly upon those in which the expense of planting is chiefly concerned, takes the freedom to consider Mr. Monteath's useful and interesting treatise with reference to his own experince, and the facts which that experience has suggested.

Every one will own that the subject is of the most momentous interest to this country. It is long since the

wisdom and patriotism of the late Lord Melville sounded the alarm on the subject of the decay and destruction of the national forests, announcing the immense increase of the demand for oak timber, the advance of the price of fir timber, the inadequacy of the present forests long to supply the increasing demand, and the apathy with which government omitted to provide for evils which seemed rapidly advancing, although the possibility of doing so appeared plain from his lordship's statement:—

"It is supposed that, exclusive of the royal forests, there are in Great Britain and Ireland, probably more than eighty millions of acres, of which perhaps, no part is yet brought to the highest state of cultivation, and that certainly not less than twenty millions are still waste. If, therefore, a comparatively very small part of the land of the kingdom is thought essential to be appropriated to the purpose of securing the continuance of our naval strength and pride it would surely be a very shortsighted policy which should suggest to this maritime country the expediency of trusting to a commerce for the supply of our dockyards with timber; when, without any real risk to the subsistence of the country, and by a sacrifice comparatively small, we can avoid for ever putting to hazard the supply of an article, on which, confessedly, our strength, our glory, our independence, even our existence as a nation, must now and at all times depend."—Lord Melville's *Letter to* Mr. Percival, *on the subject of Naval Timber, published in July*, 1810.

While these facts are granted, it must, at the same time, be admitted, that the time of peace is that in which we can best recruit the resources of the nation, and strengthen her sinews for future wars; and that at present, therefore, the country has few more important subjects of consideration, than those which refer to providing a stock of timber for future emergencies. A patriotic spirit, therefore, might be supposed sufficiently rewarded by preparing for the future conquests of the British navy, and for the ornament of his native land; covering sterile wildernesses with the most magnificient productions of the earth, and exercising, slowly indeed but surely, such a change on the face of nature, as the powers of man cannot achieve in any other manner. Yet we cannot trust to such motives to overcome the inertness of many landholders: to induce them to part for a time with a portion of their yearly income, and be at the outlay of a very moderate sum per acre, we are aware that we must talk to them of pence as well as of patriotism, and indicate a certain return for their advances; since in preaching to them

only on the subject of adding to the beauty of the landscape, or the prosperity of the country, we should expose ourselves to the answer of Harpagon to the eulogium of Frosine upon his mistress's perfections: "*Oui; cela n'est pas mal; mais ce compte là n'a rien de réel. Il faut bien que je touche quelque chose.*" We will, therefore, endeavour to convince those who lean to this view of the subject, that the increase of the value of their own rentals and estates is equally concerned in the considerations to which we invite them, as the interest of the country at large.

The subject naturally divides itself into plantations raised chiefly for the purpose of ornament, and those which are intended principally for profit. The division is not, however an absolute one; nor is it possible, perhaps, to treat of the subject in the one point of view, without frequently touching upon the other. No very large plantation can be formed without beautifying the face of the country (although, indeed, stripes and clumps of Scotch firs or larches may be admitted as deformities); and, on the other hand, the thinnings of merely ornamental plantations afford the proprietor who raises such, a fair indemnity for the ground which they occupy. But, though this is the case, the two kinds of planting must be considered as different branches of the same art, and we will, accordingly, take leave to consider them distinctly, confining ourselves, for the present, as far as we can, to that in which utility is the principal object.

The most useful style of planting, that which can be executed at the least expense, and which must ultimately return the greatest profit, is that respecting large tracts of waste land, which, by judicious management, may be converted into highly profitable woodland, without taking from agriculture the value of a sheaf of corn, or even greatly interfering with pastoral occupation—so far as that occupation is essentially advantageous. For we suppose it will be admitted, that in any case where a stately and valuable forest can be raised by the restricting a few hundred score of sheep to better and richer pasture than they formerly enjoyed, great advantage will accrue to the landlord, and no loss will be sustained either by the tenant, or the poor animal, who now picking up his grass by piles at a time in a howling wilderness, would then be better supported, and more free from accident of every kind.

The scheme of which we are about to show the easy practicability, if it be only undertaken boldly and upon a large scale, by the persons principally concerned, will be found as advantageous to the poor as the rich; providing for the over-population, as it is called, a hardy and healthful occupation, the object of which is the improvement of their native country, while the manner in which it is conducted is equally favourable to their comforts and to their morals. Neither are the landed proprietor and his dependents the only parties benefited. The cheapness and plenty of wood, as it is essential to our shipping, becomes, in that point of view, indispensable to our mercantile and manufacturing interests. But we feel ourselves, unintentionally, again drawn back to the public and political views, which it is almost impossible to separate from this great national subject: we will, therefore, proceed to enter upon it at once, cautioning our readers, that in repeating the truths which we have collected from others, and which have been corroborated by our own experience, we do not pretend to more merit than that of acting as *flappers*, again to solicit the attention of the public, and in particular of landed gentlemen, to this most important topic.

The hills of Wales—those of Derby, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Northumberland, and part of Yorkshire and Lancashire, together with the more extensive wastes and mountainous regions which compose by far the greater part of Scotland, have, in general, the same character, presenting naked wildernesses of rock, and heath, and moorland, swelling into hills and mountains of greater or less elevation, and intersected by rivers and large lakes, many of them navigable: in short, pointed out by nature as the site of lofty woods, with which, indeed, her own unassisted efforts had, at an early period, clothed them: for nothing can be more certain than that the sterile districts we have described were, in ancient times, covered with continual forests. History, tradition, and the remains of huge old trees and straggling thickets, as well as the subterranean wood found in bogs and mosses, attest the same indubitable fact. It is not to be supposed that these woods grew at very high points of elevation, on the brow of lofty and exposed mountains, and in the very face of prevailing winds: yet it is astonishing, when the declivities and dales of such a region

are once occupied by wood, how very soon the trees, availing themselves of every shelter afforded by the depths and sinuosities of the glens and ravines which seam the mountain side, appear to have ascended to points of altitude where a planter would rationally have despaired of success.

These natural woods, however, have long, except in a comparatively few instances, wholly ceased to exist. This has been owing to various causes. Extensive forests, occupying a long tract of tolerably level ground, have been gradually destroyed by natural decay, accelerated by the increase of the bogs. The wood which they might have produced was useless to the proprietors; the state of the roads, as well as of the country in general, not permitting so bulky and weighty an article to be carried from the place where it had grown, however valuable it might have proved had it been transported elsewhere. In this situation the trees of the natural forests pined and withered, and were thrown down by the wind, and it often necessarily happened that they fell into, or across, some little stream or rivulet, by the side of which they had flourished and decayed. The stream, being stopped, saturated with standing water the soil around it, and instead of being, as hitherto, the drain of the forest, the stagnation of the rivulet converted into a swamp what its current had formerly rendered dry. The loose bog-earth, and the sour moisture with which it was impregnated, loosened and poisoned the roots of other neighbouring trees, which, at the next storm, went to the ground in their turn, and tended still more to impede the current of the water; while the accumulating moss, as the bog-earth is called in Scotland, went on increasing and heaving up, so as to bury the trunks of the trees which it had destroyed. In the counties of Inverness and Ross, instances may be seen, at the present day, where this melancholy process, of the conversion of a forest into a bog, is still going forward.

This, however, was not by any means the only manner in which the northern forests perished, although it may be in some sense accounted their natural mode of death.

From the time of Agricola and Severus, to that of Cromwell, the axes of the invading enemies were repeatedly employed to lay waste the forests, and thereby remove a most important part of the national defence. In this way, doubt-

less, woods which, standing on the banks of rapid streams, or upon declivities where the course of the water is not liable to be intercepted, were not subject to the causes of destruction by the increase of the morass, fell by violence, as in the former case they perished by decay.

Nature, however, would, with her usual elasticity, have repaired the losses which were inflicted by the violence of man, and fresh crops of wood would have arisen to supply the place of that which had been felled, had not the carelessness and wantonness of mankind obstructed her efforts. The forest of Ettrick, for example, a tract of country containing two hundred and seventy square miles, was, till Charles I's time, reserved as a royal chase, and entirely wooded, except where the elevation of the mountains rendered the growth of trees impossible. In and about the year 1700, great part of this natural wood remained; yet now, excepting the copse woods of Harehead and Elibank, with some trifling remains on the banks of the Yarrow, it has totally vanished. We have ourselves seen an account of a sale of growing trees upon an estate in this district, where the proceeds amounted to no less than six thousand pounds, a very large sum considering that the country was overstocked with wood, the demands for it confined to those of rural economy, and the means of transporting it extremely imperfect. There must have been a fall of large and valuable timber to have produced such a sum under such circumstances. The guardians of the noble proprietor, when they made the sale, seemed to have given directions for enclosing the natural wood, with a view to its preservation. Nevertheless, about seventy or eighty years afterwards, there was scarcely in existence, upon the whole property, a twig sufficient to make a walking-stick, so effectually had the intentions of the guardians been baffled, and their instructions neglected. It may be some explanation of this wilful waste, that a stocking of goats (of all other creatures the most destructive to wood) had been put upon the ground after cutting the trees. But to speak the truth, agriculture, as Mr. Shandy says of the noble science of defence, has its weak points. Those who pursue one branch of the art are apt to become bigoted and prejudiced against everything which belongs to another, though no less essential, department. The arable cultivator, for example, has a

sort of pleasure in rooting up the most valuable grass land, even where the slightest reflection might assure him that it would be more profitable to reserve it for pasture. The store-farmer and shepherd, in the same manner, used formerly to consider every spot occupied by a tree as depriving the flock of a certain quantity of food, and not only nourished malice against the woodland, but practically laboured for its destruction; and to such lamentable prejudices on the part of farmers, and even of proprietors, is the final disappearance of the natural forests of the north chiefly to be attributed. The neglect of enclosure on the side of the landlord; the permitted, if not the authorized, invasions of the farmer; the wilful introduction of sheep and cattle into the ground where old trees formerly stood, have been the slow, but effectual, causes of the denuded state of extensive districts, which, in their time, were tracts of what the popular poetry of the country called by the effectionate epithet of "the good green wood." Still, however, the facts of such forests having existed, ought now, in more enlightened times, to give courage to the proprietor, and stimulate him in his efforts to restore the sylvan scenes which ignorance, prejudice, indolence, and barbarism combined to destroy.

This may be done in many different ways, as taste and local circumstances recommend. We will first take a view of the subject generally, as applicable alike to the great chiefs and thanes possessed of what are, in the north, called *countries*,* and to the private gentleman, who has three or four thousand moorland acres, or even a smaller property. We suppose the proprietor, in either case, desirous to convert a suitable part of his estate into woodland at the least possible expense, and with the greatest chance of profit.

The indispensable requisites which his undertaking demands are, 1st, a steady and experienced forester, with the means of procuring, at a moment's notice, a sufficient number of active and intelligent assistants. This will often reqire settlements on the estate, the advantage of which we may afterwards touch upon. If the plantations are to be on an extensive scale, it will be found of great advantage to

* It is customary to say Glengarry's country, MacLeod's country, and the like, to indicate the estates of the great Highland proprietors.

have the labour of these men entirely devoted to the woods, since they afford various kinds of employment for every month of the year, especially where a great plan is in the progress of being executed, as reason dictates, by certain proportions every year. In such a case, enclosing, planting, pruning, thinning, and felling are going on successively in different parts of the estate in one and the same year;—and these are operations in all of which a good woodsman ought to be so expert as to be capable of working at them by turns.

2dly. The planter, in the situation supposed, ought to be possessed of one nursery or more, as near to the ground designed to be planted, as can well be managed. We have no intention to interfere with the trade of the nurseryman in the more level and fertile parts of the country. Where a proprietor means only to plant a few acres, it would be ridiculous to be at the trouble or expense of raising the plants. But where he proposes to plant upon a large scale, it is of the highest consequence that the young plants should stand for two or three seasons in a nursery of his own. Mr. Monteath recommends that such *second-hand nursery*, as he terms it, should be replenished with seedlings of a year or two years old, from the seed-beds of a professional nurseryman, justly observing that the expense and trouble attending the raising the plants from seed,—and, he might have added, the risk of miscarriage,—are in this way entirely avoided, while the advantages attained are equal to what they would have been had the plant been raised from the seed by the proprietor himself. On the other hand (though we have known it practised), we would not advise that seedlings, any more than plants, should be carried from the neighbourhood of Glasgow to the Hebrides, or to distant parts of the Highlands. There is also this advantage, that by raising the trees from seed, the forester makes sure of getting his plants from the best trees—an article of considerable importance, especially in the fir tribes.

But whether the planter supplies his nursery from his own seed-bed or that of the professional man, the necessity of having a nursery of one sort or other continues the same. The advantages are, first, that the plants are not hastily transferred from the nurseryman's warm and sheltered establishment, to the exposed and unfertile district which they are meant to occupy, but undergo a sort of seasoning in the

nursery of the proprietor, and become, in a certain degree, naturalized to climate and soil before they are, as it is technically termed, *planted out*. Secondly, the most mortifying and injurious interruptions, incident to the planter's occupation, are thus greatly lessened. It is well known that nothing can be so conducive to the success of a plant, as its being transferred instantly, or with the loss of the least possible interval of time, from the line which it occupies in the nursery, to its final station in the field. If it is to be sent for to a distant nursery, this becomes impossible. Besides, it frequently happens, when plants have been brought from a distance, that the weather has changed to frost before they arrive at the place of their destination, and there is no remedy but to dig them down into some ditch, and cover the roots with earth, and leave them in that situation for days and weeks, until the season shall again become favourable to the planter. If, on the contrary, the plants are supplied from the proprietor's own nursery in the vicinity, they need only be brought forward in small quantities at a time, and the pernicious and perilous practice of *sheughing*, as we have heard it called, is almost entirely avoided. It is, therefore, in all cases, a matter of high advantage, in many of actual necessity, that the proprietor who means to plant on a large scale should have a nursery of his own.

Thus provided with the material of his enterprise, and with the human force necessary to carry it into effect, the planter's next point is to choose the scene of operation. On this subject, reason and common sense at once point out the necessary restrictions. No man of common sense would select, for the purpose of planting, rich holms, fertile meadows, or other ground peculiarly fit for producing corn, or for supporting cattle. Such land, valuable everywhere, is peculiarly so in a country where fertile spots are scarce, and where there is no lack of rough, exposed, and at present unprofitable tracts. The necessary ornament of a mansion-house would alone vindicate such an extraordinary proceeding. Nay, a considerate planter would hesitate to cut up and destroy even a fine sheep-pasture for the purpose of raising wood, while there remained on the estate land which might be planted at a less sacrifice. The ground ought to be shared betwixt pasture and woodland, with reference to local circumstances, and it is in general by no

means difficult to form the plantation so as to be of the highest advantage to the sheep-walk. In making the selection the proprietor will generally receive many a check on this subject from his land-steward or bailiff, to whom any other agricultural operations are generally more desirable than the pursuits of the forester. To confirm the proprietor in resisting this narrow-minded monitor, it is necessary to assure him that the distinction to be drawn betwixt the ground to be planted and that which is to be reserved for sheep, is to be drawn with a bold and not a timid hand. The planter must not, as we have *often* seen vainly attempted, endeavour to exclude from his proposed plantation, all but the very worst of the ground. Whenever such paltry saving has been attempted, the consequences have been very undesirable in all respects. In the first place, the expense of fencing is greatly increased; for, in order to form these pinched and restricted plantations, a great many turnings and involutions, and independent fences, must be made, which become totally unnecessary when the woodland is formed on an ample and liberal scale. In the second place, this parsimonious system leads to circumstances contrary to Christian charity, for the eyes of every human being that looks on plantations so formed, feeling hurt as if a handful of sand were flung into them, the sufferers are too apt to vent their resentment in the worst of wishes against the devisers and perpetrators of such enormities. We have seen a brotherhood of beautiful hills, the summits of which, while they remained unplanted, must have formed a fine undulating line, now presenting themselves with each a round circle of black fir, like a skimming dish on its head, combined together with long narrow lines of the same complexion, like a chain of ancient fortifications, consisting of round towers flanking a straight curtain, or rather like a range of college caps connected by a broad black ribbon. Other plantations in the awkward angles, which they have been made to assume, in order that they might not trespass upon some edible portion of grass land, have come to resemble uncle Toby's bowling-green transported to a northern hill side. Here you shall see a solitary mountain with a great black patch stuck on its side, like a plaster of burgundy-pitch, and there another, where the plantation, instead of gracefully sweeping down to its feet, is broken short off in

mid-air, like a country wench's gown tucked through her pocket holes in the days when such things as pockets were extant in *rerum naturâ*. In other cases of enormity, the unhappy plantations have been made to assume the form of pincushions, of hatchets, of penny tarts, and of breeches displayed at an old-clothesman's door. These abortions have been the consequence of a resolution to occupy with trees only those parts of the hill where nothing else will grow, and which, therefore, is carved out for their accommodation, with "up and down and snip and slash," whatever unnatural and fantastic forms may be thereby assigned to their boundaries.

In all such cases the insulated trees, deprived of the shelter which they experience when planted in masses, have grown thin and hungrily, affording the unhappy planter neither pleasure to his eye, credit to his judgment, nor profit to his purse. A more liberal projector would have adopted a very different plan. He would have considered, that although trees, the noblest productions of the vegetable realm, are of a nature extremely hardy, and can grow where not even a turnip could be raised, they are yet sensible of, and grateful for, the kindness which they receive. In selecting the portions of waste land which he is about to plant, he would, therefore, extend his limits to what may be called the natural boundaries, carry them down to the glens on one side, sweep them around the foot of the hills on another, conduct them up the ravines on a third, giving them, as much as possible, the character of a natural wood, which can only be attained by keeping their boundaries out of sight, and suggesting to the imagination that idea of extent which always arises when the limits of a wood are not visible. It is true that in this manner some acres of good ground may be lost to the flocks, but the advantages to the woodland are a complete compensation. It is, of course, in sheltered places that the wood first begins to grow, and the young trees, arising freely in such more fertile spots on the verge of the plantation, extend protection to the general mass which occupies the poorer ground. These less-favoured plants linger long while left to their own unassisted operations: annoyed at the same time by want of nourishment, and the severity of the blast, they remain, indeed, alike, but make little or no progress; but when they experience shelter from the vicinity of those

which occupy a better soil, they seem to profit by their example, and speedily arise under their wings.

The improver ought to be governed by the natural features of the ground in choosing the shape of his plantations, as well as in selecting the species of land to be planted. A surface of ground, undulating into eminences and hollows, forms, to a person who delights in such a task, perhaps the most agreeable subject of consideration on which the mind of the improver can be engaged. He must take care, in this case, to avoid the fatal yet frequent error of adopting the boundaries of his plantations from the surveyor's plan of the estate, not from the ground itself. He must recollect that the former is a flat surface, conveying, after the draughtsman has done his best, but a very imperfect idea of the actual face of the country, and can, therefore, guide him but imperfectly in selecting the ground proper for his purpose.

Having, therefore, made himself personally acquainted with the localities of the estate, he will find no difficulty in adopting a general principle for lining out his worst land. To plant the eminences, and thereby enclose the hollows for cultivation, is what all parties will agree upon; the mere farmer, because, in the general case, the rule will assign to cultivation the best ground, and to woodland that which is most sterile; and also, because a wood placed on an eminence affords, of course, a more complete protection to the neighbouring fields than if it stood upon the same level with them. The forester will give his ready consent, because wood nowhere luxuriates so freely as on the slope of a hill. The man of taste will be equally desirous that the boundaries of his plantation should follow the lines designed by nature, which are always easy and undulating, or bold, prominent, and elevated, but never either stiff or formal. In this manner, the future woods will advance and recede from the eye, according to and along with the sweep of the hills and banks which support them, thus occupying precisely the place in the landscape where nature's own hand would have planted them. The projector will rejoice the more in this allocation, that in many instances it will enable him to conceal the boundaries of his plantations, an object which, in point of taste, is almost always desirable. In short, the only persons who will suffer by the adoption of this system will be the admirers of mathematical regularity, who deem it essen-

tial that the mattock and spade be under the peremptory dominion of the scale and compass; who demand that all enclosures shall be of the same shape and of the same extent; who delight in straight lines and in sharp angles, and desire that their woods and fields be laid out with the same exact correspondence to each other as when they were first delineated upon paper. It is to be conjectured, that when the inefficiency of this principle and its effects are pointed out, few would wish to resort to it, unless it were a humorist like Uncle Toby, or a martinet like Lord Stair, who planted trees after the fashion of battalions formed into line and column, that they might assist them in their descriptions of the battles of Wynendale and Dettingen. It may, however, be a consolation to the admirers of strict uniformity and regularity, if any such there still be, to be assured that their object is, in fact, unattainable; it is as impossible to draw straight lines of wood, that is, lines which shall produce the appearance of mathematical regularity, along the uneven surface of a varied country, as it would be to draw a correct diagram upon a crumpled sheet of paper, or lay a carpet down smoothly on a floor littered with books. The attempt to plant upon such a system will not, therefore, present the regular form and plan expected, but, on the contrary, a number of broken lines, interrupted circles, and salient angles, as much at variance with Euclid as with nature.

We are happy to say, that this artificial mode of planting, the purpose of which seems to be a sort of inscribing on every plantation that it was the work of man, not of nature, is now going fast out of fashion, both with proprietors and farmers. A gentleman of our aquaintance had, some years ago, the purpose of planting a considerable part of a farm of about one hundred and twenty acres, which lay near his residence. It rented at about twenty shillings per acre. The proprietor, rejecting a plan which was offered to him, for laying off the ground into fields resembling parallelograms, divided like a chess-board by thin stripes of plantation, went to work in the way we have mentioned above, scooping out the lowest parts of the land for enclosures, and planting the wood round it in masses, which were enlarged or contracted, as the natural lying of the ground seemed to dictate, and producing a series of agreeable effects to the eye, varying in every point of view, and affording new details of the

landscape, as the plantations became blended together, or receded from each other. About five or six years after this transformation had been effected, the landlord met his former tenant, a judicous cool-headed countryman, upon the ground, and naturally said to him, "I suppose, Mr. R., you will say I have ruined your farm by laying half of it into woodland?" —"I should have expected it, sir," answered Mr. R., "if you had told me beforehand what you were about to do; but I am now of a very different opinion; and as I am looking for land at present, if you incline to take, for the remaining sixty acres, the same rent which I formerly gave for a hundred and twenty, I will give you an offer to that amount. I consider the benefit of the enclosing, and the complete shelter afforded to the fields, as an advantage which fairly counterbalances the loss of one half of the land." The proprietor then showed Mr. R. the plan which had been suggested to him, of subdividing the whole farm by straight rectilinear stripes, occupying altogether about five-and-twenty or thirty acres. The intelligent and unprejudiced agriculturist owned that, *à priori*, he would have preferred a system which left so much more land for the occupation of the plough, but as frankly owned that the trees could neither have made half the progress, nor have afforded half the shelter, which had actually been the case under the present plan, and that he was now convinced that the proprietor had chosen the better part.

Another proof of the same important fact occurs, upon a hill which we, at this moment, see from the windows of the apartment in which we are now writing. It is of considerable height, and the proprietor, about forty years ago or more, attempted to raise a plantation on the very crest or summit of the eminence, retaining the rest of the hill for the purpose of pasturage and agriculture. His operations, attempted on this niggardly scale, failed totally, after two separate attempts, every plant dying in the exposed and ungenial situation. On a third essay, the proprietor altered his measures, and brought the limits of his woodland so far down the hill as to include a few acres of tolerable land. The trees on these better spots soon rose, and, sheltering those which were exposed, the whole upper part of the hill became clothed with a wood, out of which the present proprietor has cut annually several hundred pounds worth of

timber, to the advantage, not the prejudice, of that which remains standing to a large value.

The same change has taken place in the sentiments of intelligent store-farmers as in those of agriculturists like Mr. R. Almost every sheep-farm contains large tracts covered with stones and shingle, or otherwise steep, dangerous, and precipitous; of ravines, which in winter prove the grave of many of the flock; and of other rocky and barren spots, affording little pasture, and that only to be obtained at the great peril of the sheep. There are also on most sheep-walks, extensive moors, which, sheltered by plantations on the mountains, would produce a far different species of herbage from what flocks or herds are now able to glean off them; and, in general, it is now perfectly understood, that when the trees have made such a progress as to afford shelter in the lambing seasons and during storms, the ground they occupy is far from being grudged them by an intelligent shepherd. It is very likely, indeed, that the tenant who possesses a sheep-farm on a short lease may desire some diminution of rent, for when the landlord entertains a desire to enter into possession of a part of his land during currency of the lease, the circumstance is always considered as a kind of God-send, which it would be neglecting the benefits afforded by Providence not to make ample use of. But an intelligent farmer, the length of whose possession must enable him to derive advantage from the shelter and other favourable circumstances which cannot fail to attend the more advanced state of the plantations, will usually be disposed to part, at a very easy rate, with the immediate occupation of such grounds as we have indicated, for the purpose of their being planted. At any rate, we state with confidence that the existence of plantations, even to a very considerable extent, upon a sheep-farm, will, if judiciously disposed, rather increase than diminish the offers for a new lease.

The tract to be occupied by the new plantations being fixed, enclosing is the next indispensable point of preparation. If this is neglected, or not executed in a sufficient manner, the improver may as well renounce his plan; for though we believe, as above stated, that the judicious tenant will approve of and respect the plantations of the landholder, yet we cannot venture to hope that his zeal in their behalf

will impel him to take great trouble for their preservation. Even if he were willing to do so, his shepherds cannot be expected to possess such liberal ideas, and will see with great apathy an inroad of the flock where the enclosure presents a practicable breach, which, in the spring especially, may do more damage to the young woodland in a few hours' time than it can recover in several seasons. The plantation, therefore, whatever its extent, must be suitably enclosed. For this purpose, quickset hedges are, undoubtedly, the preferable means; but these cannot be generally resorted to in the execution of extensive plans, such as we point at. In wild, coarse ground, thorns will not succeed without much care; in soils of a worse class, they will not rise at all; and even where the ground is fittest for them, they require more labour and trouble than can be expected in executing a very large plan, unless the funds of the projector be ample in proportion. Hedges of furze and of larch have been recommended, but they are precarious, and will only succeed when much attention is bestowed on them. The most effectual substitute, we regret to say it, is the dry-stone wall. The materials of this species of fence, generally speaking, abound in the neighbourhood of such plantations as we now treat of. The wall has this great advantage, that it may be said to be major, and competent to discharge all its duties, even on the day of its birth, and if constructed of flat or square stones of good quality, properly put together, and well erected, will last for many years. It is commonly the readiest and best substitute for a quickset fence; but it must be owned that it is extremely ugly, and, when once it begins to break down, can only be repaired at a considerable expense, which, after a certain time, recurs very frequently, as the best builders of this species of wall cannot so effectually repair the breaches which time makes in it but what they are always making their appearance again at the same places. The unpleasing aspect of these walls may, in some degree, be got rid of by keeping them in hollows: this, indeed, is to be recommended in every case; and upon a large plan, where much ground is at the planter's command, may be very easily managed. Respecting their failure through time, it is to be remembered that it will not take place until the period when breaches may be repaired by wattles made from the plantation itself. We have seen a

species of earthen fence used with very considerable success on ground where stones were hard to come at. The earth was dug out of a ditch, which was made to slope outwards, and to present on the side nearest to the plantation, a straight cut of about a foot and a half; on the verge of that ditch arose the wall itself, composed of sods built up to the height of three feet and a half, so that the whole height was about four feet, and sufficient to be respected by sheep and cattle, except, perhaps, during the time of snow, when no fence can be absolutely trusted to. A single bar of paling placed on the top of this species of *vallum* greatly improves it. It is the cheapest of all fences, as it may be raised at the rate of fifteen-pence a-rood by contract. Its duration cannot be exactly calculated; but, where the sods are of a close and kindly texture, we have known it last for nine or ten years without symptoms of decay, and after that age the thinnings of the plantation ought to be used to repair the fence, or, if more convenient, sold, and the price applied to that purpose. A hedge may be raised in the inside of such an earth-fence with considerable ease, as the thorns will grow fast among the loose earth, and if this is resorted to, the hedge will be fit to relieve guard when the rampart or earthen wall becomes ruinous.

A preparation no less necessary than that of enclosing, and now generally attended to, although often far too superficially performed, is the drainage of such parts of the intended plantation as are disposed to be marshy. Water, which, when pure, is the necessary nutriment of all vegetables, becomes, when putrid or stagnant, their most decided enemy. There exist no trees, however fond of subaqueous soil, which will thrive if planted in an undrained bog. On the other hand, there is scarcely any ground so swampy, that, provided it affords a level for draining, may not be made to bear trees, if the kinds are well chosen. We have seen the spruce, silver fir, and even the balm of Gilead pine, attain great magnitude in a soil so moist that the trees were originally planted in what are called *lazy beds*. It must be, of course, essential that the drains should be kept open, and scoured from time to time, but it will be found that, as the trees advance, their own demand for nourishment will exhaust a great deal of the superfluous moisture; for, as the fall of a natural forest in a wild country usually creates

a morass, so the growth of a wood, when the first obstacles are removed, has a tendency to diminish a bog which has been already formed.

Another requisite nearly connected with the above is the formation of paths for walking, riding, or driving through the future plantations. Where the woods are on a large scale, these paths should be at least eight or nine feet broad. This object is easily combined with draining, as the ditch which carries off the superfluous water will, at the same time, drain the road, if it is conducted alongside of it, which, in most cases, will be found the best line for both. Such roads serve at first to facilitate the collection of materials for fencing; they afterwards afford easy means of inspecting the condition of the wood, and, finally, of removing the felled trees from the woodland. When *that* occasion comes, the making such paths will be found indispensable, and as, if deferred till then, the object cannot be accomplished without a great waste of time, and the paths, after all, can never be so well lined as before the wood is planted, this preliminary season is unquestionably by far the most proper. It is needless to say that the formation and direction of such paths and drives is one of the most agreeable occupations of a proprietor who pretends to taste, and if barely formed with the spade, and drained, they will become, in a year or two, dry green sward, and require no metalling until they are employed in transporting heavy weights. But, whether formed or not, the space for such paths ought always to be left, and, among other advantages, they will be found to act upon the forest like the lungs of the human body, circulating the air into its closest recesses, and thereby greatly increasing the growth of the trees.

We may now be expected to say something of the preparation of the soil, by cropping, fallowing, paring, and burning, or otherwise, as is recommended in most books on the subject of planting. There can be no doubt that all or any of these modes may be, according to circumstances, used with the utmost advantage, especially so far as concerns the early growth of wood. Every plantation, therefore, which the proprietor desires to see *rush up* with unusual rapidity, ought to be prepared by one of these methods, or, which is best of all, by deep trenching with the spade. But the expense attending this most effectual mode limits it

to the park and pleasure-ground, and even the other coarser modes of preparation cannot be thought of, when the object is to plant as extensively and at as little expense as possible. It may be some comfort to know that, as far as we have observed, the difference betwixt the growth of plantations, where the ground has been prepared, or otherwise, supposing the soil alike, and plants put in with equal care, seems to disappear within the first ten or twelve years. It is only in its earlier days that the plant enjoys the benefit of having its roots placed amongst earth which has been rendered loose and penetrable: at a certain period the fibres reach the sub-soil which the spade or plough has not disturbed, and thus the final growth of the tree which has enjoyed this advantage is often not greater than that of its neighbour, upon which no such indulgences were ever bestowed.

The next important object is the choice of the trees with which the proposed woodland is to be stocked, and supposing the production of tall timber trees to be the ultimate object, we would recommend, for the formation of a large forest, the oak and larch as the trees best to be depended upon.

Our choice of the first will scarce be disputed: it is the natural plant of the island, and grows alike on highland and lowland, luxuriating where the soil is rich, coming to perfection, in many cases, where it is but middling, and affording a very profitable copsewood where it is scanty and indifferent.

Our selection of the larch may seem to some more disputable, but it will only be to such as are disposed to judge from outward show. We cannot, indeed, vindicate this valuable tree in so far as outward beauty is concerned: Wordsworth has condemned its formality at once, and its poverty of aspect. Planted in small patches, the tops of all the trees arising to the same height, and generally sloping in one direction from the prevailing wind, the larch-wood has, we must own, a mean and poor effect: its appearance on the ridge of a hill is also unfavourable, resembling the once fashionable mode of setting up the manes of ponies, called by jockeys *hogging*. But where the quantity of ground planted amounts to the character of a forest, the inequalities of the far-extended surface give to the larches a variety of outline which they do not possess when

arranged in clumps and patches, and furnish that species of the sublime which all men must recognise in the prevalence of one tint of colouring in a great landscape. All who have seen the Swiss mountains, which are clothed with this tree as high as vegetation will permit, must allow that it can, in fitting situations, add effectually to the grandeur of Alpine scenery. In spring, too, the larch boasts, in an unequalled degree, that early and tender shade of green which is so agreeable to the eye, and suggests to the imagination the first and brightest ideas of reviving nature.

If, however, in spite of all that can be pleaded in its favour, the larch should be, in some degree, excluded from ornamental plantations, still the most prejudiced admirer of the picturesque cannot deny the right of this tree to predominate in those which are formed more for profit than beauty. The good sense of the poet we have quoted, which is equal to his brilliancy of fancy, has, indeed, pointed out this distinction; and in the following passage, while he deprecates what we do not contend for, he admits the value of the larch in such rude scenes as we now treat of:—

"To those," says Wordsworth, "who plant for profit, and are thrusting every other tree out of the way to make room for their favourite, the larch, I would utter, first, a regret that they should have selected these lovely vales for their vegetable manufactory, when there is so much barren and irreclaimable land in the neighbouring moors, and in other parts of the island, which might have been had for this purpose at a far cheaper rate. And I will also beg leave to represent to them, that they ought not to be carried away by flattering promises from the speedy growth of this tree: because, in rich soils and sheltered situations, the wood, though it thrives fast, is full of sap, and of little value; and is, likewise, very subject to ravage from the attacks of insects, and from blight. Accordingly, in Scotland, where planting is much better understood, and carried on upon an incomparably larger scale than among us, good soil and sheltered situations are appropriated to the oak, the ash, and other deciduous trees; and the larch is now generally confined to barren and exposed ground. There the plant, which is a hardy one, is of slower growth, much less liable to injury, and the timber of better quality."*

We willingly shake hands with our Miltonic poet, and enter into the composition which he holds out to the profitable planter.

In this capacity, being that which we now occupy, we have much to say in behalf of this same larch-fir. It unites,

* Wordsworth's Description of the Country of the Lakes.

in a most singular degree, the two opposite, and, in general, irreconcilable qualities of quickness of growth and firmness of substance. In the first, it excels all trees in the forest, and in the second, equals the oak itself.

The mode of preparing or seasoning larch timber is not yet, perhaps, perfectly understood, more especially as the tree is usually cut in the barking season, when it is full of sap, which renders the large wood apt to warp and crack. To avoid this, some take off the bark the season before the tree is cut, upon which subject Mr. Monteath gives us this practical information:—

"In the summer of 1815 and 1816, I was employed to thin some plantations for James Johnstone, Esq., of Alva, on his estate of Denovan; and also in the same years, for Thomas Spottiswoode, Esq., of Dunnipace. The trees on both estates were of considerable size, and particularly those on the estate of Dunnipace—many of them containing betwixt thirty and forty solid feet of timber. As part of the trees on both estates were to be used by the proprietors for their own purposes, I had, the year before, cut down and barked a considerable number of larch-fir trees; which, being barked after being cut down, and exposed to the summer's sun, rent in such a manner as to render them of little or no use. To prevent this, if possible, in future, I barked all the larch-trees standing, and allowed them to remain in this state till autumn, which effectually prevented them from rending with the sun or drought. A number of the trees on Dunnipace stood in this peeled state for two summers, and were then cut up; and Mr. Spottiswoode caused his carpenter to make from the timber of these trees some bound doors, which made an excellent job, no part of the wood casting or twisting. Since that time I have myself used, and have seen frequently used by others, the timber of larch-fir trees, after having stood twelve months with the bark taken off, then cut down, and immediately cut up into battens for flooring, and also made into bound doors and windows for the better sort of houses, with equal success. This is a clear proof that the plan of taking off the bark from the larch-fir trees, some time previous to their being cut down, will not only prevent the timber from shrinking and twisting, but has also a tendency to harden the timber, and make it more durable, as it gradually throws out the resinous substance to the surface, and causes it, in a greater or less degree, to circulate through the whole timber; and this in so particular a manner, that the white wood of the tree is found equally as hard, and becomes as durable as the red wood. The consequence has been, that I am now decidedly of opinion, that the timber of a larch-fir treated in this way, at thirty years of age, will be found equally durable with that of a tree treated in the ordinary way, cut down at the age of fifty years."—Pp. 239–241.

Mr. Monteath gives a process for flaying the unfortunate larch, which we dare say has proved successful under his

direction. We must, nevertheless, always consider it as an objection that the stems of the barked trees must continue standing, like so many Marsyases or Saint Bartholomews, among their more fortunate neighbours; but this is an evil which addresses itself to the eye alone. We believe, however, that there are other effectual modes of seasoning this valuable timber, by steeping it repeatedly, for instance, and thus keeping the outside of the tree moist until the heart gets thoroughly dry. We have seen specimens of such wood, employed in panelling by the ingenious and experienced Mr. Atkinson, architect, St. John's Wood, which equalled in smoothness of surface, and exactness of jointing, any other wood we have ever seen applied to similar purposes, not excepting mahogany itself. It may also be remarked that, as larch increases in size, its bark becomes of less value, and when the tree produces great timber, it would be no mighty sacrifice to give up all idea of barking, and cut the wood in winter, like that of other trees, and thus season it in the same manner. While the tree is only of the size of a pole, it should be thrown, after barking, into a ditch, or else covered with branches, to exclude the sunbeams. It will then dry gradually without warping, and being dried, will be as hard as iron-wood, and eminently fit for any of the numerous purposes to which sticks of that size can be applied. When we add that the larch will thrive almost upon every soil that is moderately dry, except that which lies on free-stone, and that it ascends higher up the sides of the bleakest mountain than the hardiest of the fir tribe, we have, we conceive, assigned sufficient reasons for its preference in selecting trees for an extensive track of ground.

Our next subject of consideration must be, the manner and time of planting the trees, and the distance at which they ought to be placed from each other; and here we beg to express our complete approbation of the old popular proverb, which says—"plant a tree at Martinmas, and command it to grow; plant after Candlemas, and entreat." If the spring months chance to be moist, the trees then planted will succeed well, but the practice must be regarded as precarious. Here our opinion coincides with general practice, but in respect of the following points, we are not, we believe, so fortunate.

It is common, if not universal, to plant the nurses,—that is to say, the firs, which are designed to be gradually felled for thinning the plantation, at the same period of time with the principal trees meant finally to occupy the ground. The consequence of this is, that the nurses are too young to perform their expected duty. Larches and firs are seldom planted above nine inches or a foot long, and are both troublesome and precarious when of a larger size. Oaks, elms, and almost all hard-wood plants, are about twice as long, or from eighteen inches to two feet high, when they are put finally into the ground. The necessary consequence is, that the principal trees have no shelter at all until the nurses have outgrown them. In the mean time they suffer all the evils of premature exposure. The organs by which they raise the sap become hardened, their barks mossed and rigid: in short, for the first two years, the hard-wood has no shelter at all, and in some climates may be expected to *sit*, as it is called, that is, to become a shrivelled starveling, which lives, indeed, but makes no advance in growth, if, indeed, it does not, as is frequently the case, die down entirely. Accordingly, when a plantation so managed is about three years old, it is the custom of all good foresters to have it revised, and, in the course of the operation, to cut over, within an inch of the ground, all the hard-wood trees which are not found thriving, the number of which is generally as ten to one. The nutriment collected by the roots is thus thrown into new and healthy shoots which arise from the original stem. These, of course, derive from the larch and fir nurses, now grown to two or three feet in height, that shelter which could not be afforded by them to the congenial hard-wood, and the plantation goes on prosperously. This process was and is successful, yet it is obvious that both time and labour would be saved could it be dispensed with—since much trouble must be employed both in cutting down the old plants, and afterwards in reducing to a single shrub the little bushes which run from their stem when cut over. To avoid this necessity, it has been our practice, in latter cases, to plant the nurses in the first place, leaving vacant spaces for the principal trees, which we do not put into the earth for three years afterwards. The consequence is, that the principal trees, receiving from the nurses, at the very moment of their being planted out, that

shelter which it is their purpose to communicate, do not, in more than one case out of ten, go back, dwindle, or require to be cut down; much expense of repeated revisal is saved, and the desired purpose is attained as soon, and more perfectly, than by the older practice. However, therefore, the natural impatience of the improver may repine at postponing the planting of his principal trees, he may depend upon it that, in all situations not peculiarly favoured in soil and exposure, he will arrive sooner at his ultimate object by following the slower process.

In planting an extensive tract of ground, as in preparing it, much of the nicer preparation by pitting may be abridged. We do not deny, that to make the pits in spring, as recommended by Nicol and other authors, must be a considerable advantage, as the earth in which the new plant is to be set is thus exposed to the influence of the atmosphere until the planting season. On the other hand, this would require double labour along the same extensive district, and our plan is grounded on the strictest economy. Besides, in the desolate regions, which we would fain see clothed with wood, rain is frequent; and should the pits be left open till November or December, they are often exposed to be filled with water, which, remaining and stagnating there, renders the ground so unfit for the plants, that they certainly lose more by such deterioration than they gain by the exposure of the subsoil to the atmosphere.

Our mode of planting them is as follows. A labourer first takes a turf from the sward or heath, of nine inches or a foot in circumference, and lays it aside, while he digs the pit and works the earth carefully with his spade. His assistant, a woman or a boy, then places the plant in the earth, laying the roots abroad in the natural direction in which they severally diverge from the stem, and taking especial care that none of them are twisted or bruised in the operation, which, if it does not totally destroy it, never fails greatly to retard the growth of the plant. The planter ought to fill in the earth with the same care; and having trod it down in the usual manner, he cuts the turf in two with his spade, and places one half on each side of the plant, so that the straight edges of the two sections meet together at the stem, while the grassy or heathy side lies nearest the earth. This answers two good purposes; the covering prevents the

drought from so readily affecting the young plant, and the reversing the turf prevents it from being affected by the growth of long grass, heath, or weeds in its immediate vicinity. When the time of planting the oaks arrives, we would observe the same method, taking only still greater care of working the earth, of adjusting the roots, and of covering the pit.

And here we may hazard an observation, that, of all accidents detrimental to a plantation, those which arise from the slovenly haste of the workman are most generally prejudicial. Sometimes grounds are planted by contract, which, for obvious reasons, leads to hasty proceedings; but, even where the proprietor's own people are employed, which must be usually the case in undertakings in a distant and wild country, the labourers get impatient, and if not checked and restrained, will be found to perform their task with far more haste than good speed. The experienced woodsman will guard with peculiar care against this great danger; for a tree well planted will be found to grow in the most unfavourable spot, while plants, the roots of which have been compressed, or, perhaps, left partially uncovered, will decay even in the best soil and the most sheltered situation.

We have said, that the forest ought to be planted chiefly with larch and oak, in order to produce an early return, and at the same time to insure a lasting value; but this is not to be Judaically interpreted, and we must take this opportunity to mention several exceptions.

There are points peculiarly exposed in every extensive plantation, which, if covered with a screen, are found most useful in defending the young woods from the prevailing wind. On such exposed elevations, we would recommend that the Scots fir be liberally intermixed with the larches. It grows more slowly, doubtless, and is an inferior tree to the larch in every respect; but, retaining its leaves during the winter, and possessing at the same time a wonderful power of resisting the storm, it forms, in such places as we have described, a much more effectual shelter than can be afforded by the larch alone. It will be easily conceived, that such a change of colouring in the forest should not be introduced, as forming defined figures, or preserving precise outlines; but that the different kinds of trees should be intermingled, so as to shade off into the general mass. If

this is attended to, the plantation will seem to have been formed by Nature's own cunning hand.

Ere we leave the subject, we may remind the young planter, that the species of fir, which in an evil hour was called *Scotch*, as now generally found in nurseries, is very inferior, in every respect, to the real Highland fir, which may be found in the North of Scotland in immense natural forests, equally distinguished for their romantic beauty and national importance. This last is a noble tree, growing with huge contorted arms, not altogether unlike the oak, and forming therein a strong contrast to the formality of the common fir. The wood, which is of a red colour, is equal to that brought from Norway; and, when a plant, it may be known from the spurious or common fir by the tufts of leaves being shorter and thicker, and by the colour being considerably darker. The appearance of the Highland fir, when planted in its appropriate situation amongst rock and crags, is dignified and even magnificent; the dusky red of its massive trunk, and dark hue of its leaves, forming a happy accompaniment to scenes of this description. Such firs, therefore, as are ultimately designed to remain as principal trees, ought to be of this kind, though it may probably cost the planter some trouble to procure the seed from the Highlands. The ordinary fir is an inferior variety, brought from Canada not more than half a century ago. Being very prolific, the nursery-gardeners found it easy to raise it in immense quantities; and thus, though a mean-looking tree, and producing wood of little comparative value, it has superseded the natural plant of the country, and it is called *par excellence*, the Scotch fir. Under that name it has been used generally as a nurse, and so far must be acknowledged useful, that it submits to almost any degree of hard usage, as, indeed, it seldom meets with any which can be termed even tolerable. There is a great difference betwixt the wood, even of this baser species, raised slowly and in exposed situations, and that of the same tree produced upon richer soil—the last being much inferior in every respect, because more rapid in growth.

The planter of a large region will also meet with many portions of ground too wet either for the oak or larch, although the former can endure a very considerable degree of moisture. This he will stock, of course, with the alder,

the willow, the poplar, and other trees which prefer a subaqueous soil. But we would particularly recommend the spruce-fir, an inhabitant of such marshes. This tree is almost sure to disappoint the planter upon dry and stony ground. Even planted in good soil, it is apt to decay when about twenty or thirty years old, especially the variety called, from the strong odour of its leaves, the balm of Gilead. But in wet grounds, even where very moorish, the spruce grows to a gigantic size, and the wood is excellent. The silver fir will also endure a great deal of moisture, is one of the hardiest, as well as most stately, children of the forest, and deserves to be cultivated upon a larger scale than that which is usually practised. The woods of Blair Adam, near Kinross, the seat of the Right Honourable William Adam, afford decided proof, that the spruce and silver fir can be raised to the most magnificent trees, in a moist soil, where the substratum appears to be moss.

Before quitting this part of the subject, we may observe that, without prejudice to the general maxims of economy laid down, a proprietor, of ordinary feeling and taste, will find, in an extensive tract of waste lands, numerous recesses where the climate is mild, and the exposure favourable, an occasional intervention, in short, of

"Sheltered places, bosoms, nooks, and bays,"

which may be either left for pasture and cultivation, or filled with other varieties of forest trees than those which we have advised for the woodland in general. In discovering these hidden oases of the desert, the improver will be naturally induced to turn them to account, and vary the character of his silvan dominions, according to the facilities which these *accidents* of vale and glade not only admit of, but invite. This employment cannot fail to be one of the most interesting which a rural life holds out to its admirers. He may deepen the shade of the dim glen by tenanting it with yew, and he may increase the cheerfulness of the sunny glade by sprinkling it with the lighter and gayer children of the forest. But here we must avoid the temptation, which all writers on plantations, our friends Pontey and Mr. Monteath not excepted, are disposed to yield to, where there is such an opportunity for fine description. We remember Lord Byron's reproof to Moore:—"Come, hang it, Tom, don't be

poetical." So we sheathe our eloquence, and resume the humble unadorned tone of rural admonition.

We may, however, just hint to planters, as unpoetical as ourselves, that in achieving such a task as we have proposed to them, nature will, in spite of them, realize, in many places, the wishes breathed by improvers of a different description. In the sort of ground which we have described, it happens invariably that particular places are found where the natural wood, in spite of all the causes which combine to destroy it, has used effective efforts to preserve its existence in the various forms of scattered and stunted trees, tangled and briery copsewood, and small shoots of underwood, which, kept down by the continual browsing of the cattle, affords only twigs, the existence of which is scarcely manifest among the grass. In all these cases, the remains of natural wood arising rapidly, when protected by enclosures against the intrusion of cattle, volunteer their services to the planter. These are often so important, that, by properly trimming the old wood, the introduction of new plants may, in many cases, be altogether dispensed with. In others, the small twigs, invisible when the ground was planted, come up afterwards as underwood, and serve for the purpose of harbouring game or forming thickets. Nay, in some, this natural growth will be found "something between a hinderance and a help," encumbering, and sometimes altogether overpowering and superseding the artificial planting. The trees which thus voluntarily present themselves, as the natural tenants of the soil, are oak, hazel, mountain-ash, thorns of different kinds, hack-berry (called bird-cherry), holly, &c., in the dry places; and in those which incline to be moist, the alder and willow. The forester may look with almost an absolute certainty for the arrival of these volunteer supplies, if he plants a space of two or three hundred acres. They serve to beautify the operations of art, by adding the wild colouring and drapery of nature. According to the old school of planting, it was the business of the forester to destroy, upon such occasions, the natural productions of the soil, in order to protect the much more worthless plants with which he had himself stocked it. Thus, we knew a large plantation, in which a natural oak copse was twice rooted out, in order to protect one of base Canadian firs; yet when the woods afterwards began to be

managed with more taste and knowledge, the oaks still remained strong enough, despite these two attempts at extirpation, to supersede the intruders; and they constitute at this time the principal part of the existing wood.

We are now come to the distance to be observed betwixt the plants, on putting them into the ground. This is a subject on which different opinions are maintained; opinions which, however, we think have been unnecessarily placed in opposition to each other:—the mode of planting closely, or putting in the trees at a greater distance, being each preferable or inferior to the other in relation to the situation of the plantation, and the purposes for which it is destined.

And considering this most important point, with relation to the number of the principal trees designed to remain as the ultimate stock on the land, we must confess our opinion, that the number of hard-wood trees planted is generally much greater than is necessary. A common rule allots the space of six or seven feet betwixt each principal plant. This seems far too large an allowance, and adds greatly to the expense of planting, without producing any correspondent return. If planted so near each other, a great number of the hard-wood trees must be taken out as weedings, before they attain any marketable value; and, as they shoot up again after they are cut down, they are apt to interfere with the growth of the trees which it is the object of the planter finally to cherish, unless the roots themselves are got rid of by the expensive operation of grubbing. If the hard-timber trees are planted at ten or twelve feet distance from each other, there will be room enough left for them to attain a foot in diameter before it is necessary to remove any of them. When planted at a smaller distance than the above, many must certainly be removed ere they have attained any value, while the operation, at the same time, gives to the proprietor the painful feeling attached to destroying a fine plant in its very bloom of promise. But this, like many other maxims concerning planting, is liable to be controlled by circumstances. In forming a plantation near a residence, it may be of great importance to place the hard-wood plants at six or eight feet distance, especially if the soil or exposure be indifferent. This gives the planter, at the distance of ten or twelve years, a choice in selecting the particular trees which will best suit the situation, and the power at

the same time of rendering the wood a complete screen, by cutting down the others for underwood, the introduction of which beauty and utility alike recommend. If there are still thriving young trees, which it is necessary to remove, they are, in such a case, useful to the proprietor: he may plant them out as ornamental trees either upon his lawn; or, as we have ourselves practised, these outcasts of the plantation may be scattered about in the neighbouring pastures. If they are planted with a little care among such patches of furze as usually occur in sheep-ground, with some attention to shelter and soil, it is really wonderful how few of them fail, certainly not above one out of ten, even where no great attention is bestowed on the process, except by cleansing such sheltered spots for receiving the trees. Those that dwindle must be cut, even after standing a year; they will generally send up fine shoots upon the season following. Here, however, we are again straying from our immediate task; for profit and pleasure are so intimately united in this delightful pursuit, that it is frequently difficult to distinguish where their paths separate. Upon the whole, however, it may be considered as unnecessary extravagance in a plantation of great extent, and calculated chiefly for profit, to place the principal or hard-wood trees nearer than twelve feet. Should one be found to fail, its place may be easily supplied by leaving a larch as a principal tree in its room, an exchange which ultimately leaves little ground for regret.

The quantity of nurses (which, according to our mode of planting, will be chiefly larches, intermingled with Scotch firs where exposure requires it) should seem also a relative question, to be decided by circumstances. If there is a favourable prospect for the sale of the weedings of the plantation at an early period, there can be no doubt of the truth of the old maxim—"Plant thick, and thin early." In this case the larches may be set within three and a half feet of each other generally over the plantation, leaving them somewhat more distant upon the places peculiarly sheltered, and placing them something closer upon exposed ridges, and in rows formed to interrupt the course of the prevailing winds.

If the planting thrives, the larches will, in the fifth or sixth year, require a thinning, the produce of which, in an inhabited country, will certainly be equal to the expense. The bark, for example, will produce from four to five

pounds a-ton, or otherwise, in proportion to the value of oak bark, amounting usually to one half the value of that commodity. The peeled sticks, from an inch and a half to three inches diameter, find a ready demand. The smallest are sawed into stakes for supporting the nets with which sheep are secured when eating turnips off the ground, and immense numbers are wanted for this purpose on the verge of hilly districts. They fetch, generally, about a shilling per dozen. The larger larches make paling of various descriptions, gates for enclosures, &c. &c. For all these purposes, the larch is admirably calculated, by its quality of toughness and durability. The profits derived from these first thinnings can receive small addition from the produce of the Scotch fir, which will, at this period, be worth little else than what it will bring for fire-wood at the nearest village. But we must repeat, that even this first and least productive course of thinning will do more than clear the expense bestowed, in situations where the country can be considered as peopled.

There are, however, extensive Highland wastes, which of all other ground, we would most desire to see planted, where the improver must expect no such return. The distance of markets, the want of demand, deny that profit in the larch wildernesses of the North, which is derived from those more favourably situated, and where every stick, almost every twig, may be brought advantageously to sale. If, therefore, the plantations be as closely filled up in the former case as in the latter, one of two things must happen—either that the thinnings are made at considerable expense over a waste tract of woodland, without any reimbursement from the proceeds; or else the plantation remains unthinned, to the unspeakable prejudice of the wood, since no trees can thrive unless on the condition of removing a part, to give an additional portion, both of soil and air, to those which remain. This painful dilemma may be avoided by preserving such a distance betwixt the plants, when originally put into the ground, as will make thinning unnecessary, until they shall have attained a more considerable value. It has been found by experience, that larches in particular will grow very well, and even in situations of an unpromising character, if placed at the distance of ten or twelve feet from each other, and may therefore be suffered

to remain for ten or twelve years without any thinning. The trees thus taken out will be from six inches to a foot in diameter; and, if no other demand occurs, a great quantity of them may be employed in forming internal enclosures in the wood itself, if, as in a large tract of forest ground and in a high country is often highly advisable, it is judged proper to restore a part of the land to the purpose of pasture. This has been a mode of improvement long practised by the Duke of Athol, in the north of Perthshire, where, to his infinite honour, he has covered whole regions of barren mountains with thriving wood, and occupied, with herds of black cattle, extensive pastures, which formerly lay utterly waste and unproductive.

A singular and invaluable quality of the larch-fir, first remarked, or at least first acted on, by the patriotic nobleman whom we have named, has given the means of altogether appeasing the fears of those well-meaning persons, who apprehended that the great extent of modern plantations might, in time, render timber too abundant in the country to bring any remunerating price, while at the same time it would draw a great proportion of land from the occupation of flocks or herds. The larch plantations are experimentally found, by the annual casting of their leaves, to lend material aid to the encouragement of the fine and more nutritive grasses; while, at the same time, they cause the destruction of the heath and other coarser productions of vegetation. The cause of this is obvious. The finer grasses—white clover, in particular—exist in abundance in the bleakest and most dreary moors, although they cannot in such disadvantageous soil become visible to the eye, until encouraged by some species of manure. If any one doubts this, he may be satisfied of the truth, by cutting up a turf in the most barren heath in his vicinity, and leaving it with the heathy side undermost in the place where it was cut. Or he may spread a spade-full of lime upon a square yard of the same soil. In either case, the spot so treated will appear the next season covered with white clover. Or the same fact may be discovered by observing the roads which traverse extensive heaths, the sides of which are always greensward, although of the same soil, and subject to the same atmosphere, with the rest of the moor. The blowing of the triturated dust, impregnated with horse dung, has in

this case produced the same effect which the application of lime or the turning the turf, in the former experiments, is calculated to attain. The clover, whether as a seed or plant our dull organs cannot discover, being thus proved to exist in the worst soils, and to flourish on the slightest encouragement, there is no difficulty in understanding how the larch-trees, constantly shedding their leaves on the spot where they are planted, should gradually encourage the clover to supersede the heath, and, by doing so, convert into tolerable pasture land that from which no animal excepting a moor-cock could derive any species of sustenance. We understand the fact to be, that, by the influence of this annual top-dressing, hundreds, nay, thousands of acres have been rendered worth from five to ten shillings an acre, instead of from sixpence to, at the utmost, two shillings. Whoever knows anything of the comparative value of heath and greensward pasture, will agree that the advantages of converting the one into the other are very moderately stated at the above ratio, and this wonderful transformation is made without the slightest assistance from human art, save that of putting in the larch plants.

If it is judged advisable to profit to the uttermost by this ameliorating quality of the larch-tree, the expense of the original plantation will be very considerably diminished, as it will be, in that case, unnecessary to plant any oaks in it, and the whole expense of setting it with larches alone, cannot, in such parts of the country as we are acquainted with, approach to twenty shillings an acre. To this must be added ten years' rent of the field, which we may suppose, on an average, a shilling per acre, making, on the whole, an outlay of thirty shillings per acre. The cost of enclosing, and the loss of interest, are to be added to this sum. No other expenses have been incurred during these ten years; for the distance at which the trees are originally planted has rendered thinning unnecessary until that space has expired. In the spring of the eleventh year, then, if the bark is considered as an object, a general revising of the plantation takes place, when, probably, one-third part of the larches may be removed. It must be under very disadvantageous circumstances indeed, that four hundred larches do not, in bark and timber, repay all the expenses of fencing by any cheap method, together with the compound interest on the

rent and the expenses of thinning. The acre, therefore, which has cost but thirty shillings for the larch woods, may, at ten years old, be occupied as pasture, without much danger to the trees, which cattle and sheep are not known to crop. For this sum the proprietor receives back his acre of land, with a crop of eight hundred larch-trees, twelve years old, which, valued but at three-pence a-piece, are worth ten pounds, but which may be more reasonably estimated at a much greater sum, and which, without costing the owner a farthing, but, on the contrary, increasing his income by thinnings from time to time, will come, in process of time, to be worth hundreds, nay, thousands, of pounds. At the same time, the larches have been, in a manner, paying rent for the ground they occupy, by the amelioration of the grass, which is uniformly so great as to treble and quadruple what the land was worth at the first time of planting. To all this large profit is to be added the comfort which the cattle experience in a well-sheltered pasture, where they have at once shade in summer, warmth in winter, and protection in the storm.

Yet great and important as are the advantages attending the Athol mode of planting, we would not willingly see it supersede the culture of the oak, the staple commodity of this island; nor do we believe it is permitted to do so in the country of the noble duke himself. But it is evident, that the greates tpossible advantage is to be derived from combining the two different systems, and intermixing plantations to be kept entirely for wood, and consisting chiefly of oak and larch, with others which, consisting only of larch-trees, are to be occupied as pasture after the tenth or twelfth year. The beauty, as well as the productive quality, of the region to be planted, will be increased by blending the systems together, and uniting them at the same time with that of copse plantations, on which we are next about to make some remarks.

The mode of cultivating the *slyva cædua*, or copsewood destined to the axe, has been greatly improved by a discovery of our author, or, at least, a practice which he has been the first to recommend—the propagating the oak, namely, by layering from the double shoot of young saplings. We will here permit this practical and sound-headed forester to speak for himself:—

"The method of layering from the sprig of a plant is well known to all nurserymen; but we must carry the matter a little farther when we go to the forest. The method of layering in forests, which is agreed on by all those who have tried it is of the very first and greatest advantage in filling up blanks in a natural or coppice wood: and with this we may commence. When the young shoots in a natural wood have finished their second year's growth, say in the month of November or December the second year (and here, by the way, it may be proper to observe, that, when layering is required, the stools of natural wood should not be thinned out the first year, as is directed in the section on rearing of natural or coppice woods), every shoot should be allowed to grow till the layering is performed, the second year's growth being finished as aforesaid. If the stools have been healthy, these will have made a push of from six to nine feet high. If there is a blank to fill up on every side of the stool, take four of the best shoots, and layer them down in different directions in the following manner; take the stem or shoot from the stool; give it a slash with a knife in the under side, very near the stool or root, to make it bend; often the shoot at this age will bend without using the knife; give it also a slash with your knife about one inch above the eye next the top of the shoot. Should there be but one small shoot near the top, and that chance to be next the ground, not to twist the leader or layer, give the shoot a twist round the body of the layer, and bring it upwards. Make a rut in the ground about six inches long, and of sufficient width to receive the body of the layer. Pin the layer firmly down in the slit below the surface of the earth. This may be easily and readily done with a small pin of wood, about six inches long, with a hook upon its upper end, to keep down the body of the layer; which pins can easily be got from the branches of trees in the wood. Having pinned it firmly down below the surface of the ground, cover over the layer with the turf from the rut; or a little fresh earth may be put in, and press it firmly down, holding up the end of the young shoot from the body of the layer, pressing the ground about the root of it the same as putting in a plant by pitting, &c., leaving also the top of the shoot or stem thus layered down out of the ground. Thus the layering is performed, and in one year, if the root or stool from which the layer is taken, be healthy, the top shoot, and the shoot to form the tree, say the small shoot or eye from the top, will make a push of at least two, and I have even known them grow four feet in one season. Nor is there the smallest chance of their misgiving. The top shoot having made a push again in two years of very possibly from eight to nine feet, it can be again layered down, and led out other eight or nine feet; thus in four years completely planting up and covering the ground on all sides from sixteen to eighteen feet (and supposing you have stools or roots on the ground at a distance of from thirty to forty feet). in five years, you can completely plant up the whole ground without the expense of a single plant. Nor is there the least risk of their misgiving in one single case, if properly done; and here also you have a plantation of plants, or we may now

rather call them trees, of from four to fourteen feet high, which, by putting in plants, you could not have had for twelve years, besides the expense of much filling up."—MONTEATH, p. 47-50.

In another part of the same work he gives directions for forming a new copse-wood where no old plants exist, and his manner is well worthy the attention of the experimental planter. He proposes that only twenty-seven plants shall be placed in an English acre. Each of these being cut over yearly for five or six years, will, he reckons, produce, in the sixth, plants fit for layering; and having gone twice through that process, they will, in the course of eight years, fill up the ground with shoots at the distance of eight feet from each other, being the distance necessary in a copse-plantation. Screens and nurses of larch we would think highly conducive to the perfection of these operations.

Whether formed by planting or by layering, the cultivation of copse-wood is a matter of the highest importance, and seldom fails to be the most certain produce of a Highland gentleman's estate, where the woods are properly treated and regularly cut. The oak coppice will flourish on the very face of the most broken ground, however encumbered with rocks, and where it is impossible to conceive how the roots can obtain any nourishment, except from the rain which oozes among the clefts and crevices of the rock. And as to exposure, Mr. Monteath informs us that the copse-woods in Scotland, and particularly in Argyleshire, on the very tops of hills from five hundred to one thousand feet above the level of the sea, are equally healthy, produce equally good bark, and are nearly equally productive with those in the vales, although they are exposed to every wind that blows.

In order to give some idea of the profit attending these copse-woods, the following calculation was made for a nobleman who had lately succeeded to a very extensive tract of mountainous country. It was supposed that, being willing regularly to dedicate a sum, which the amount of his income made a moderate one, to this species of improvement, there should be selected each year in the most convenient places, and those where shelter was most likely to benefit the pasture, a hundred acres of waste and unprofitable ground, to be planted or layered as copse-wood. The amount of rent thus sacrificed, for reasons already given, would be very

trifling indeed. The expense of planting and enclosing, presuming it to be carried on with liberality and even profusion, could not, in any reasonable view, exceed four hundred pounds. To meet the labour and expense of revision, the proprietor would have the value of thinnings, which, supposing the nurses to be larch, would be found much more than adequate to the purpose of reimbursing them. A similar space of land was supposed to be regularly planted on every year for twenty years, or two or three more, as the general progress of the plantations might render necessary. The hundred acres first planted would then be ready for a fall, the produce of which would afford at least four tons of bark to an acre, and taking the price at ten pounds a ton, which is certainly not extravagant, would bring in four thousand pounds in return for the four hundred expended twenty years before. The subsequent copses being cut in regular rotation, in the order in which they were planted, the noble proprietor would be found to have added four thousand pounds yearly to his estate, in the space of two or three and twenty years; and it is unecessary to add that the private gentleman who can but afford to plant the tenth part of the extent, must, if the site of his wood is well chosen, derive proportional advantage. It cannot be denied, however, that the larger the size of the plantations, the more likely they are to be thriving and productive.

The copse-wood cannot pretend to the dignity of the forest, yet it possesses many advantages. The standing wood must be one day felled, and then it is centuries ere it can arise again in its pristine majesty; nay, as fellers are seldom planters, it too often happens that, once fallen, the mature forest falls for ever; the proprietor feels a sort of false shame in supplying with pigmy shrubs the giants which he has destroyed, and the term when the damage can be repaired is so far beyond the ken of man, that the attempt is relinquished in despair. The copse-wood, on the contrary, enjoys a species of immortality, purchased, indeed, like that of Nourjahad in the Oriental tale, by intervals of abeyance. Its lease of existence may be said to be purchased by fine and renewal, a portion of it being cut in succession every twenty years. The eye is no doubt wounded for the time by the fall of the portion annually destined for the market, but the blank may be masked by leaving occasional stand-

ards, and nature hastens to repair it. In the course of three years, the copse which has been felled generally again assumes its tufted appearance, and in two or three years more, is as flourishing and beautiful as ever.

But the *sylva cædua* possesses more solid advantages. In the first place, there are doubtless many situations in mountainous districts admirably calculated to grow wood, but where it would be injudicious to raise full grown timber, on account of the difficulty, nay, impossibility of bringing it into the market. Bark, on the contrary, a light substance and easily transported, can be brought from the most remote and inaccessible recesses of the forest, without the expense of conveyance greatly diminishing the profit of the planter. The peeled timber is also an object in those districts where fuel is scarce, besides the demand for charcoal in others, and the consumption of the larger pieces in country work. In many places there is a demand for the oak boughs and twigs, to make what is called the pyro-ligneous acid, now so generally used instead of vinegar.

Besides their certain return of annual profit, copse-woods, when formed on entailed estates, have the great advantage of affording to every heir of entail in possession, his fair share of this species of property, while, at the same time, it is almost impossible for him to get more. Large woods of standing trees are planted by prudence and foresight, and maintained and preserved by the respect of successive proprietors, in order, perhaps, ultimately to supply the necessities of some extravagant or dissipated possessor, the shame and ruin of the line. But in the case of copse-wood, such an "unthrifty heir of LINNE" can only receive the produce of what regularly falls to be cut during his time; nor can the amount be increased, or the time of payment accelerated, either by the rapacity or necessity of the proprietor. This is a subject well worth the consideration of those who are anxious about the preservation of their landed estate in their own family.

Thus it will be observed, that each of these several modes of planting has its own peculiar advantages, and far from being bigoted to any one of them, to the total exclusion of others, the proprietor ought, before commencing his operations, to consider maturely, whether his purpose should be to raise a standing wood, to improve his pasturage

by the use of larches exclusively, or to crop the land by means of copse-wood, under regular and systematical management. Where plantations of a moderate extent are concerned, the question must be determined by local circumstances, but a large plan affords means of embracing the whole, and can hardly be accounted perfect without exhibiting specimens of the dark majesty of the forest, the gentler beauties of the copse, and the succession of verdant pastures, intermixed with stately and valuable larch-trees, which the Athol system is so well qualified to introduce. By one or other, or all of these methods, the utmost capabilities of the soil will be brought forth, and the greatest change induced in the face of nature which it is possible for human reason to devise, or human power to execute.

We should not have accomplished the task which we proposed, did we not mention, though superficially, the two grand operations of pruning and thinning, without which every one now allows there can be no rapidly growing plantations, or clean, valuable wood. They are both subjects much better understood than they were twenty years ago, when it was common, for example, to prune off all the under branches of a plant, without considering that this severe operation was destroying the means with which nature provides the plant for drawing up the sap, and thus depriving it of the means of increasing in size; while, with similar incongruity, the upper branches were left to form a thick round head, subject to the action of every storm that blows. Since the publication of Mr. Pontey's treatise, every one worthy to possess a pruning knife is aware that the top of the young plant must be thinned for the encouragement of the leading shoot, and the side boughs only removed in cases where they are apt to rival the stem, or rob it of too much nourishment; and in other cases made so to balance each other, that the tree, when swayed by the wind, may, like a well-trimmed vessel, as speedily as possible recover its equilibrium. We have not, indeed, found that the system of very severe pruning, and removing very many of the side branches, has, under our observation, added so much to the thickness and weight of the stem as it appears to have done under Mr. Pontey's management in better climates; but the general principle which he lays down is indisputable, and has produced much advantage. Neither is it necessary now

to renew the caution, that the pruning work should be entirely performed by the hand-knife, or by the chisel and mallet, and, consequently, during the infancy of the plant. The woodsman can scarce commit a greater blunder than by postponing this most necessary operation until it becomes indispensable to employ the axe, when ten men will not perform the work of one at the earlier period, and when the wounds which might have been inflicted without injury in the infancy of the plant, are sure permanently to disfigure and deteriorate the young tree.

But it may not be so unnecessary to remind the young planter, that the safe and proper time for pruning hard-wood is the summer months, when the sap, having ascended, is stationary in the tree, and before it begins again to descend. It is true, all authors agree that to prune a tree while the sap is in motion, either upwards or downwards, is the ready way to cause it to bleed to death. But there are authors and practical foresters, who continue to hold the heretical opinion that winter is as safe, or even a safer period for pruning, than summer. Nicol, for example, in his useful *Planter's Kalendar*, falls into this error, and enjoins pruning during the winter months. Yet his experience might have convinced him of its inexpedience. During summer, there always exudes, upon the face of the wound, a thin, gummy fluid, which in a few days seals it up, and skins it over. We have never observed that the plant has any tendency to renew the branches removed at this season. But where the same cut is inflicted in winter, the plant is apt to suffer from the action of the frost upon the raw wound; and, moreover, when the spring months arrive, the forester will observe numerous new shoots pushed out from the scar of that which has been removed, and is thus apprised that his task is but imperfectly performed. As to the necessity of pruning, in general, it is proved by a single glance at the short stems and overgrown heads of the greater part of the oaks found in natural woods, compared with the close upright trunks of those which have felt, in infancy, a judicious application of the pruning-knife. The part of the tree, in the former case, which can be sawn out as useful timber, is not, perhaps, above three feet in length, while the stem of the latter has been trained upwards to the height of fourteen. It is in vain to contradict these facts by an appeal to nature.

Nature is equally favourable to all her productions. It is the same to her whether the oak produces timber or boughs, and whether the field produces grain or tares. Human skill and art avail themselves of the operations of nature, by encouraging and directing them towards such results as are most useful to mankind. When we see nature raise a field of wheat, we may expect her to produce a whole forest of clean, straight, profitable timber—till then we must be content to employ plough and harrow in the one case—hatchet and pruning-knife in the other.

The mode of trimming is greatly altered and improved of late years. The sordid and narrow-minded system, which postponed the operation until the thinnings should be of some value, is now, we hope, exploded. To treat a plantation in one way or other, with reference to the value to be derived from the thinning, would be as if a carpenter should cut out his wood, not with relation to the ultimate use which he was to make of it, but to the chips which the operation was to produce. These, indeed, are not to be thrown away, if they can be profitably disposed of; but it would be wild to permit them to be considered as a principal object. In modern times, we rarely see those melancholy wrecks of woods which had once been promising, but where the nurses have been allowed to remain until they choked and swallowed the more valuable crop, which they had been intended to shelter; and where the former existence of oaks, elms, and ashes is only proved by a few starting bushes, which, being near the verge of the plantation, have, by straggling and contorting their boughs, contrived to get as much of the atmosphere as is sufficient to keep them alive, whilst the interior of the wood presents only a dull and hopeless succession of spindle-shanked Scotch firs, which, like a horde of savages, after having invaded and ruined a civilized and wealthy province, are finally employed in destroying each other. Timely thinning, commenced in the fifth season after planting, and repeated from time to time as occasion requires, effectually prevents this loss of hopes, plants, and labour.

We would just beg leave to remark, that it is an indifferent, though too frequent mode of thinning, which prescribes the removal of a certain number of plants, a sixth part, or as the case may be, indifferently over the whole

plantation. On the contrary, we would be disposed to thin freely the bottoms, hollows, and sheltered places, so that the nurses should be entirely removed, in the first instance, from those places where their presence is least necessary, while they are permitted to retain their station longer on the verges of the wood, or on those exposed heights where, like division hedges in large gardens, they have been originally planted with a view of shelter to the lower ground. In process of time, however, these verges and heights must be gradually thinned out; for warmth and shelter cannot make amends to trees, any more than to mankind, for the want of vital air. It requires the attentive watchfulness of the forester to discover where, or in what proportion, the air is to be introduced into an exposed plantation upon the windward side. If the screen is too speedily opened, the trees, suddenly exposed to cold and stormy winds, become disordered in the sap-vessels, hide-bound, and mossed, and, finally, dwindle into unsightly shrubs, or, perhaps, die entirely. If the air be not admitted at all, or in due quantities, they are equally sure to wither and decay for want of breath. This dilemma arises from not observing the address, so to call it, with which trees adapt themselves to an exposed or more sheltered situation. On the outside of the plantation, in hedge rows, or where they stand single or in small groups, trees have great heads, short stems, thick and rugged barks, all of which are accommodated to their peculiar situation; the short stems giving them most resistance against the storm, the great branches best balancing the tree when swayed by the gale, and the thick, rugged bark protecting the sap-vessels against the inclemency of the weather. For the contrary reasons, trees of the same species, placed within the shelter of a grove, rise with clear stems, covered with thin and smooth bark, having lofty, but small heads, and all the attributes of a plant accustomed to a milder climate. But if the shelter be allowed to become too close, the tree, like a valetudinary in an over-heated room, becomes injured by the very means adopted for its preservation. On the other hand, if the physician wished to allow such a patient a fresher atmosphere, he would certainly allow him time to put on warmer clothing. To pay the same respect to the trees in the interior of our plantation, the outside trees must be thinned, and they must be

thinned gradually. Some managers of woods contrive to combine both errors, by neglecting the necessary thinning for years, and finally setting about it with a hasty and unsparing hand. Time and experience alone can teach the forester to observe a medium course in this important operation; but as to thinning, in general, it may be received as a maxim, that he who spares the axe hates the wood.

The duty, indeed, requires in its own nature some share of stoical resolution, nor is it to be approached without a feeling of reluctance. The lonely, secluded, sheltered appearance of your plantation is violated by the intrusion of your hatchetmen; you look with regret on the hopeful tall plants, whose doom you are about to seal, and feel yourself in the same moment unable and unwilling to select which of the darling family, a family of your own planting and rearing, are to perish for the benefit of the survivors. Neither is it very consolatory to look upon the altered scene after the havoc has taken place. It is but four years since, where no employment was so grateful as that of watching and protecting the growth of the trees that are now lying prostrate on the ground; your old secret path, encumbered by boughs and branches, seems rudely laid bare to the sun. Many of the trees which remain, in spite of the woodman's utmost care, have suffered by the fall of their companions, and

> "the broken boughs
> Droop with their withered leaves, ungracious sign
> Of devastation."

The scene is not improved by the mangled appearance of larches and firs, which, destined to the axe on the next occasion, have, in the mean time, been deprived of side branches, like the more notorious criminals, who are mutilated of their limbs before they are executed. In a word, the whole scene seems one of violation, and in its consequences resembles the ravage of the nut-gatherer, as described by Wordsworth:—

> "Then up I rose,
> And dragg'd to earth both branch and bough with crush
> And merciless ravage; and the shady nook
> Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower,
> Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up
> Their quiet being. . . . . .
> I felt a sense of pain, when I beheld
> The silent trees and the intruding sky."

—But a visit to the plantation in the ensuing June will more than recompense the pain which is natural to the performance of this act of duty. All then is again grown fair and green and shady; the future groves affording appearance of improvement, which rarely fails to surprise the spectator, and your firmness in the preceding season is compensated by certain indications that large progress has been made in the accomplishment of your patriotic as well as profitable object.

Mr. Monteath's work is, in many important respects, of consequence to the planter. It is written in the simple, homely manner of one, whose hand is better accustomed to the knife than to the pen, and, without any particular formal order, touches more or less upon most of the forester's operations. He has devised a useful machine for measuring the quantity of wood in standing trees—he has thrown out hints for the preservation and the cure of the dry rot in timber, and upon diseases in growing trees; he has treated of the mode of valuing and selling bark, and several other subjects; and as he speaks generally of practical knowledge, we may, using a phrase of Chaucer, in somewhat a different sense, fairly dismiss him with the compliment paid to the Squire's Yeoman, in the *Canterbury Tales:*—

"Of wood-craft can he well all the usage"

We may be blamed in these desultory remarks for not having said something upon the subject of planting woods from the acorn, instead of the nursery. We have heard this recommended by great authority, which, moreover, vindicated the practice of leaving nature to work her own work in her own manner, when, it was asserted, the strongest and best trees would work forwards, fight with the others, and save us the trouble of pruning and thinning, by weeding out the inferior plants. We have planted acorns on this system, and the first show of young oaklings which appeared, rose almost like "a bonny *braird* of wheat." But notwithstanding this fine promise, the plantation came to nothing. If the young plants fought with each other, they must have fought what cockers call a Welsh main, for only tens were left out of hundreds and thousands. The mice had probably their share in bringing about this catastrophe; the hares a still greater one; but the indifferent success of

the experiment, in which five or six hogsheads of acorns were lost, induced us to renounce the experiment as being at least precarious in its results. In the plantations of a friend, a vast number of Spanish chestnuts were sown chiefly with a view to underwood, and they made such progress, at first, as induced us to apply for some seed of the same kind from Portugal. Our correspondent fell into the small mistake of supposing the chestnuts were wanted for the table, and with that view had them all carefully peeled. This was a great disappointment, at first, but we comforted ourselves in finding the promise of the chestnuts did not exceed in performance that of our own acorns. We, therefore, hold, that the sowing seeds in a wild country is a very doubtful measure, and that the only way to ensure a thriving plantation, is to stock it from a well-managed nursery, at no great distance from the spot where your trees are to arise.

Mr. Monteath suggests a principle of planting, which might certainly be rendered very advantageous to tenants, by admitting them into a share of the benefit to be derived from planting upon the land occupied by him. Of the great advantages which arise from this to the farmer, he gives the following striking example, which may be equally quoted as an example of the profits of planting in general:

"The farm of Crosscaple, parish of Dunblane, and barony of Kinbuck, Perthshire, was taken by Mr. J. Dawson for two nineteen, say thirty-eight years, and entered to in 1777, or 1778, at the annual rent of 26*l.* sterling. There was a clause in the lease, that Mr. Dawson, the tenant, should, if he had a mind, plant all the wet ground that he did not think proper to plough, with trees of any kind; and the tenant should be at liberty to use what of that wood he required, during the currency of his lease, for all the husbandry purposes on the said farm, as well as for all the houses he required, or saw meet to erect on said farm. At the end, or expiration of said lease, all the standing timber was to be valued by two persons, mutually chosen by landlord and tenant. And it was expressly stipulated, that if the two valuators chosen did not agree, they were to choose a third person, and his opinion betwixt the arbiters was to be binding on both parties; and to their valuation the landlord was to pay the tenant in ready money. In February, 1817, the year after the lease expired, Mr. M'Arthur, forester in Drummond Castle, was chosen by and on the part of James Dawson, then the tenant (and now living in Dunblane), as his valuator: and I was appointed by the trustees for behoof of the heir of Kippenross, then a minor. We met on the ground, and each for himself valued the wood. After comparing our valua-

tions, there was a difference of about 25*l.* sterling. We then named Mr. William Stirling, architect, Dunblane, who divided the difference; and all parties having agreed, fixed the value of the wood on said farm at 1029*l.* sterling; which sum was promptly paid by the trustees of the estate to the tenants. The whole rent of the farm, paid annually for thirty-eight years, amounted to 988*l.* sterling. The value paid by the proprietor for the wood was 1029*l.* being 41*l.* more than all the rents of the farm during the whole lease; besides, after the first ten years, the tenant had a sufficiency of timber for all house and husbandry purposes during the remainder of his lease. Let it be here observed, that, in valuing the said wood, we proceeded on the data of its being all cut down at the time, and brought to market, which was twenty per cent. lower than the like timber was selling for a few years before that time. The tenant being left to the freedom of his own will, as to the kind of trees to plant, he very injudiciously planted mostly Scotch firs; whereas, had he planted oak and ash, the soil and situation being well adapted for these kinds, he would have had nearly three times that sum to receive." —*Introduction*, p. xliii.-xliv.

Notwithstanding the favourable results upon the farm of Crosscapel, we must confess our opinion, that in most cases the entire property and management of the wood had better be left with the proprietor. To the tenant it will always be a secondary object, and often one which is altogether neglected. We know an instance in a Highland farm, of which a lease of three lives was granted many years ago. The lease contained such a clause as our author recommends, not permitting merely, but binding the tenant to plant a certain number of acres during the currency of the lease, of which he was to have the use during the term, and an indemnification at the expiry of his lease for the value of the trees that should be left. One would have thought that during the successive possession of three tenants, some one of them would have endeavoured to derive advantage from this clause in their favour; but the event was, that at the end of the lease the out-going tenant was obliged to plant the requisite number of acres in order to fulfil his bargain, and thus left the proprietor a newly planted and infant wood, for which the tenant had recently paid the expense of enclosing and planting, instead of a thriving and full-grown plantation, for which he would have had to receive several thousand pounds.

In this case the wood was not planted at all; but though the farmer is a little more industrious, it is still less likely to thrive under his management, and attended to by his or-

dinary farm-servants, than in the hands of an expert forester and his assistants. Indeed it has always seemed to us not the least important branch of this great national subject, that the increase and the proper management of our forests cannot but be attended with the most beneficial effect on the population of the country. Where there lies stretched a wide tract of land, affording scanty food for unsheltered flocks, the country will soon, under a judicious system, show the scene most delightful to the eye—an intermixture of pastoral and silvan scenery, where Ceres, without usurping the land, finds also spots fit for cultivation. For even the plough has its office in this species of improvement. In numerous places we are surprised to see the marks of the furrows upon plains, upon bleak hill sides, and in wild moor land. We are not to suppose that, in the infancy of agriculture, our ancestors were able to raise crops of corn where we see only heath and fern. But in former times, and while the hills retained their natural clothing of wood, such spots were sheltered by the adjacent trees, and were thus rendered capable of producing crops. There can be no doubt that, the protection being restored, the power of production would again return, and that in the neighbourhood of the little hamlets required for the occupation of the foresters the means of his simple subsistence would be again produced. The effects of human industry would, as usual, overbalance every disadvantageous consideration, and man would raise food for himself and his domestic animals in the region where his daily labour gained his daily bread.

There would thus arise in the wild desert a hardy and moral population, living by the axe and mattock, pursuing their useful occupation in a mode equally favourable to health and morality. The woods, requiring in succession planting, pruning, thinning, felling, and barking, would furnish to such labourers a constant course of employment. They would be naturally attached to the soil on which they dwelt, and the proprietor who afforded them the means of life would be very undeserving if he had not his share of that attachment. In a word, the melancholy maxim of the poet would be confuted, and the race of bold peasantry, whom want and devastation had driven from these vast wilds, would be restored to their native country. This circumstance alone deserves the most profound attention from

every class of proprietors; whether the philosophical economist, who looks with anxiety for the mode of occupying and supporting an excess of population, or the juvenile sportsman, who seeks the mode of multiplying his game, and increasing the number of his *gardes de chasse*. The woods which he plants will serve the first purpose, and, kindly treated, his band of foresters will assist in protecting them.

We may be thought to have laboured too long to prove propositions which no one can reasonably dispute; yet so incalculably important is the object—so comparatively indifferent is the attention of proprietors, that it becomes a duty to the country to omit no opportunity of recurring to the subject.

The only decent pretext which we hear alleged for resisting a call which is sounded from every quarter, is the selfish excuse, that the profits of plantations make a tardy and distant return. To a person who argues in this manner it is in vain to speak of the future welfare of the country, or of the immediate benefit to the poorer inhabitants, or of the honour justly attached to the memory of an extensive improver, since he must be insensible even to the benefit which his own family must derive from the improvement recommended: we can, notwithstanding, meet him on his own ground, and affirm that the advantage to the proprietor who has planted a hundred acres begins at the very commencement of the undertaking, and may be realized whenever it is the pleasure of the proprietor that such realization shall take place. If, for example, he chooses to sell a plantation at five years old, or at an earlier period, there is little doubt that it will be accounted worth the sum which the plantation cost him, in addition to the value of the land, and also the interest upon the expense so laid out. After this period the value increases in a compound *ratio:* and at any period when the planter chooses to sell his property, he must and will derive an advantage from his plantations, corresponding to their state of advancement. It is true that the landed proprietor's own interest will teach him not to be too eager in realizing the profits of his plantations, because every year that he retains them adds rapidly to their value. But still the value exists as much as that of the plate in his strong-box, and can be converted as easily into

money, should he be disposed to sell the plantations which he has formed.

All this is demonstrable even to the prejudices of avarice itself, in its blindest mood; but the indifference to this great rural improvement arises, we have reason to believe, not so much out of the actual lucre of gain as the fatal *vis inertiæ* —that indolence which induces the lords of the soil to be satisfied with what they can obtain from it by immediate rent, rather than encounter the expense and trouble of attempting the modes of amelioration which require immediate expense—and, what is, perhaps, more grudged by the first-born of Egypt—a little future attention. To such we can only say, that improvement by plantation is at once the easiest, the cheapest, and the least precarious mode of increasing the immediate value, as well as the future income, of their estates, and that therefore it is we exhort them to take to heart the exhortation of the dying Scotch laird to his son:—"Be aye sticking in a tree, Jock—it will be growing whilst you are sleeping."

ON LANDSCAPE GARDENING.*

[Quarterly Review, March, 1828.]

The notable paradox, that the residence of a proprietor upon his estate is of as little consequence as the bodily presence of a stockholder upon Exchange, has, we believe, been renounced. At least, as in the case of the Duchess of Suffolk's relationship to her own child, the vulgar continue to be of opinion that there is some difference in favour of the next hamlet and village, and even of the vicinage in general, when the squire spends his rents at the manor-house, instead of cutting a figure in France or Italy. A celebrated politician used to say he would willingly bring in one bill to make poaching felony, another to encourage the breed of foxes, and a third to revive the decayed amusements of cock-fighting and bull-baiting—that he would make, in short, any sacrifice to the humours and prejudices of the country gentlemen, in their most extravagant form, providing only he could prevail upon them to "dwell in their own houses, be the patrons of their own tenantry, and the fathers of their own children." However we might be disposed to stop short of these liberal concessions, we agree so far with the senator by whom they were enounced, as to think everything of great consequence which furnishes an additional source of profit or of pleasure to the resident proprietor, and induces him to continue to support the useful and honourable character of a country gentleman, an epithet so pleasing in English ears,—so dear to English feelings of independence and patriotism. The manly lines of Akenside cannot fail to rush on the memory of our readers, nor was there such occasion for the reproach when it

* *The Planter's Guide; or, a Practical Essay on the best Method of giving immediate effect to Wood, by the removal of large Trees and Underwood.* By Sir Henry Steuart, Bart. Edinburgh, 8vo, 1828.

flowed from the pen of the author, as there is at this present day.

"O blind of choice, and to yourselves untrue!
The young grove shoots, their bloom the fields renew,
The mansion asks its lord, the swains their friend,
While he doth riot's orgies haply share,
Or tempt the gamester's dark destroying snare,
Or at some courtly shrine with slavish incense bend!"

Amidst the various sources of amusement which a country residence offers to its proprietor, the improvement of the appearance of the house and adjacent demesne will ever hold a very high place. Field-sports, at an early season in life, have more of immediate excitation; nor are we amongst those who condemn the gallant chase, though we cannot, now-a-days, follow it: but a country life has leisure for both, if pursued, as Lady Grace says, moderately; and we can promise our young sportsman, also, that if he studies the pursuits which this article recommends, he will find them peculiarly combined with the establishment of covers, and the protection of game.

Agriculture itself, the most serious occupation of country gentlemen, has points which may be combined with the art we are about to treat of—or, rather, those two pursuits cannot, on many occasions, be kept separate from each other; for we shall have repeated occasion to remark, how much beauty is, in the idea of a spectator, connected with utility, and how much good taste is always offended by obvious and unnecessary expense. These are principles which connect the farm with the pleasure-ground or demesne.—Lastly, we have Pope's celebrated apology for the profuse expense bestowed on the house and grounds of Canons—if Canons, indeed, was meant—

"Yet hence the poor are clothed, the hungry fed;
Health to himself, and to his children bread,
The labourer bears."

The taste of alterations may be good or bad, but the labour employed upon them must necessarily furnish employment to the most valuable, though often the least considered of the children of the soil,—those, namely, who are engaged in its cultivation.

Horace Walpole, in a short essay, distinguished by his usual accuracy of information, and ornamented by his wit

and taste, has traced the history of gardening, in a pictural sense, from the mere art of horticulture to the creation of scenery of a more general character, extending beyond the narrow limits of the proper garden and orchard. We venture, however, to think that this history, though combined by a master-hand, is in some degree imperfect, and confounds two particulars which our ancestors kept separate, and treated on principles entirely different—the garden, namely, with its ornaments, and the park, chase, or riding, which, under various names, was the proudest appurtenance of the feudal castle, and marked the existence of those rights and privileges which the feudal lord most valued.

The garden, at first intended merely for producing esculent vegetables, fruits, and flowers, began to assume another character, so soon as the increase of civilization tempted the feudal baron to step a little way out of the limits of his fortifications, and permitted his high dame to come down from her seat upon the castle walls, so regularly assigned to her by ancient minstrels, and tread with stately pace the neighbouring precincts which art had garnished for her reception. These gardens were defended with walls, as well for safety as for shelter: they were often surrounded with fosses, had the command of water, and gave the disposer of the ground an opportunity to display his taste, by introducing canals, basins, and fountains, the margins of which admitted of the highest architectural ornament. As art enlarged its range, and the nobles were satisfied with a display of magnificence, to atone for the abridgement of their power, new ornaments were successively introduced; banqueting houses were built; terraces were extended, and connected by staircases and balustrades of the richest forms. The result was, indeed, in the highest degree artificial, but it was a sight beautiful in itself—a triumph of human art over the elements, and, connected as these ornamented gardens were with splendid mansions, in the same character, there was a symmetry and harmony betwixt the baronial palace itself, and these its natural appendages, which recommended them to the judgment as well as to the eye. The shrubs themselves were artificial, in so far as they were either exotic, or, if indigenous, were treated in a manner, and presented an appearance, which was altogether the work of cultivation. The examination of such objects furnished amusement to the

merely curious, information to the scientific, and pleasure, at least, to those who only looked at them, and passed on. Where there was little extent of ground, especially, what could be fitter for the amusement of "learned leisure," than those "trim gardens," which Milton has represented as the chosen scene of the easy and unoccupied man of letters? He had then around him the most delightful subjects of observation, in the fruits and flowers, the shrubs and trees, many of them interesting from their novelty and peculiar appearance and habits, inviting him to such studies as lead from created things up to the Almighty Creator. This sublime author, indeed, has been quoted, as bearing a testimony against the artificial taste of gardening, in the times when he lived, in those well-known verses:—

> "Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice Art
> In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
> Poured out profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
> Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
> The open field, and where the unpierced shade
> Embrowned the noontide bowers. Thus was this place
> A happy rural seat of various view."

This passage expresses exquisitely what park-scenery ought to be, and what it has, in some cases, actually become; but, we think, the quotation has been used to authorize conclusions which the author never intended. Eden was created by the Almighty fiat, which called heaven and earth into existence, and poets of genius much inferior, and falling far short of Milton in the power of expressing their meaning, would have avoided the solecism of representing Paradise as decorated with beds and curious knots of flowers, with which the idea of human labour and human care is inevitably connected—an impropriety, indeed, which could only be equalled by that of the French painter, who gave the skin dress of our first father the cut of a court suit. Milton nobly conceived that Eden, emanating directly from the Creator, must possess that majestic freedom which characterizes even the less perfect works of nature, and, in doing so, he has anticipated the schemes of later improvers. But we think it extremely dubious, that he either meant to recommend landscape gardening on an extensive scale, or to censure those "trim gardens," which he has elsewhere mentioned so affectionately.

A garden of this sort was an extension of the splendour of the residence into a certain limited portion of the domain —was, in fact, often used as a sort of chapel of ease to the apartments within doors; and afforded opportunities for the society, after the early dinner of our ancestors, to enjoy the evening in the cool fragrance of walks and bowers. Hence, the dispersed groups which Watteau and others set forth as perambulating the highly ornamented scenes which these artists took pleasure in painting. Sometimes the hospitality of old England made a different use of these retreats, and tenanted the pleasure-ground with parties of jolly guests, who retired from the dining-parlour to finish the bottle, *al fresco*, on the bowling-green and in its vicinity. We have heard, for example, that, in a former generation, this used to be the rule at Trentham, where a large party of country-gentlemen used to assemble once a week, on a public day appointed for the purpose. At a certain hour the company adjourned to the bowling-green, where, according to their different inclinations, they played at bowls, caroused, lounged, or smoked, and thus released their noble landlord from all further efforts to keep up the spirit of the entertainment. The honest Staffordshire squires were not, perhaps, the most picturesque objects in the world, while thus engaged, with countenances highly illuminated,

"With a pipe and a flask, puffing sorrow away;"

but the circumstance serves to show that such *plaisances* as we have described formed convenient, as well as agreeable accompaniments to the mansion of a nobleman, who, having a certain duty to perform towards his neighbourhood, was accommodated by that arrangement of his pleasure-ground which enabled him to do the thing with most satisfaction to his guests, and least personal inconvenience to himself.

Such were the uses of the old fashioned and highly ornamented style of gardening. Its beauty, we have been informed by a sure, nay, we will add, the surest guide on such a subject, consists in its connection with the house—

"Where architectural ornaments are introduced into the garden about the house, however unnatural raised terraces, fountains, flights of steps, parapets with statues, vases, balustrades, &c. may be called—however our ancestors may have been laughed at (and I was much diverted, though not at all convinced with the ridicule) for walking up and down stairs in the open air—the effect

of all these objects is very striking; and they are not more unnatural, that is, not more artificial, than the houses they are intended to accompany."*

Nothing is more completely the child of art than a garden. Its *artificial* productions are necessarily surrounded by walls, marking out the space which they occupy as something totally distinct from the rest of the domain, and they are not seldom distinguished by the species of buildings which their culture requires. The green-houses and conservatories necessary to complete a garden on a large scale are subjects susceptible of much ornament, all of which, like the plants themselves, must be the production of art, and art in its most obvious phasis. It seems right and congruous that these objects, being themselves the offspring of art, should have all the grace of outward form and interior splendour which their parent art can give them. Their formality is to be varied and disguised, their shapes to be ornamented. A brick wall is, in itself, a disagreeable object; but its colour, when covered with green boughs, and partially seen through them, produces such a rich effect as to gratify the painter in a very high degree. Upon the various shapes and forms of shrubs, creepers, and flowers, it is unnecessary to dilate; they are the most beautiful of nature's works, and to collect them and arrange them with taste is the proper and rational purpose of art. Water, even when disposed into the formal shapes of ponds, canals and artificial fountains, although this may be considered as the greatest violence which can be perpetrated upon nature, affords effects beautiful in themselves, and congenial with the presence of ornamental architecture and artificial gardening. Our champion, Price himself, we presume to think, rather shrinks from his ground on this particular point, and may not be willing to follow his own banner so far as we are disposed to carry it. He justifies fountains only on the ground that natural *jets-d'eau*, though rare, do exist, and are among the most surprising exhibitions of nature: these, he thinks, must *therefore* be proper objects of imitation; and since art cannot emulate these natural fountains in greatness of style and execution, she is justified in compensating her weakness by symmetry, variety and rich-

* Price's Essays on the Picturesque, vol. ii, p. 135.

ness of effect. Now we are inclined, with all the devotion of reverence for Sir Uvedale Price, to dispute the ground of his doctrine on this subject, and to affirm, that whether the *geyser*, or any other natural *jet-d'eau* existed or no, the sight of a magnificent fountain, either flinging up its waters into the air and returning down in showers of mist, which make the ascending column resemble a giant in a shroud, or broken into other forms of importance and beauty, would still be a captivating spectacle; and the tasteful veteran argues, to our fancy, much more like himself when he manfully contends, that the element of water is as fitly at the disposal of the professor of hydraulics as the solid stone is at that of the architect. It has been a long time fashionable to declaim against architectural water-works, and to ask triumphantly, what are *les eaux* of Versailles to the cataracts of the Nile and of Niagara, to the falls of Schaffhausen, or even to those of the Clyde? The answer is ready to a question which is founded on the meanest of all tastes—that which arises from comparison. The water-works of Versailles are certainly inferior to the magnificent cascades which we have mentioned; but we suspect they have been talked of by many authors who have never witnessed what is not now an everyday sight. Those who *have* seen that exhibition will certainly say they have witnessed a most magnificent and interesting scene, far beyond what they might have previously supposed it was within the compass of human art to produce.—We do not mean to say that the expense was altogether well laid out which was necessary to bring the waters of the Seine by the mediation of a complicated bundle of sticks, to throw *summersets* at Versailles. This is entirely a separate affair. The present question merely is, whether, the money being spent, and the water-works completed, a great example of human power over the elements has not been given, and a corresponding effect produced? We, at least, are prepared to answer in the affirmative.

Wealth, in this, as in other respects, has proved a snare, and played "many fantastic tricks before high heaven." If we approve of Palladian architecture, the vases and balustrades of Vitruvius, the enriched entablatures and superb stairs of the Italian school of gardening, we must not, on this account, be construed as vindicating the paltry imita-

tions of the Dutch, who clipped yews into monsters of every species and description, and relieved them with the painted wooden figures which are seen much in the attitude of their owners, silent and snugly smoking at the end of the paltry walk of every *Lust-huys*. This *topiarian* art, as it was called, came into England with King William, and has left strong and very ungraceful traces behind it. The distinction betwixt the Italian and Dutch is obvious. A stone hewn into a gracefully ornamented vase or urn has a value which it did not before possess; a yew hedge clipped into a fortification is only defaced. The one is a production of art, the other a distortion of nature. Yet now that these ridiculous anomalies have fallen into general disuse, it must be acknowledged that there exists gardens, the work of Loudon, Wise, and such persons as laid out ground in the Dutch taste, which would be much better subjects for modification than for absolute destruction. Their rarity *now* entitles them to some care as a species of antiques, and unquestionably they give character to some snug, quiet, and sequestered situations, which would otherwise have no marked feature of any kind. We ourselves retain an early and pleasing recollection of the seclusion of such a scene. A small cottage, adjacent to a beautiful village, the habitation of an ancient maiden lady, was for some time our abode. It was situated in a garden of seven or eight acres, planted about the beginning of the eighteenth century by one of the Millars, related to the author of the *Gardener's Dictionary*, or, for aught we know, by himself. It was full of long straight walks betwixt hedges of yew and hornbeam, which rose tall and close on every side. There were thickets of flowering shrubs, a bower, and an arbour, to which access was obtained through a little maze of contorted walks, calling itself a labyrinth. In the centre of the bower was a splendid platanus, or Oriental plane—a huge hill of leaves—one of the noblest specimens of that regularly beautiful tree which we remember to have seen. In different parts of the garden were fine ornamental trees which had attained great size, and the orchard was filled with fruit trees of the best description. There were seats and trellis-walks, and a banqueting-house. Even in our time this little scene, intended to present a formal exhibition of vegetable beauty, was going fast to decay. The parterres of flowers were no longer

watched by the quiet and simple *friends* under whose auspices they had been planted, and much of the ornament of the domain had been neglected or destroyed to increase its productive value. We visited it lately, after an absence of many years. Its air of retreat, the seclusion which its alleys afforded, was entirely gone; the huge platanus had died, like most of its kind, in the beginning of this century; the hedges were cut down, the trees stubbed up, and the whole character of the place so much destroyed, that we were glad when we could leave it. This was the progress of innovation, perhaps of improvement; yet, for the sake of that one garden, as a place of impressive and solemn retreat, we are inclined to enter a protest against the hasty and ill-considered destruction of things which, once destroyed, cannot be restored.

We may here also notice a small place, called Barncluth, in Lanarkshire, standing on the verge of the ridgy bank which views the junction of the Evan with the Clyde. Nothing can be more romantic than the scene around: the river sweeps over a dark rugged bed of stone, overhung with trees and bushes; the ruins of the original castle of the noble family of Hamilton frown over the precipice; the oaks which crown the banks beyond those gray towers are relics of the ancient Caledonian forest, and at least a thousand years old. It might be thought that the house and garden of Barncluth, with its walks of velvet turf and its verdant valleys of yew and holly, would seem incongruous among natural scenes as magnificent as those we have described. But the effect generally produced is exactly the contrary. The place is so small, that its decorations, while they form, from their antique appearance, a singular foreground, cannot compete with, far less subdue the solemn grandeur of the view which you look down upon; and thus give the spectator the idea of a hermitage constructed in the midst of the wilderness.

Those who choose to prosecute this subject farther, will find in Sir U. Price's book his regret for the destruction of a garden on the old system, described in a tone of exquisite feeling, which leads that distinguished author to declare in favour of many parts of the old school of gardening, and to argue for the preservation of the few remains of ancient

magnificence that still exist, by awakening the owner to a sense of their beauties.

It were indeed high time that some one should interfere. The garden, artificial in its structure, its shelter, its climate, and its soil, which every consideration of taste, beauty, and convenience recommended to be kept near to the mansion, and maintained, as its appendage, in the highest state of ornamental decoration which could be used with reference to the character of the house itself, has, by a strange and sweeping sentence of exile, been condemned to wear the coarsest and most humbling form. Reduced to a clumsy oblong, enclosed within four rough-built walls, and sequestered in some distant corner where it may be best concealed from the eye to which it has been rendered a nuisance, the modern garden resembles nothing so much as a convict in his gaol apparel, banished, by his very appearance, from all decent society. If the peculiarity of the proprietor's taste inclines him to the worship of Flora or Pomona, he must attend their rites in distance and secrecy, as if he were practising some abhorred mysteries, instead of rendering an homage which is so peculiarly united with that of the household gods.*

Such being the great change in this department of rural economy, let us next look at that which has taken place in another no less essential part of it. The passionate fondness of our ancestors for the chase is often manifested in their choice of a residence. In an ancient inscription on the house of Wharncliffe, we are informed that the lodge was built in Henry VIII's time, by one gentle knight, Sir Thomas Wortley, that he might hear the buck *bell* in the summer season—a simple record, which speaks much to the imagination. The space of ground set apart for a park of deer must, to answer its purpose, possess the picturesque qualities which afford the greatest scope for the artist: there ought to be a variety of broken ground, of copse-wood, and of growing timber—of land, and of water. The soil and herbage must be left in its natural state; the long fern, amongst which the fawns delight to repose, must not be destroyed. In short, the stag, by nature one of the freest

* The present Duke of Marlborough has *all but* violated this law, much to the honour of his taste, at White-Knights; and more recently, we hear, at Blenheim.

denizens of the forest, can only be kept under even comparative restraint, by taking care that all around him intimates a complete state of forest and wilderness. But the character of abode which is required by these noble animals of the chase is precisely the same which, from its beautiful effects of light and shadow, from its lonely and sequestered character, from the variety and intricacy of its glades, from the numerous and delightful details which it affords on every point, makes the strongest and most pleasing impression on all who are alive to natural beauty. The ancient English poets, Chaucer and Spenser in particular, never luxuriate more than when they get into a forest; by the accuracy with which they describe particular trees, and from their noticing the different characters of the different species, and the various effects of light and darkness upon the walks and glades of the forest, it is evident that they regarded woodland scenery not merely as associated with their favourite sports, but as having in itself beauties which they could appreciate, though their age was not possessed of the fascinating art of committing them to canvass. Even the common people, as we noticed in a former article, seldom mention "the good forest," and "the merry green-wood," without some expression of fondness, arising, doubtless, from the pleasure they took in the scenes themselves, as well as in the pastimes which they afforded.

We are not, however, to suppose, that the old feudal barons made ornamental scenery any part of their study. When planting their parks, or when cutting their paths and glades through them, their attention was probably entirely occupied with the protection of the deer and convenience of the huntsman. Long avenues were particularly necessary for those large parties, resembling our modern *battues*, where the honoured guests being stationed in fit *standings*, had an opportunity of displaying their skill in venery, by selecting the buck which was in season, and their dexterity at bringing him down with the cross-bow or long-bow; and hence all the great forests were pierced by these long rectilinear alleys which appear in old prints, and are mentioned in old books. The following description of Chantilly, by Lord Herbert of Cherbury, though the scene is in France, and on a scale of unusual grandeur and extent, is no bad

picture of the domains by which the feudal nobility surrounded their castles and manor-houses, and of the dignified character of the mansions themselves.

"A little river, descending from some higher grounds, in a country which was almost all his (the Constable de Montmorency's) own, and falling at last upon a rock in the middle of a valley, which, to keep drawing forwards, it must on one or other side thereof have declined—some of the ancestors of the Montmorencys, to ease the river of this labour, made clear channels through this rock, to give it a free passage, dividing the rock by this means into little islands, upon which he built a great strong castle, joined together with bridges, and sumptuously furnished with hangings of silk and gold, rare pictures, and statues; all which buildings, erected as I formerly told, were encompassed about with water. . . . . One might see the huge carps, pikes, and trouts, which were kept in several divisions, gliding along the waters very easily. Yet nothing, in my opinion, added so much to the glory of this castle as a forest adjoining to it, and upon a level with the house; for, being of a very large extent, and set thick both with tall trees and underwood, the whole forest, which was replenished with wild-boar, stag, and roe-deer, was cut into long walks every way, so that although the dogs might follow their chase through the thickets, the huntsman might ride along the sand walks, and meet or overtake their game in some one of them, they being cut with that art that they led to all the parts in the said forest."

Charles V, when passing through France, was so delighted with Chantilly, as to declare he would have given a province in the Low Countries to have possessed such a residence; and the reader must be exclusively prejudiced, indeed, to the modern system, who cannot image to himself the impression made by the gorgeous splendour of the chateau, contrasted with the wilderness of the surrounding forest.

If the reader will imagine a house in the irregular form of architecture which was introduced in Elizabeth's time, its varied front, graced with projecting oriels, and its angles ornamented with turrets; its columnar chimneys, so much adorned as to make that a beauty which is generally a deformity; its fair halls, banqueting-rooms, galleries, and lodgings for interior accommodation,—it will afford no uncomfortable notion of the days of good Queen Bess. In immediate and close connection with the mansion lie its gardens, with their terraces, urns, statues, staircases, screens, alcoves, and summer-houses; its dry paved or turfed walks, leading through a succession of interesting objects, the whole line

of architecture corresponding with that of the house, with its Gothic labels and entablature, but assuming gradually a plainer and more massive character, as the grounds extended and seemed to connect themselves with the open country. The inhabitants possessed the means, we must also suppose, of escaping from this display of ostentatious splendour to the sequestered path of a lonely chase, dark enough and extensive enough to convey the idea of a natural forest, where, as in strong contrast with the scene we have quitted, the cooing of the wood-pigeon is alone heard, where the streams find their way unconfined, and the trees spread their arms untortured by art; where all is solemn, grand, and untutored, and seems the work of unassisted nature. We would ask the reader, when he has arranged in his ideas such a dwelling, with its accompaniments, of a natural and ornamental character, not whether the style might be corrected by improving the internal arrangement of the apartments; by diminishing the superfluous ornaments of the *plaisance;* by giving better, yet not formal, access to the natural beauties of the park, extending its glades in some places, and deepening its thickets in others—for all this we willingly admit; but whether our ancestors did not possess all that good taste could demand as the materials of most delightful habitations?

The civil wars of Charles I's time, as they laid low many a defensible house of the preceding period, disparked and destroyed in general the chases, ridings, and forest-walks which belonged to them; and when the Restoration followed, the Cavaliers who had the good luck to retain their estates, were too poor to re-establish their deer-parks, and, perforce, contented to let Ceres reassume the land. Thus the chase or park, one of the most magnificent features of the ancient mansion, was lost in so many instances, that it could be no longer regarded as the natural and marked appendage of the seat of an English gentleman of fortune. The "trim garden," which could be added as easily to the suburban villa as to the sequestered country-seat, maintained its place and fashion no longer; while the French taste of Charles II's time, introducing *treillages* and *cabinets de verdure*, and still more, the Dutch fashion, brought in, as we have before hinted, by King William, introduced so many fantastic caprices into the ancient style, that it be-

came necessary, as we have already stated, to resort to the book of nature, and turn over a new leaf.

Kent, too much extolled in his life, and, perhaps, too much dispraised since his death, was the first to devise a system of laying out ground different from that which had hitherto prevailed in general, though with some variations in detail, for perhaps a century and a half. It occurred to this artist, that, instead of the marked distinction which was made by the old system between the garden and its accompaniments on the one hand, and the surrounding country on the other, it might be possible to give to the former some of the simplicity of the country, and invest that, on the other hand, with somewhat of the refinement of the garden. With this view, all, or nearly all, the ancient and domestic ornaments of the *plaisance* were placed under ban. The garden, as already noticed, was banished to as great a distance as possible; the *plaisance* was changed into a *pleasure-ground!* Down went many a trophy of old magnificence, court-yard, ornamented enclosure, foss, avenue, barbican, and every external muniment of battled wall and flanking tower, out of the midst of which the ancient dome rising high above all its characteristic accompaniments, and seemingly girt round by its appropriate defences, which again circled each other in their different gradations, looked, as it should, the queen and mistress of the surrounding country. It was thus that the huge old tower of Glamis, "whose birth tradition notes not," once showed its lordly head above seven circles (if we recollect aright) of defensive boundaries, through which the friendly guest was admitted, and at each of which a suspicious person was unquestionably put to his answer. A disciple of Kent had the cruelty to render this splendid old mansion, the more modern part of which was the work of Inigo Jones, more *parkish*, as he was pleased to call it; to raze all those exterior defences, and bring his mean and paltry gravel-walk up to the very door from which, deluded by the name, one might have imagined Lady Macbeth (with the form and features of Siddons) issuing forth to receive King Duncan. It is thirty years and upwards since we have seen Glamis; but we have not yet forgotten or forgiven the atrocity which, under pretence of improvement, deprived the lordly place of all its appropriate accompaniments,

"Leaving an ancient dome and towers like these
Beggared and outraged."

The ruling principle that dictated Kent's innovations was in itself excellent. The improver was considered as a painter, the landscape as the canvass on which, with such materials as he possessed, he was to display his power. Thus far the conception was laudable; and, indeed, it had already occurred to Sir John Vanbrugh, when consulted about laying out the grounds at Blenheim, who recommended to the Duke of Marlborough to advise with a landscape-painter upon that subject, as the most competent judge. Had Kent but approached in execution the principle which he adopted in theory, he would have been in reality the great man that his admirers accounted him. But, unhappily, though an artist by profession, this father of the English landscape was tame and cold of spirit; his experience had not made him acquainted with the grander scenes of nature, or the poverty of his soul had not enabled him to comprehend and relish them. Even the Nature whom he pretended to choose for his exclusive guide seemed to have most provokingly disappeared from him. By the time that spades, mattocks, and pickaxes had formed and sloped his declivities in the regular and undulating line which he required,—that the water's edge had been trimly bordered with that thin, lank grass, which grows on a new sown lawn, and has so little resemblance to the luxuriant vegetation of nature,—his meagre and unvaried slopes were deprived of all pretension to a natural appearance, as much as the toes which were pinched, squeezed, and pared, that they might be screwed into the little glass slipper, were different from the graceful fairy foot which it fitted without effort. Thus, while Kent's system banished art from the province which might, in some degree, be considered as her own, he introduced her into that more especially devoted to Nature, and in which the character of her exertions always made her presence offensively conspicuous. For water-works and architectural ornaments, the professed productions of art, Kent produced *ha-has!* sheets of artificial water, formal clumps and belts of trees, and bare expanded flats or slopes of shaven grass, which, indicating the recent use of the levelling spade and roller, have no more resemblance to that nature which we desire to see imitated, than the rouge of

an antiquated coquette, having all the marks of a sedulous toilet, bears to the artless blush of a cottage girl. His style is not simplicity, but affectation labouring to seem simple.

It is worth notice, that, while exploding the nuisance of graven images in the ancient and elaborate gardens, Kent, like some of the kings of Israel, though partly a reformer, could not altogether wean himself from every species of idolatry. He swept, indeed, the gardens clear of every representation of mythology, and the visiter's admiration was no longer excited by beholding

> "Statues growing that noble place in,
> All heathen goddeses most rare,
> Homer, Plutarch, and Nebuchadnezzar,
> All standing naked in the open air."

But to make amends for their ejection, Kent and his followers had temples, obelisks, and gazabos of every description in the park, all stuck about on their respective high places, with as little meaning, and at least as little pretension to propriety, as the horticultural Pantheon which had been turned out of doors.

The taste for this species of simplicity spread far and wide. Browne, the successor of Kent, followed in his footsteps; but his conceptions, to judge from the piece of artificial water at Blenheim (formed, we believe, chiefly to blunt the point of an ill-natured epigram), were more magnificient than those of his predecessor. We cannot, however, suppose old Father Thames so irritable as this celebrated professor intimated, when he declared that the river would never forgive him for having given him so formidable a rival.

The school of spade and mattock flourished the more, as it was a thriving occupation, when the projector was retained to superintend his improvements—which seldom failed to include some forcible alteration on the face of nature. The vanity of some capability-men dictated those violent changes which were recommended chiefly by the cupidity of others. While the higher-feeling class were desirous, by the introduction of a lake, the filling up a hollow, or the elevation of a knoll, to show to all the world that Mr. —— had laid out those grounds; the meaner brothers of the trade were covetous of sharing the very con-

siderable sums which must be expended in making such alterations. Mannerists they were to the extremity of monotony, and what they extolled as new and striking, was frequently only some trick of affectation. For example, a pupil of Browne, Robertson by name, laid out the grounds of Duddingstone, near Edinburgh. The place was flat, though surrounded by many distinguished features. A brook flowed through the grounds, which, by dint of successive dam-heads, was arrested in its progress, twisted into links of a string of pork-sausages, flung over a stone embankment, and taught to stagnate in a lake with islets, and swans *quantum sufficit*. The whole demense was surrounded by a belt, which now, at the distance of forty or fifty years, is still a formal circuit of dwindled trees. It was to be expected that some advantage might have been gained by looking out from some point of the grounds on Craigmillar Castle, a ruin beautiful in its form and interesting in its combinations with Scottish history; and the professor of landscape-gardening was asked, why so obvious a resource had not been made something of? He replied, with the gravity becoming such a character, that Craigmillar, seen over all the country, was a common prostitute. A less ludicrous, though equally nonsensical reason, for excluding Duddingstone Loch, a small and picturesque lake, was, that it did not fall within his lordship's property, and the mountain of Arthur's Seat was not excluded, only because it was too bulky to be kept out of sight. We have heard the excellent old Lord Abercorn mention these circumstances with hearty ridicule; but he suffered Mr. Robertson to take his own way, because, he said, every man must be supposed to understand his own business,—and partly, we may add, because he did not choose to take the trouble of disputing the point. Yet this Mr. Robertson was a man of considerable taste and acquirement, and was only unsuccessful because he wrought upon a bad system.

The founders of a better school, were the late Mr. Payne Knight, and Sir Uvedale Price, who still survives to enjoy the triumph he has achieved. These champions, and particularly Price, succeeded in demonstrating to a deceived public, that what had been palmed upon them as nature and simplicity were only formality and affectation; the contest on behalf of the new system was chiefly maintained by Mr.

Repton, and in a manner which shows that the private feelings of that layer out of grounds, unquestionably a man of very considerable talents, were more than half converted to the opinions of Sir Uvedale, and that he was disputing rather to save his own honour, and that of his brethren, than for any chance of actual victory. In fact, we do not much overstate the matter when we allege, that those who were least willing to own that Price was right, because it would have been a virtual acknowledgement that they themselves were wrong, were among the first to admit in practice the principles which he recommended, or, at least, to make use of them, whether they admitted them or no. There has been, since this controversy, that is, for these thirty years past, a considerable and marked improvement in laying out of pleasure-grounds—the spade and shovel have been less in use—the strait-waistcoating of brooks has been less rigorously enforced; and improvers, while talking of Nature, have not so remorselessly shut her out of doors. We believe most landscape-gardeners of the present day would take a pride in preserving scenery, which their masters of the last age would have made conscience to destroy. The mummery of temples and obelisks is abolished, while the propriety of retaining every shred connected with history or antiquity, is, in one system at least, religiously preserved. In such cases,

> "A corner-stone by lightning cut,
> The threshold of a cottage hut,"

may have their value. The same rule is, we trust, generally observed in the scenes which Nature has herself ornamented, and the artist holds himself discharged, if he consults and observes her movements without affecting to dictate to or control them. Those glens, groves, or mountains, which she has marked with a peculiar character, are no longer defaced by the impotent endeavours of man to erase it.

The tendency of our national taste indeed has been changed, in almost every particular, from that which was meagre, formal, and poor, and has attained, comparatively speaking, a character of richness, variety, and solidity. An ordinary chair, in the most ordinary parlour, has now something of an antique cast—something of Grecian mas-

siveness, at once, and elegance in its forms. That of twenty or thirty years since was mounted on four tapering and tottering legs, resembling four tobacco-pipes; the present supporters of our stools have a curule air, curve outwards behind, and give a comfortable idea of stability to the weighty aristocrat or ponderous burgess who is about to occupy one of them. The same change in taste may be remarked out of doors, where, from the total absence of ornament, we are, perhaps, once more verging to its excess, and exhibiting such a tendency to ornament, in achitecture and decoration, that the age may, we suspect, be nothing the worse for being reminded that, as naked poverty is not simplicity, so fantastic profusion of ornament is not good taste.

But in our landscape gardening, as it has been rather unhappily called, although the best professors of the art have tacitly adopted the more enlarged and liberal views provided by the late Mr. Knight and Sir U. Price, these are not, perhaps, so generally received and practised as could be desired. We say the art has been unfortunately named. The idea of its being, after all, a variety of the gardening art, with which it has little or nothing to do, has given a mechanical turn to the whole profession, and certainly encouraged many persons to practise it, with no greater qualifications than ought to be found in a tolerably skilful gardener. This certainly, however intelligent and respectable the individuals may be, is not the sort of person, in point of taste and information, to whom we would wish to see the arrangement of great places intrusted. The degree of mechanical skill which they possess may render them adequate to the execution of plans arranged by men of more comprehensive abilities, better education, and a possession, as demanded by Price, of the knowledge connected with the higher branch of landscape painting, and with the works of the first masters. Far from threatening the disposers of actual scenery with an abrogation of their profession, as was unjustly stated to be his object, Price's system went to demand from them a degree of scientific knowledge not previously required, and to elevate in proportion their rank and profession in general estimation.

The importance of this art, in its more elegant branches, ranks so high in our opinion, that we would willingly see

its profession (and certainly it contains persons worthy of such honour) more closely united with the fine arts than it can be now esteemed. The improvers or layers out of ground would, in that case, be entitled to demand from their employers a greater degree of fair play than is, in many cases, allowed them at present. According to the common process, their time is estimated at a certain number of guineas per day, and the party consulting them is not unnaturally interested in getting as much out of the professor within as little time as can possibly be achieved. The landscape gardener is, therefore, trotted over the grounds two, three, or four times, and called upon to decide upon points which a proprietor himself would hesitate to determine, unless he were to visit the ground in different lights, and at different seasons, and various times of the day during the course of a year. This leads to a degree of precipitation on the part of the artist, who knows his remuneration will be grudged, unless he makes some striking and notable alteration, yet has little or no time allowed him to judge what that alteration ought to be. Hence, men of taste and genius are reduced to act at random; hence an habitual disregard of the *genius loci*, and a proportional degree of confidence in a set of general rules, influencing their own practice, so that they do not receive from nature the impression of what the place ought to be, but impress on nature, at a venture, the stamp, manner, or character of their own practice, as a mechanic puts the same mark on all the goods which pass through his hands. Some practise the art, we are aware, upon a much more liberal footing;—it is on that more liberal footing that we would wish to see the profession of the improver generally practised. We would have the higher professors of this noble art to be that for which nature has qualified some of them whom we have known, and, doubtless, many to whose characters we are strangers—we mean, to be physicians—liberally recompensed for their general advice—not apothecaries, to be paid in proportion to the drugs which they can contrive to make the patient swallow.

It may, perhaps, be thought that, by the change we propose, we would raise too high a standard for such artists as might attain great proficiency in their calling, and so limit the benefit of their efforts to the great and the wealthy.

This would be a consequence far from answering our purpose—but we have no apprehension that it would follow. The rules of good taste, when once exemplified, are pretty sure to be followed. Let any one recollect the atrocious forms of our ordinary crockery and potter's ware forty years since, when the shapes were as vilely deformed as that of the pipkin which cost Robinson Crusoe so much trouble; and observe the difference since the classical outlines of the Etruscan vases have been adopted as models for our Staffordshire ware. Every form before was detestable, whatever pains might have been bestowed in the ornamenting and finishing: whereas, since the models introduced by Messrs. Wedgwood, the most ordinary earthenware is rendered pleasing to the eye, however coarse its substance, and mean the purpose for which it is designed. It is thus with good taste in every department. It cannot be established by canons and *dicta*, but must be left to force its way gradually through example. A certain number of real landscapes, executed by men adequate to set the example of a new school, which shall reject the tame and pedantic rules of Kent and Browne, without affecting the grotesque or fantastic—who shall bring back more ornament into the garden, and introduce a bolder, wider, and more natural character into the park, will have the effect of awakening a general spirit of emulation. There are thousands of proprietors who have neither scenes capable of exhibiting the perfection of the art, nor revenues necessary to reimburse the most perfect of the artists, but who may catch the principle on which improvers ought to proceed, and render a place pretty though it cannot be grand, or comfortable though it cannot aspire to beauty.

We are called at present from the general subject, to which, at some future period, we may, perhaps, return, by the duty of noticing a discovery, as it may be called, of one of the most powerful and speedy means of effecting a general and most interesting change in the face of nature, for the purpose of ornamenting the vicinity of a gentleman's residence.

The three materials with which the rural designer must go to work—the colours, in other words, of which his landscape must be composed, are earth, water, and trees. Little change can be attempted, by means of digging away,

or heaping together earth: the levelling of rising grounds, or the raising artificial hillocks, only serves to show that man has attempted what is beyond his powers. Water is more manageable, and there are places where artificial lakes and rivers have been formed with considerable effect. Of this our author, Sir Henry Steuart, has given a very pleasing instance in his own park. But to speak generally, this alteration requires very considerable advantages in the previous situation of the ground, and has only been splendidly successful, where Nature herself had formerly designed a lake, though the water had escaped from its bed by the gradual lowering or sudden bursting of the banks at the lower end. These being replaced by a dam-head, the lake will be restored to its bed, and man will only have brought back the state of the landscape to that which nature originally presented. But, we doubt if even the ingenious process recommended by Sir U. Price, would satisfy his own just and correct taste, when carried into execution, and we are, at any rate, confident that it is only in rare instances, and at considerable expense, that artificial water can be formed with the desired effect.

Trees, therefore, remain the proper and most manageable material of picturesque improvement; and as trees and bushes can be raised almost anywhere—as by their presence they not only delight the eye, with their various forms and colours, but benefit the soil by their falling leaves, and improve the climate by their shelter, there is scarcely any property fitted for human habitation so utterly hopeless, as not to be rendered agreeable by extensive and judicious plantations. But, to obtain the immediate command of wood, mature enough to serve as shade, shelter, and ornament, has been hitherto denied to the improver. He has been compelled to form his plan, while his plants are pigmies; to await their slow progress towards maturity; and to bequeath as a legacy to his successors and descendants the pleasure of witnessing the full accomplishment of his hopes and wishes. He also frequently bequeaths his land to the care of careless or ignorant successors, who, from want of taste or skill, leave his purposes unfulfilled.

Repton, indeed, has justly urged, in favour of the plans of Kent and Browne, that the formal belts and clumps which they planted were intended only to encourage the rise

of the young plantations, which were afterward to be thinned out into varied and picturesque forms, but which have, in many instances, been left in the same crowded condition and formal disposition which they exhibited at their being first planted. If the school of Kent and Browne were liable to be thus baffled by the negligence of those to whom the joint execution of their plans was necessarily intrusted, a much greater failure may be expected during the subsequent generation, from the neglect of plans which affect to be laid out on the principles of Price. We have already stated, that it is to be apprehended that a taste for the fantastic will supersede that which the last age have entertained in favour of the formal. We have seen various efforts, by artists of different degrees of taste and eminence, to form plantations which are designed at some future day to represent the wild outline and picturesque glades of a natural wood. When the line of these is dictated by the character of the ground, such attempts are extremely pleasing and tasteful. But when a bizarre and extravagant irregularity of outline is introduced upon a plain or rising ground, when its whole involutions resemble the irregular flourishes of Corporal Trim's harangue, and when we are told that this is designed to be one day a picturesque plantation, we are tempted to recollect the common tale of the German baron, who endeavoured to imitate the liveliness of Parisian society, by jumping over stools, tables, and chairs, in his own apartment, and when the other inhabitants of the hotel came to inquire the cause of the disturbance, answered them with the explanation, *Sh'apprends d'estre fif.* If the visiter applies to know the meaning of the angles and contortions introduced into the lines of the proposed plantations, in Petruchio's language—

> "What! up and down, carv'd like an apple tart;
> Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
> Like to a censer in a barber's shop"—

he receives the plausible reply, that what he now sees is not the final result of the designer's art, but that all this fantastic zig-zaggery, which resembles the traces left by a dog scampering through snow, is but a set of preparations for introducing at a future period, as the trees shall come to maturity, those groups and glades, that advancing and retiring of the woodland scene, which will realize the effects

demanded by lovers of the picturesque. At present we are told, that the scene resembles a lady's tresses in *papillotes*, as they are called, and in training for the conquests which they are to make when combed into becoming ringlets. But, alas! art is in this department peculiarly tedious, and life, as in all cases, precarious and short. How many of these *papillotes* will never be removed at all, and remain unthinned-out, like the clumps and belts of Browne's school, disfiguring the scenes they were designed to adorn.

This has been hitherto the main obstruction to the art of laying out ground, that no artist could hope to see the perfection of his own labours; nay, the pleasure of superintending their progress till the effect begins to appear, is granted but to those who live long, or who commence their improvements early in life. The ambition of man has not remained passively quiescent under this restriction of his powers, and since the days of Sultan Adhim in the Tales of the Genii, down to the present time, various efforts have been made by different means, and under various circumstances, to transfer trees in a considerable state of maturity to the park or pleasure-ground, and apply them to the composition or improvement of real landscapes. The modes essayed may probably have been successful, in some instances, where the operation has been peculiarly favoured by circumstances; but, in general, the result has been fruitless expense and disappointment. The practice has been, therefore, latterly considered as, in a great measure, empirical, so slight were the chances of success. Miller dissuades his readers from the attempt; and Mr. Pontey judiciously considers the mutilated and decaying trees on which the experiment had been made, rather as a deformity than a beauty to the landscape. It was even denied that any real advance was gained by transplanting a tree of ten years old, and it was averred (and truly, according to the ordinary practice) that a plant from the nursery, placed beside it, would, in the course of a few years, form by far the finer tree of the two.

Nevertheless, the obstacles which have been so long considered as insuperable, have given way, in our own time, before the courage, patience, and skill of an individual, who has been enabled, with a success which appears almost marvellous, to cover a whole park at once with groups and

single trees, combined with copse and underwood of various sizes, all disposed with exquisite taste. This accomplished person, Sir Henry Steuart of Allanton, is known to the literary world by an elaborate translation of Sallust, accompanied with a body of notes intimating an uncommon degree of general knowledge and classical learning. Independent in circumstances, and attached by taste and habits to rural pursuits, and especially those of which we have been treating, Sir Henry has resided chiefly at the seat of his ancestors, to which, little distinguished by nature, his wonderful exertions have given, within a comparatively short period of time, all that could, according to the usual mode of improvement, have been conferred in the course of forty tedious years.

Allanton, an ancient possession of this branch of the house of Steuart, had not originally much to recommend it to the owner, except its recollections. Situated in the county of Lanark, it is removed from the vale of the Clyde, which presents such beautiful scenery to the eye of the traveller. The soil is moorish, and the view from the front of the house must, before it was clothed with wood, have consisted in irregular swells and slopes, presenting certainly no striking features either of grandeur or beauty,—probably "just not ugly." But fortune, that consigned a man of taste and observation to a spot which was not peculiarly favourable to his pursuits, gave him the power of indemnifying himself, by compelling nature to impart to his domain no inconsiderable portion of those silvan beauties with which she has spontaneously invested more favourite scenes; and we certainly cannot hesitate to avow our opinion, that the park of Allanton, as it now appears, its history being duly considered, is as well worthy of a pilgrimage as any of the established lions of "the North Countrie."

We cannot be surprised, nor ought Sir Henry Steuart to be offended, if the wonder excited by so great a triumph of art over nature, in a process which has been thought and found so extremely difficult, should be, on the first view, mingled with some incredulity. It is natural for the reader to suspect, that the zeal of the theorist may, in some degree, have imposed on the improver, and that he communicates to the public observations which he himself has made under a species of self-deception, and which are, perhaps, a

little exaggerated in his account of their results. But Allanton has been visited by many intelligent judges, disposed to inquire with sufficient minuteness into the reality of the changes which have been effected there; and so far as we have had an opportunity of knowing, the uniform testimony of those visitors corresponds with the account given by Sir Henry Steuart himself.

A committee of gentlemen,* deputed by the Scottsih Highland Society, supposed to be well acquainted with country matters, and particularly with the management of plantations, visited the place in September, 1823. Their report embraces three principal objects of inquiry: 1st, The single trees and open groups on the lawn, which have snffered the operation of transplanting. Of this description, birch, ash, wyche, or Scotch elm, sycamore, lime, horse-chestnut, all of which having been, at one time or other, subjects of transplantation, were growing with vigour and luxuriance, and in the most exposed situations, making shoots of eighteen inches. The trees were of various sizes. Several, which had been transplanted some years since, were from thirty to forty feet high, or more. The girth of the largest was from five feet three to five feet eight inches, at a foot and a half from the ground. Other trees, which had been only six months transplanted, were from twenty to thirty feet high; and the gentlemen of the committee ascertained their girth to be about two feet and a half, or three feet, at eighteen inches from the ground. These trees were in every respect flourishing, but their leaves were perceptibly smaller than those of the trees around them, a difference which ceases to exist in the second, or at furthest the third year after transplantation. Upon the whole, the committee were satisfied, first, with the singularly beautiful shape and symmetry of the trees; secondly, with their health and vigour, as they showed no decayed boughs or twigs, the usual consequence of transplantation under other systems; thirdly, with their upright and even position, though set out singly and in exposed situations without any adventitious support. Thus the single trees possessed all the

* The Lord Belhaven, Sir Archibald Campbell of Succoth, Bart., Sir Walter Scott of Abbotsford, Bart., George Cranstoun, Esq., now Lord Corehouse, Alexander Young, Esq., of Harburn.

advantages which the proprietor could desire in the qualities of beauty, health and stability.

The second branch of the committee's inquiry related to enclosed groups, or masses of wood planted close together. There are several of these in the park, which correspond and occasionally contrast pleasingly with the open groups and single trees already observed. The committee particularly describe one of these close masses, intended as a screen to the approach. It had been closed with wood in the course of one season by means of the transplanting system, trees from twenty to thirty feet high being first planted as standard or grove-wood, about twenty feet apart, and the intervals filled up with bushes or stools of copse or underwood. The standard trees being in this mass sheltered by each other, made larger shoots than those which stood singly, and the underwood of oak, birch, holly, mountain-ash, horse-chestnut, common and Canadian birdcherry, and other species usually found in a natural wood, were making luxuriant progress in their new situation. And though it was but five years since this copse, interspersed with standard trees, had been formed by Sir Henry, his visitors assigned no less a space than from thirty to forty years as the probable time in which such a screen could have been formed by ordinary means. From the facts which they witnessed, the committee reported it as their unanimous opinion that the *art of transplantation, as practised by Sir Henry Steuart, is calculated to accelerate, in an extraordinary degree, the power of raising wood, whether for beauty or shelter.* They added, that of all the trees they had examined, one alone seemed to have failed; and that, being particularly intent on this point of inquiry, they had looked closely for symptoms of any dead tree having been removed, without being able to discover any such, although the traces of such a process could not have escaped their notice had they existed.

The existence of the wonders—so we may call them—which Sir Henry Steuart has effected, being thus supported by the unexceptionable evidence of competent judges, what lover of natural beauty can fail to be interested in his own detailed account of the mode by which he has been able to make wings for time, and anticipate the operation of years,

so as altogether to overthrow the authority of the old saying:—

"Heu! male transfertur senio cum induruit arbor?"

It is the object of the present publication to give in full detail the measures employed by the author to anticipate in such a wonderful manner the march of time, and to force, as it were, his woodlands in somewhat the same manner as the domestic gardener forces his fruits; and the information which the work affords is as full and explicit concerning the theory upon which our author has proceeded as upon the practical points necessary to carry that theory into effect. Sir Henry Steuart's method of transplantation is (as might have been expected from a scholar and philosopher) founded upon the strictest attention to vegetable physiology, as ascertained by consulting the best authors; and the rationale which he assigns as the cause of his success is not less deserving of strict attention, than the practical results which he has exhibited.

Sir Henry Steuart's first general proposition on the subject of transplantation will be conceded to him at once, although, in practice, we have known it most grossly neglected. It amounts simply to the averment, that success cannot be expected unless upon principles of selection, determining the subject to be transplanted with relation to the soil that it is to be transferred to. All will grant in theory that every plant has its soil and subsoil, to which it is particularly adapted, and where it will luxuriate; whereas in others it can scarce make shift to exist; yet the planter or the transplanter, nine times in ten, neglects this necessity of suiting his trees to the soil, and it is at the expense of placing the trees which chance to be his favourites indiscriminately upon every soil. Sir H. Steuart has largely and conclusively illustrated this matter; and henceforth it may be held as a positive rule, that there can be little hope of a transplanted tree thriving unless it be removed to a soil congenial to its nature, and that it will become every planter to bestow the same care in selecting the *species* of his trees that a farmer fails not to use in adapting his crops to the soil of his farm. But there is a second principle of selection, no less necessary to be attended to, and which respects *the condition and properties of the individual trees* suited

for transplantation. This requires to be considered more in detail.

It is familiar to all acquainted with plantations (although the honour belongs exclusively to Sir Henry Steuart of having deduced the natural consequences), that the constant and uninterrupted action of the external air on a tree which stands completely exposed to it, gives that tree a habit, character, and properties entirely different, and in many respects, directly opposite to those acquired by one of the same species which has grown in absolute shelter, whose energies have exerted themselves in a different manner and for a different purpose, and have, therefore, made a most material difference in the attributes and constitution of the plant.

We must suppose that our reader has some general acquaintance with the circulation of the sap in trees, being the substance by which they are nourished, and resembling, in that respect, the chyle in the human system. This nutritive substance is collected by the roots with those fibres which form their terminations, and which, with a degree of address which seems almost sentient, travel in every direction, and with unerring skill, to seek those substances in the soil best qualified to supply the nourishment which it is their business to convey. The juice, or sap, thus extracted from the soil, is drawn up the tree by the effort of vegetation, each branch and each leaf serving, by its demand for nourishment, as a kind of forcing-pump, to suck the juice up to the topmost shoot, to extend it to all the branches, and, in a healthy tree, to the extremity of each shoot. The roots, in other words, are the providers of the aliment; the branches, shoots, and leaves, are the appetite of the tree, which induce it to consume the food thus supplied to it. The analogy holds good betwixt the vegetable and animal world. If the roots of a tree are injured, or do not receive the necessary supplies of nourishment, the tree must perish, like an animal unsupplied with food, whatever be the power of the appetite in one case, and of the vegetation in the other, to consume the nutritive substance, if it could be procured. This is dying by hunger. If, on the other hand, the powers of vegetation are in any respect injured, and the tree, either from natural decline, from severe amputation, or from any other cause, ceases to supply those shoots and

leaves which suck the sap up into the system, then the tree dies of a decay in the powers of digestion.

But the tree, like the animal, is not nourished by food alone; air is also necessary to it. If this be supplied in such extreme quantities as is usual in exposed situations, the trees will suffer from the action of the cold, like a man in an inclement climate, where he is, indeed, furnished with enough of pure air, but where the cold that attends it deranges his organic system. In like manner, when placed in a situation where air is excluded, both the vegetable and the animal are reduced to a state of suffocation equally fatal to their health, and, at a certain period, to their existence. Both productions of nature have, however, their resources; —the animal, exposed to a painful and injurious degree of cold, seeks shelter; man, however often condemned to face the extremity of cold, supplies his want of warmth by artificial clothing; and the inferior animals in the polar latitudes, on the Himalaya mountains, and so forth, are furnished by nature with an additional thickness of furs, which would be useless in warmer regions.* Trees placed in an exposed situation have also their resources;—the object being to protect the sap-vessels, which transmit nutriment, and which lie betwixt the wood and the bark, the tree never fails to throw out, and especially on the side most exposed to the blast, a thick coating of bark, designed to protect, and which effectually does protect, the sap vessels and the process of circulation to which they are adapted, from the injury which necessarily must otherwise ensue. Again, if the animal is in danger of suffocation from want of vital air, instead of starving by being exposed to its unqualified rigour, instinct or reason directs the sufferer to approach those apertures through which any supply of that necessary of human life can be attained, and induces man, at the same time, to free himself from any coverings which may be rendered oppressive by the state in which he finds himself. Now it may be easily proved, that a similar instinct to that which induced the unfortunate sufferers in the black-hole of Calcutta to struggle with the last efforts to approach the solitary aperture which admitted air to their dungeon, and

* The reader is referred to Bishop Heber's travels in India for some most interesting details on this subject.

to throw from them their garments, in order to encourage the exertions which nature made to relieve herself by perspiration, is proper, also, to the noblest of the vegetable tribe. Look at a wood or plantation which has not been duly thinned:—the trees which exist will be seen drawn up to poles, with narrow and scanty tops, endeavouring to make their way towards such openings to the sky as might permit the access of light and air. If entirely precluded by the boughs which have closed over them, the weaker plants will be found strangely distorted by attempts to get out at a side of the plantation; and finally, if overpowered in these attempts by the obstacles opposed to them, they inevitably perish. As men throw aside their garments, influenced by a close situation, trees placed in similar circumstances, exhibit a bark thin and beautifully green and succulent, entirely divested of that thick, coarse, protecting substance which covers the sap-vessels in an exposed position.

Another equally curious difference betwixt trees which have stood in exposed situations and those which have grown in such as are sheltered, is also so reasonable in appearance as to seem the act of volition, so curiously do the endeavours of nature in the vegetable world correspond with the instinct of animals and the reason of mankind. Man and beast make use of the position of their limbs to steady themselves against the storm, although as their exposure to it is only temporary, the exertion bears the same character: but trees, incapable of locomotion, assume, when placed in an exposed situation, a permanent set of self-protecting qualities, and become extremely different in the disposition of the trunk, roots, and branches, from those of the same species which remain in the shelter of crowded plantations. The stem of trees in an exposed situation, is always short and thick, because, being surrounded by air and light all around, the tree has not the motive to *rush* upwards the free air which is so strongly perceptible in close woods. For the same reason, its branches are thrown widely out in every direction, as if to balance itself against the storm, and to obtain, from the disposition of its parts, a power of resistance which may supply the place of the shelter enjoyed by plants more favourably situated. The roots of such trees, which are always correlative to the

branches, are augmented in proportion as necessity obliges the former to extend themselves.

There is a singular and beautiful process of action and reaction which takes place betwixt the progress of the roots and of the branches. The former must, by their vigour and numbers, stretch out under ground before the branches can develope themselves in the air; and, on the other hand, it is necessary that the branches so develope themselves, to give employment to the roots, in collecting food. There is a system of close commerce between them; if either fail in discharging their part, the other must suffer in proportion. The increase of the branches, therefore, in exposed trees, is and must be in proportion with that of the roots, and *vice versa;* and as the exposed tree spreads its branches on every side to balance itself against the wind, as it shortens its stem or trunk, to afford the mechanical force of the tempest a shorter lever to act upon, so numerous and strong roots spread themselves under ground, by way of anchorage, to an extent and in a manner unknown to sheltered trees.

These facts afford the principles on which our author selects the subjects of his operations. It may seem a simple proposition, that to succeed in the removal of a large tree to an open situation, the operator ought to choose one which, having grown up in a similar degree of exposure, has provided itself with those qualities which are peculiarly fitted for it. Every one will be ready to acknowledge its truth at the first statement; but Sir Henry has been the first to act upon it; and, having ascertained its accuracy, to communicate it to the world. It is Columbus making the egg stand upright.

Our author has enumerated four properties which nature has taught trees that stand unsheltered to acquire by their own efforts, in order to suit themselves for their situation. *First*, thickness and induration of bark, *secondly*, shortness and girth of stem; *thirdly*, numerousness of roots and fibres; and *fourthly*, extent, balance, and closeness of branches. These, Sir Henry has denominated the four protecting qualities; and he has proved, by a very plain and practical system of reasoning, founded upon an intimate acquaintance with the most distinguished writers on vegetable physiology, that in proportion as the subject for transplantation is pos-

sessed of these four qualities, in the same degree it is fitted to encounter exposure as a single tree in its new position.

The characteristics of the trees which have grown in sheltered and warm situations are precisely the opposite of these; their bark is thin, glossy, and fresh-looking, without any of the rough, indurated substance necessary to protect the sap-vessels when exposed to the extremity of cold; the stem is tall, and slender, as drawn upwards in quest of light; the tops are small and thinly provided with branches, because they have not had the necessary room to expand themselves; and, lastly, the roots are spare and scanty. Sir Henry Steuart says, that a tree, in the situation, and bearing the character last described, is possessed of the "non-protecting properties." A great coat, and a pair of overalls or mud-boots, may be called, with propriety, the protecting properties of a man who mounts his steed in rough weather; but he who sits at home, in a night-gown and slippers, can hardly be said to possess any non-protective qualities, or anything, except a negation of the habiliments which invest his out-of-doors friend. We will not, however, disturb the subject by cavilling about expressions; it is enough that the reader understands that the presence of the "non-protecting qualities" implies the total absence of those which render trees fit to endure the process of transplantation.

Yet, though this principle of selection be, when once stated, so very satisfactory, it is no less certain, that no preceding author had so much as glanced at it; and that convenience, the usual, though by no means the safe guide of planting operations, has pointed out an entirely different course. Young woods, being usually planted far too thickly with hardwood,—or, in other words, the principals being in too great a proportion to the firs intended as nurses,—are found, after the lapse of twelve or fourteen years, to be crowded with tall, shapely plants, which have not room to grow, and are obviously damaging each other. The consequence of this is, that the proprietor, unwilling to lose so many thriving plants, is very often tempted, by the healthiness of their appearance, to select them as subjects for transplantation. Their graceful and lengthened stems, and smooth and beautiful bark, seem to be marks of health (as, indeed, they are, while they remain in the shelter for which

they are qualified), and the thinness of their heads will, it is supposed, prevent their suffering much by the wind. But almost all such attempts prove abortive. The tree comes, indeed, into leaf, for one year, as some trees (the ash particularly) will do, if cut down and carried to the woodyard. But the next year the transplanted tree displays symptoms of decay. The leaves do not appear in strength and numbers enough to carry the sap to the ends of the branches; the stem becomes covered with a number of small sprays, which at once indicate that the sap has been arrested in its progress, and that the tree is making a desperate, we had almost said an unnatural, effort to avail itself of the nutriment in the stem, which it cannot transfer to the branches; the bark becomes dry, hide-bound, and mossed; the projecting branches wither down to the stem and must be cut off; and, after all, the young tree either dies utterly, or dwindles into a bush, which, perhaps, may recover elevation, and the power of vegetation, after a pause of ten or twelve years, but more likely is stubbed up as a melancholy and disagreeable object. This grand and leading error is avoided in the Allanton system, by the selection, from the beginning, of such trees as, having grown in an exposed situation, are provided with the protecting properties, and can, therefore, experience no rude change of atmosphere or habits by the change of place to which they are subjected.

But it may be asked, where is the planter to find such trees as are proper for being transplanted? Our author replies, that there are few properties, however small in extent, or unimproved by plantations, which do not possess some subjects endowed, perfectly or nearly so, with the protecting qualities. The open groves, and scattered trees around old cottages, or in old hedge-rows—where not raised upon an embankment, which gives the roots a determination downwards—are invaluable to the transplanter. They are already inured to the climate, and furnished with a quantity of branches and roots,—they possess the limited length and solidity of stem and the quality of bark necessary to enable them to endure exposure,—in other words, they are fit for being immediately transplanted. In most cases, however, the trees may have but partially gained the protecting qualities; and where such subjects occur, they must,

by training, be made to complete the acquisition of them. The process to which they are subjected is various, according to the special protecting quality in which the tree is deficient. In general, and especially where the *bark* appears of too fine and thin a texture to protect the sap-vessels, a gradual, and, in the end, a free exposure to the elements, induces the trees selected fully to assume the properties which enable them to dispense with shelter. If, on the other hand, the bark is of a hardy quality, and the branches in sufficient number, but the *roots* scanty and deficient—the tree ought to be cut round with a trench, of thirty inches deep, leaving only two or three strong roots uncut, to act as stays against the wind. The earth is then returned into the trench, and when taken up at the end of two or three years, with the purpose of final removal, it will be found that the roots have formed, at the points where they were severed, numbers of tassels (so to speak) composed of slender fibres, which must be taken the greatest care of at the time of removal, and will be found completely to supply the original deficiency of roots. Again, if the *branches* of the subject pitched upon be in an unfavourable state, this evil may be counteracted by a top-dressing of marl and compost, mixed with four times the quantity of tolerable soil, spread around the stem of the tree, at four feet distance. This mode Sir Henry Steuart recommends as superior to that of disturbing the roots, as practised in gardens for the same purpose of encouraging the growth of fruit-trees; and assures us, that the increase, both of the branches and roots, will be much forwarded, and that the tree will be fit for removal in the third year.

These modes of preparing individual trees are attended with some expense and difficulty; but here again the experience of Sir Henry Steuart suggests a plan, by which any proprietor, desirous to carry on the process upon a considerable scale, may, by preparing a number of subjects at once, greatly accelerate the time of commencing his operations, at an expense considerably less than would attach to the preparation of each tree separately. The grounds of Allanton had been, about forty years ago, ornamented with a belt and clumps, by a pupil of Browne. Sir Henry found in both, but especially in the clumps, the means of obtaining subjects in sufficient number and quantity for his

own purposes. The ground where these were set had been prepared by trenching and taking a potato-crop.

"About the twelfth or fifteenth year, I began to cut away the larch and spruce-firs. These had been introduced merely as nurses to the deciduous trees; and, from the warmth and shelter they had afforded, and the previous double-digging, the whole had rushed up with singular rapidity. The next thing I did was, to thin out the trees to single distance, so as that the tops could not touch one another, and to cut away the side-branches, within about three, or three and a half feet of the surface. By this treatment, it will be perceived, that a considerable deal of air was admitted into the plantations. The light, which before had had access only at the top, was now equally diffused on all sides; and the trees, although for a few years they advanced but little in height, made surprising efforts towards a full development of their most important properties. They acquired greater strength of stem, thickness of bark, and extension of roots, and consequently of lateral branches. But, at this time, it was apparent, that the clumps had a remarkable advantage over the belt, or continuous plantation. While in no part so deep as to impede the salutary action of the atmosphere, the circular or oval figure of the clumps, and their free exposure to the elements, furnished them with a far greater proportion of good outside trees; and these, having acquired, from the beginning, a considerable share of the protecting properties, were in a situation to shelter the rest, and also to prevent the violence of the wind from acting injuriously on the interior of the mass. It therefore became necessary to thin the belt for the second time, which was now done to double distance; that is to say, to a distance such as would have admitted of a similar number of trees in every part, to stand between the existing plants. Thus, within four years from the first thinning, I began to have tolerable subjects for removal, to situations of moderate exposure; while every succeeding season added fresh beauty and vigour to these thriving nurseries, and made a visible accession to all the desirable pre-requisites." —Pp. 203–205.

The author proceeds, with his usual precision, to give directions how each country-gentleman, that is so minded, may, by a peculiar treatment adapted to accelerate the acquisition of the properties applied to a portion of any existing plantation, secure a grand repository of materials high and low, light and massive, from which his future plans of transplantation may be fully supplied. Indeed, he adds, that all grove woods, which have been regularly and properly thinned, and so treated that the tops have not been suffered to interfere, may be esteemed good transplanting nurseries, provided the soil be loose and friable.

Thus much being said about the principle of selection, the

reader will naturally desire to know, what size of trees can be subjected to the process of transplantation. According to Sir Henry's general statement, this is a mere question of expense. A large tree may be removed with the same certainty of success as a lesser one; but it requires engines of greater power, a more numerous band of labourers, and the expense is found to increase in a rapidly progressive ratio. We presume to add, although our author has not explicitly stated it, that to sustain this violent alteration, trees ought to be selected that have not arrived at maturity, far less at the point from which they decline; and this, in order that the subject of transplantation may be possessed of all the energy and force of vegetation belonging to the period of youth. In the practice at Allanton, a tree of six or eight inches in diameter, or two feet in girth, is the least size which is considered as fit to encounter the elements; if planted out singly, eighteen inches and two feet in diameter are among the largest specimens, and plants of about a foot in diameter may be considered as a medium size, being both manageable and of size enough to produce immediate effect upon the landscape, and to oppose resistance to the storm.

We are next to trace the Allantonian process of removing and replanting the tree.

The tree is loosened in the ground by a set of labourers, named pickmen, who, with instruments made for the purpose, first ascertain with accuracy how far the roots of the subject extend. This is easily known when the subject has been cut round, as the trench marks the line where the roots have been amputated. If the tree has not sustained this previous operation, the extent of the roots will be found to correspond with that of the branches. The *pickers* then proceed to bare the roots from the earth with the utmost attention not to injure them in the operation. It is to the preservation of these fibres that the transplanter is to owe the best token of his success, namely, the feeding the branches of the tree with sap even to their very extremities. The roots are then extricated from the soil. A mass of earth is left to form a ball close to the stem itself, and it is recommended to suffer two or three feet of the original sward to adhere to it. The machine is next brought up to the stem of the tree with great caution. This is the engine devised by Browne, and considerably improved by Sir

Henry Steuart. It is of three sizes, that being used which is best adapted to the size of the tree, and is drawn by one, or, at most, two horses. It consists of a strong pole, mounted upon two high wheels. It is run up to the tree, and the pole, strongly secured to the tree while both are in a perpendicular posture, is brought down to a horizontal position, and in descending in obedience to the purchase operates as a lever, which, aided by the exertions of the pickmen, rends the tree out of the soil. The tree is so laid on the machine, as to balance the roots against the branches, and it is wonderful how slight an effort is necessary to pull the engine when this equibrium is preserved. To keep the balance just, one man, or two, are placed aloft among the branches of the tree, where they shift their places, like a sort of movable ballast, until the just distribution of weight is ascertained. The roots, as well as the branches, are tied up during the transportation of the tree, it being of the last consequence that neither should be torn or defaced by dragging on the ground or interfering with the wheels. The mass, when put in motion, is manœuvred something like a piece of artillery, by a steersman at the further end. It requires a certain nicety of steerage, and the whole process has its risks, as may appear from a very good story told by Sir Henry, at page 232.

The pit for receiving the transplanted tree, which ought to have been prepared at least a twelvemonth before, is now opened for its reception, the earth being thrown out for such a depth as will suit its size; with this caution, that the tree be set in the earth as shallow as possible, but always so as to allow room for the dipping of the vertical roots on the one hand, and sufficient cover at top on the other. This is preferred, even though it should be found necessary to add a cart-load or two of earth to the mound afterwards.

It is well known that in all stormy and uncertain climates every species of tree shows what is called a weather side, that is, its branches shoot more freely to that side which is leeward during the prevailing wind, than in the opposite direction. Hence the trees, in a windy climate, excepting, perhaps, the sycamore, are but indifferently balanced, and seem, from their growth, to be in the act of suffering a constraint which they cannot resist. Now an ancient rule which is echoed and repeated by almost all who touch on

the subject, affirms that a transplanted tree must be so placed in its new site, that the same side shall be weather and lee which formerly were so. Sir Henry Steuart, in direct opposition to this rule, recommends strongly that the position of the tree be reversed, so that the lee side, where the branches are elongated, shall be pointed towards the prevailing wind, and what was formerly the weather-side, being now turned to leeward, shall be encouraged, by its new position, to shoot out in such a manner as to restore the balance and symmetry of the top. This change is, indeed, in theory a departure from Sir Henry Steuart's general principle, because it exposes to the greatest severity of the element that side of the tree whose bark has been least accustomed to face it. But, nevertheless, as the practice is found successful, it must rank among those powers of control by which human art can modify and regulate the dispensations of nature, and the beauty given to the tree, which is thus brought to form an upright and uniform, instead of an irregular and sidelong head, is not less important than the shelter and power of resistance which it acquires on mechanical principles, by turning its heaviest and strongest branches against the most frequent and severe blast. Sir Henry claims the merit of being the first planter who ever dared to rectify the propensity of trees to shoot their branches to leeward by moving the position; and as, in his extensive experience, he has never found his doing so injure the tree, or impede its growth, we must thank him for breaking through the prejudice in question.

A second and most important deviation from the common course of transportation is, the total disuse of the barbarous practice of pollarding or otherwise mutilating and dismembering the trees which are to be transplanted. This almost universal custom, which subjected the tree, at the very moment when it was to sustain its change of place, to the amputation of one-third, one-half, or even the whole of its top, seems to be founded on a process of false reasoning. "We cut off the roots," say these reasoners, "and thereby diminish the power of procuring supply for the branches; let us also cut off a similar proportion of the branches which are to be supplied, and the remaining roots will be adequate to support the remainder of the top." In this argument, it is assumed that the branches are themselves of

no use to the process of vegetation, and can be abridged with as much ease as the commandant of a besieged town, when provisions grow scarce, can rid himself of the superfluous part of his garrison. But it is not so; we cannot deprive the tree of a healthy branch, without, to a certain extent, deranging the economy of vegetation: each leaf, in its degree, forms a forcing-pump, which draws up a certain quantity of sap, the natural food of the tree; and, moreover, it forms a portion of the lungs of the tree, as the leaves inhale a certain quantity of air, an operation which may be compared to respiration. To destroy the branches, therefore, further than for the moderate purpose of pruning, is to attempt to fit the tree to rest satisfied with an inferior supply of nourishment, by depriving it of a part of its appetite and a part of its power of inhaling the air, which is no less necessary to its healthful existence. The case comes to be the same with that of a worthy chaplain, who, with the crew of a vessel he belonged to, was thrown by shipwreck on a desolate rock, where there were no means of food. His shipmates suffered grievously, "But for my part," says the chaplain, "I bless Heaven that I was in a burning fever the whole time, and desired nothing but cold water, of which there was plenty on the island." Now, though the good man seems to have been grateful even for his burning fever (having, it must be observed, safely recovered from it), it will generally be thought rather too hazardous a remedy to be desired by others in similar situations, and those who treat their trees on the same principle ought to remember, that to cure one injury they are exposing their subjects to two.

The sagacious Miller long ago noticed these facts, and ascribed this fashion of thinning and pollarding to the ignorance of planters, who, not being aware of the principles of vegetation, did not know that trees were nourished as well by their leaves, sprays, and branches, as by their roots:—

"For (says that judicious writer) were the same severities practised on a tree of the same age *unremoved*, it would so much stint the growth, as not to be recovered in several years; nor would it ever arrive at the size of such as had all their branches left upon them."*

* Miller's Gardener's and Botanist's Dictionary, voc. "Planting."

But were this species of mutilation less directly injurious to vegetation than it certainly is, we ought to remember that the purpose of transplanting trees is chiefly or entirely ornamental; and if we render them, by decapitation and dismemberment of every kind, disgusting and miserable spectres, we destroy the whole purpose and intention for which they were transplanted, and present the eye with a set of naked and mutilated posts and poles, resembling the unhealthy and maimed tenants of a military hospital, after a great battle, instead of the beautiful objects which it was the purpose of the improver to procure by anticipating the course of nature. It is true, good soil, and a tract of years, may restore such ill-used subjects to form and beauty, but, considering the length of time that they must remain disgusting and unsightly, we would far rather trust to such plants as nature might rear on the spot—plants which would come to maturity as soon, and prove incomparably more thriving in their growth, and more beautiful in their form. But the Allanton system, by planting the subjects without mutilation, boasts to obtain the immediate effect of trees complete and perfect in all their parts, without loss of the time required to replace the havoc of axe and saw.

There is a third material point in which Sir Henry Steuart's system differs from general practice, not, indeed, absolutely, but in degree. The only absolute requisite which the old school of transplantation enjoined, was that the tree should be taken up with as large a ball of earth as could possibly be managed. In obeying this direction, there was considerable expense incurred by the additional weight, not to mention that the transplanter was often disappointed by the ball falling to pieces by the way. In short, the difficulty was so great, that the operation was often performed in severe weather, to secure the adhesion of the earth to the roots, at the risk of exposing the extremities of the fibres and rootlets to the highly unfavourable agency of frost. The Allanton system limits the earth, which is, if possible, to be retained, to that lying immediately under the stem of the tree, where a ball of moderate extent is to be preserved: the roots extending from it are, as already explained, entirely denuded of earth by the pickmen, in their process of loosening the tree from the soil. When the tree is borne by the machine up to the spot where it is to be

finally placed, it is carefully brought to a perpendicular posture by means of elevating the pole of the machine, and the centre of the stem is received, with the ball of earth adhering to it, into a cavity in the middle of the pit, so shallow, however, that the trunk of the tree stands rather high, and the roots have a tendency downwards. The roots are then freed from the tyings which have bound them up for temporary preservation, and are divided into the tiers or ranks in which they diverge from the trunk. The lowest of these tiers is next arranged, as nearly as possible in the manner in which it lay originally, each root, with its rootlets and fibres, being laid down and imbedded in the earth with the utmost precaution. They must be handled as a lover would dally with the curls of Neæra's hair, for tearing, crushing, or turning back these important fibres, is in the highest degree prejudicial to the growth of the tree. The earth is then laid over this the lowest tier of roots with much precaution; it is carefully worked in by the hand, and the aid of a sort of small rammer, with such attention to the safety of the fibres, as to encourage them immediately to resume their functions, as if they had never been disquieted. Additional earth is then gradually sifted in, and kneaded down, till it forms a layer on which the second tier of roots is extended; and these are put in order, and disposed of in the same way as the lower tier. The same process of handling and arranging the roots then takes place with the third tier, and the fourth, if there is one. This attention to incorporating with the soil each root, nay, each fibre, as far as possible, answers a double purpose. It not only induces the roots to commence their usual and needful office of collecting the sap, but also secures them against the effect of storms of wind, which, blowing on trees transplanted in the ordinary way with a ball, makes them rock like a bowl in a socket, the ball, with the roots, having no communication with the pit except by adhesion. The sense of this great evil suggested to former transplanters the necessity of stakes, ropes, and other means of adventitious support, which were always ugly, and expensive, and generally inefficient. Whereas, according to the Allanton system, the tree reversed so as to present its weightier branches against the wind, and picketed to the firm earth by a thousand roots and rootlets, carefully incorporated with the soil, is not

found to require any support, is seldom swayed to a side, and almost never blown down by the heaviest gales. Here, therefore, is a third and important difference between the Allanton system and all that have preceded it, occasioned by the stability which the mode of laying the roots imparts to the tree, and the power of dispensing with every other species of support, except what arises from well-balanced boughs and roots received in the ground. We have to add, that Sir Henry's own territory lies considerably exposed to those storms from the North, which are the heaviest and most prevailing gales of the Scottish climate.

When the soil has been placed about the roots, tier after tier, the rest of the earth is filled into the pit regularly, so that the depth about the stem shall be twelve or fourteen inches, and subjected to a gentle and uniform pressure, but by no means to severe ramming or treading in, leaving it to nature to produce that consolidation, which, if attempted by violence, is apt to injure the fine fibres of the roots. If there is turf, it is replaced around the stem in regular order. We ought not to have omitted, that the tree is subjected to a plentiful watering when the roots are fixed, and to another when the operations are completed.

From our own experience, we should consider this last requisite as of the highest consequence. Count Rumford, in his various experiments upon the food of the poor, arrived at the economical discovery, that water alone contained a great deal of nutritive aliment. Without extending our averment as far as that practical philosopher, we are much of his opinion, in so far as transplanted trees are considered; for we have seen hollies of ten and twelve feet high removed from the centre of a forest, and planted in a light and sandy soil, without any other precaution than placing them in a pit half-filled with earth, mingled with such a quantity of water that it had the consistence of thin porridge. Every forester knows the shyness of the holly, yet, set in soil thus prepared, and refreshed by copious watering during the season, they throve admirably well. Accordingly, we observe that Sir Henry recommends watering as one of the principal points respecting the subsequent treatment of the transplanted tree. When the trees stand singly, or in loose and open disposition, he recommends that the earth around them shall be finally beat down by a machine re-

sembling that of a pavior, but heavier, about the month of April or May, when the natural consolidation shall have, in a great measure, taken place. To exclude the drought, he then recommends that the ground immediately under the stem of the oak, birch, and other trees which demand most attention, shall be covered with a substance called *shews*, being the refuse of a flax-mill, which, of course, serves to exclude the drought, like the process which gardeners call mulching. Lastly, in the case of such transplanted trees as do not seem disposed to thrive equal to the others, we are instructed to lay around the stem four cart-loads of earth, with a cart-load of coal-ashes, carefully sifted: this composition is spread round the tree, in a proportion of nine inches in depth, around the stem or centre, and five inches at the extremity of the roots.

It is most important to observe, that the success of the whole operation seems to depend as much upon the species of treatment, which takes place after the transplantation, as on observation of the rules laid down as to preparing the tree for its removal, and as to the method of the transplantation itself. We have already mentioned the efficacy of frequent watering: the excluding drought from the roots of the transplanted tree by the intervention of *shews*, or some equivalent subject (leaves, perhaps, or a layer of wet straw), is of the last consequence; and not less so is the application of manure to the roots of such trees as seem, in the language of planters, to fail or go back. When these things are attended to, the tree seldom or never fails. It is surrounded with a very neat species of defence against the deer, sheep, or other animals with which the park may be stocked, and which is more handsome as well as less expensive than the ugly tubs in which transplanted trees seem usually to be set out in the ground which they are designed to occupy. Taking the medium degree of thriving, a tree thus transplanted may be expected to suffer in its growth of leaves for the first year or two. In the second particularly, it has less the air of general health than at any future time. In the third, if regularly attended to in its after-treatment, it shows little sign of suffering anything. In two or three seasons more, it begins to show growth, and resume the progress of active vegetation.

We have thus gone hastily through the general requisites

of the Allanton system of transplantation, for the details of which we must refer to the work itself. The merit to be assigned to the ingenious baronet is exalted by the character of his discovery, relating to such a fascinating branch of the fine arts as that of improving the actual landscape. He has taught a short road to an end which almost all landed proprietors, possessed of the slightest degree of taste, must be desirous of attaining. In a word, the immediate effect of wood is obtained—an entire park may, as in the case of Allanton, be covered with wood of every kind: trees, arranged singly, in scattered groups, or in close masses, intermixed with copse of every description, and boasting, in the course of four or five years, all the beauty which the improver, in the ordinary case, can expect, after the lapse of thirty or forty. Even in the first year, indeed, a great general effect is produced; but as, upon close inspection, the trees will for some time show a thinness of leaves and check of vegetation, we have taken that period at which the transplanted wood may, with ordinary management, be expected to have lost all appearance of the operation which it has sustained.

It is now time to attend to a formidable consideration, the expense, namely, at which a victory over nature, so complete as that which we have described, is to be attained. Sir Henry Steuart complains, with justice, of reports, which, assigning the price of ten or twelve pounds to the removal of each tree, and circulated by envy or ignorance, have represented his system as beyond the reach of any, excepting the most opulent individuals; whereas he himself contends, that the art which he has disclosed has the opposite merit of being within the easy compass of any person of moderate fortune. As the practical utility of this ingenious system depends entirely on this point, we feel it our duty to notice the evidence on the subject.

The days of Orpheus are no more, and no man can now pretend to make the rooted denizens of the forest shift their places at the simple expense of an old song. It must be held sufficient if the expenditure does not so far exceed the object to be obtained, as to cause the alterations produced to rank with the extravagant freaks of Nero, who was the first of landscape gardeners, and his successors in the school of gigantic embellishment. But the country-gentleman of easy fortune, who does not hesitate to lay out two or three

hundred pounds for a tolerable picture or two to adorn the inside of his house, should not surely be induced to grudge a similar expenditure to form the park, by which it is surrounded, into a natural landscape, which will more than rival the best efforts of the pencil. The power of adorning nature is a luxury of the highest kind, and must, to a certain extent, be paid for; but the following pieces of evidence serve to show, that the price is uncommonly moderate, if contrasted with the effects produced.

The committee of the Highland Society remark, that the transplantation of grown trees belongs to the fine arts rather than those which have had direct and simple utility for their object, and that the return is to be expected rather in pleasure than in actual profit:

"Value, no doubt, every proprietor acquires, when he converts a bare and unsightly common into a clothed, sheltered, and richly ornamented park. But, excepting in the article of shelter, he has no more immediate value than the purchaser of a picture."

But this apologetical introduction is so far short of the truth, since it omits to notice that the improver *has* created a value —unproductive, indeed, while he continues to retain possession of his estate, but which can be converted into actual productive capital so soon as he chooses to part with it. The difference between Allanton, with its ornamented park, and Allanton as it was twenty years since, would soon be ascertained were the proprietor disposed to bring his ancient heritage into the market. The committee proceed to state, that the formation of the two acres of copse, intermingled with standard trees, already mentioned, appears to have amounted to £30 per acre; and they express their belief that no visible change, to the same purpose, could have been effected by the landscape gardener, which could have had effect before it had cost the proprietor *three times* the sum.

Mr. Laing Meason, who had personally attended some operations on Allanton park, mentions the transplantation of two trees from twenty to thirty years old. The workmen began their operations at six o'clock in the morning. The first tree was, by measurement, twenty feet; the second, thirty-two feet high; the girth from twenty-four to thirty-six inches. The one was moved a mile, the other about a hundred yards, and the whole operation was concluded before six in

the evening. The wages of the men amounted to fifteen shillings, so that each tree cost seven shillings and sixpence. Adding the expense of a pair of horses, the sum could not exceed twelve shillings, and we must needs profess, that the mere pleasure of witnessing such a wonderful transmigration successfully accomplished, was, in our opinion, worth half the money. Mr. Laing Meason proceeds to say, "that if a comparison was to be drawn between the above expense and that of planting groups of plants from the nursery, keeping enclosures up for twenty years, and losing the rent on the ground occupied, the Allanton system is much preferable on the point of economy."

The evidence of various gentlemen who have already adopted Sir Henry Steuart's system on their own estates, is given at length in the book before us:—Mr. Smith, of Jordanhill, in Lanarkshire, appears to have made the largest experiments next to the inventor himself; and he states the results as uniformly successful. Before his workmen attained proficiency in the art, the individual trees cost from fifteen to eighteen shillings each, when transported about a mile; but in his latter operations the charge was reduced to eight shillings for very handsome subjects, and six shillings for those of an inferior description.

Mr. Mac Call, of Ibroxhill, another gentleman in the same neighbourhood, estimates the cost of his operations on trees, from eighteen to twenty-eight feet high, at eight shillings and tenpence per tree. Mr. Watson of Linthouse, in Renfrewshire, reckons that his trees, being on an average thirty feet high, cost him fourteen shillings the tree. Sir Charles Macdonald Lockhart, of Lee, and Sir Walter Scott, of Abbotsford, mention their expenses as *trifling;* and Mr. Elliot Lockhart (M. P. for Selkirkshire) states ten shillings as the average cost of transplanting trees from twenty-four to thirty-five feet in height. All these gentlemen attest the success of their operations, and their thorough belief in the soundness of their ingenious master's doctrine.

It ought to be observed, that no special account seems, in any of these cases, to have been kept of the after treatment of the transplanted tree, by watering and manuring, which must differ very much, according to circumstances. Something, however, must be added on this account to almost all the prices quoted by the experimentalists above mentioned.

We now come to Sir Henry's account of his own expenses, which, with the laudable and honourable desire to be as communicative and candid as possible, he has presented under various forms. The largest trees which Sir Henry Steuart himself has been in the habit of removing,

"being from twenty-five to thirty-five feet high, may be managed," he informed us, "by expert and experienced workmen, for from 10s. to 13s. each, at half a mile's distance; and the smallest, being from eighteen to five-and-twenty feet, for from 6s. to 8s. With workmen awkward or inexperienced, it will not seem surprising, that it should require a third part, or even a half more, fully to follow out the practice which has been recommended. As to the wood for close plantations, or for bush-planting in the park, the trees may be transferred for about 3s. 6d., and the stools of underwood for from 1s. to 2s. per stool."—P. 341.

In another view of his expenditure, Sir Henry Steuart fixes on a very considerable space of ground, which he had fully occupied with wood during a period of eight years, and shows *data* for rating his annual expenditure at fifty-eight pounds ten shillings yearly;—a sum certainly not too extravagant to be bestowed on any favourite object of pursuit, and far inferior in amount to that which is, in most instances, thrown away on a pet-farm. We have dwelt thus long on the subject of expense, because it forms the most formidable objection to every new system, is most generally adopted, and most completely startling to the student. But where so many persons, acting with the very purpose of experiment, after allowance has been made for difference of circumstances, are found to come so near each other in their estimates, and that *twelve shillings* for the *expense of transplanting a tree of thirty feet high* forms the *average of the calculation*, it will not surely be deemed an extraordinary tax on so important an operation.

But although we have found the system to be at once original, effectual, and attended with moderate expense, we are not sanguine enough to hope that it will at once find general introduction. The application of steam and of gas to the important functions which they at present perform, was slowly and reluctantly adopted, after they had been opposed for many years by the prejudices of the public. Yet these were supported by such effective arguments *ad crumenam*, as might, one would have thought, have ensured their advocates a favourable hearing. The present disco-

verer is a gentleman of liberal fortune, who, after having ornamented his own domain, has little interest whether his neighbours imitate his example or no. The system, too, must be subjected to the usual style of sneering misrepresentation which is applied to all innovators, until they gain the public to their side, and rise above the reach of detraction. We have also to anticipate the indifference of country gentlemen, too indolent to conquer the difficulty of getting the fitting and indispensable machinery, or to procure the assistance of experienced workmen. Even in the cases in which the new system may be brought to a trial, it may fall under discredit from the haste of the proprietor, or the no less formidable conceit and prejudices of the workman. The one may be disposed to leave out or hurry over some of the details, which are peculiarly slow and gradual, though producing such an immediate effect when completed; the other, unless closely watched, will assuredly revert to his own ancient practice, in despite of every charge to the contrary. In either case, the failure which may ensue will be imputed to the Allanton system, though it should be rather attributed to departure from its rules.

Notwithstanding all these obstacles, the principle is so good, and the application so successful, that we shall be much surprised if, erelong, some professional person does not make himself master of the process, and proceed to strive for that eminence which he cannot fail to achieve when it is found he possesses the art of changing the face of nature, like the scenes in a theatre, and can convert, almost instantly, a desert to an Eden. Nurserymen and designers will then find it for their interest to have the necessary machinery, and gangs of experienced workmen, to enable them to contract for raising, transferring, and upholding any particular number of trees, which a country gentleman of moderate fortune may desire to place in groups, or singly, in his park. The alteration will be thus effected without the propietor, who wishes but to transplant some score or two of trees, being obliged to incur the full expenses of providing and instructing superintendants, as if he meant to countermarch the whole advance of Birnam wood to Dunsinane. Earlier or later, this beautiful and rational system will be brought into general action, when *it will do more to advance the picturesque beauty of the*

country in five years than the slow methods hitherto adopted can attain in fifty.

Our readers are now enabled to answer with confidence the question of Macbeth:—

> "Who can impress the forest? Bid the tree
> Unfix his earth-bound root?"

But the subject, though to ourselves of special interest, has already, perhaps, detained some readers too long. *Non omnes arbusta juvant.*

TYTLER'S HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.*

[Quarterly Review, November, 1829.]

In our last number, we made some remarks on the history of the northern part of this island during those ages in which the light dawns slowly as the sunrise on a morning of mist. The present author has adopted for the subject of his work a period somewhat later than that at which we left off, and thus escapes the dim and doubtful discussion over which our heads have ached, and our readers' eyes have perhaps slumbered. Feeling our own optics a little too much dazzled by passing at once from the darkness of Kenneth MacAlpine's period into the comparative full light of Alexander the Third's reign, we shall introduce our readers more gently to the latter era; nor can we do so without expressing our hope that Mr. Tytler may find time, before completing his projected labours, to furnish us with some preliminary matter in the shape of introduction, or otherwise, so as to inform his readers of what royal race Alexander sprung, and over what people he reigned.

On this point it is singular to discover that the Scots, whose fabulous history represented them, down to the end of the eighteenth century, as a nation of the purest blood and most ancient descent in Europe, can, notwithstanding that vaunt, be easily traced as a mixed race, formed out of the collision and subsequent union of several different populations, which remained slightly connected or occasionally dissevered, till the difference in their manners was worn away by time, and they coalesced at length into one people and kingdom.

We have formerly shown that, in the year 496, a body

* *History of Scotland.* By Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq. F. R. S. E. and F. A. S. Vols. 1 and 2, 8vo. Edinburgh, 1829.

of Irish, then called Scots, had colonized Argyllshire, and made fierce wars on the decaying province of Rome, by the assistance, doubtless, of those called Meatæ, or Middle Britons, who, subjected by the Romans during their power, rose against them when it began to decline. These Scots, moreover, made war upon the Caledonians, more latterly called Northern Picts or Deucaledonians, who had for ages been in possession of the greater part of Angusshire, Perthshire, Fife, and the north-east of Scotland up to the Moray frith. Beyond that estuary it would appear the Scandinavians had colonies upon the fertile shores of Moray, and among the mountains of Sutherland, of which the name speaks for itself that it was given by the Norwegians; and probably they had also settlements in Caithness and the Orcades. When, therefore, Kenneth finally defeated, dispersed, and destroyed the Picts, he obtained possession of the middle provinces of Scotland from sea to sea, having joined his original dominions on St. George's Channel to the eastern shores washed by the German Ocean. Behind him, to the north-east, lay the warlike and poor Scandinavians; but in front of his kingdom, and between that and the present English frontier, lay three states, enjoying a boisterous and unsettled independence, and each peopled by a mixed race.

The first of these was Galloway, then extended considerably beyond the limits of the shires of Wigton and Kirkcudbright, to which the name is now limited. This remote and desolate region ere long acknowledged a vassalage to the crown; but being inhabited by a very brave and barbarous people, continued, substantially, a separate state till about 1234. Secondly, bounded on the east, and partly on the north, by Galloway, lay Strathclwyd, inhabited by British tribes, of the nation generally called Meatæ. These also were compelled to acknowledge the superiority of the throne. They may be generally described as occupying the territory from the castle of Dunbarton to near the village of Melrose; but their limits, like those of all savage nations, were variable and uncertain, as they failed or succeeded in wars with their neighbours. The last mention of the inhabitants of Strathclwyd, as a people having a separate kinglet or prince, occurs in 1018. Thirdly, still to the eastward of the Strathclwyd Britons lay the provinces now called Berwickshire and the three Lothians. This fertile

country was the object of cupidity, in a much greater degree, than the barren mountains of the more western frontier; and, after the decay of the Roman power, it lay peculiarly exposed to the inroads of the Picts, who appear to have settled there a large division of their nation, called Vecturiones, who mingled, doubtless, among such remains of Britons as might still dwell to the south of the frith of Forth. But when the sword of the Saxons drove back the Pictish incursions, the victors appear to have won from the Picts all the flat country comprehending Berwickshire and East Lothian, and the greater part of West Lothian, which they joined to the Saxon kingdom of Deiria, or Northumberland. The Northumbrian Saxons being in their turn hard pressed by the Danes, their kingdom was so much weakened, that the Scots were tempted to cross the frith of Forth, then called the Scottish Sea, for the purpose of occupying Lothian; and about 830 they made themselves masters of the keys of that province, Dunbar and Edwinsbury (Edinburgh). At a later period (961), Edgar, King of England, in a council held at York, divided the territory hitherto designated as Northumberland, into two parts. The more southern half corresponds with the modern county of Northumberland, the northern moiety comprehended Lothian and the district now called Berwickshire. Finding this latter division of the country so obnoxious to the attacks of the Scots, Edgar made an agreement with Kenneth the Second, and conferred upon him that portion, to be held of the English crown. Thus came Lothian to the government of the Northern princes, but by grant from the king of England, and therefore under condition of paying homage—a circumstance which has thrown additional confusion into a confused part of British history. Finally, upon like terms, a considerable part of Westmoreland and Cumberland was some time after conceded to the Scot.

From the time of Kenneth MacAlpine to that of Macbeth —that is, from 841 to 1040, a space of about two centuries, we have a line of fifteen kings of Scots, of whom it is easy to perceive that, in spite of the absurd prejudices concerning the inferiority of the Gaelic race, they sustained successfully the sceptre of Kenneth, and, by repeated battles both with the English and the Danes, not only repelled the attacks of their neighbours, but consolidated the strength of

their kingdom, gradually modelling an association of barbarous and in part wandering tribes into the consistence of a regular state. It is true that, through the mist of years, these sceptered shades are seen but indistinctly and dimly; yet, as we catch a glimpse, we see them occupied always in battle, and often in conquest.

The more civilized descendants of the murdered Duncan come on the stage with an interest peculiar to themselves, as well as that which arises from the name of their ancestor, at the tale of whose murder our imagination has been so early awakened. If it be true, as we are told by Fordun, that Malcolm, called Canmore (*i. e.* Greathead), actually repaired, during the usurpation of Macbeth, to the court of England, already refined by the multitude of Normans whom Edward the Confessor assembled around him, we may conclude him to have been the first of his race who obtained some share of a better education than the wilderness called Scotland could at that time afford. His history shows symptoms of a vigorous and regular government. He had strength and generosity sufficient to receive and protect the heir of his benefactor Edward, when the battle of Hastings had thrust him from his throne. He wedded Margaret, sister to the disinherited Atheling, who, by the influence which she obtained over her husband, tamed the impetuosity of a fiery spirit, and inclined to acts of religion and charity blood which, like that of Malcolm's ancestors, was naturally of a choleric temperament. There can be no doubt that, during the reign of this king, considerable improvement was made by the Scottish nation. The king's bounty and the queen's benevolence drew to the court of Malcolm Canmore tides of various emigrants, both Normans and Saxons, and these brought with them their respective arts and languages. The English tongue already prevailed in Lothian, where the Northumbrian Saxons and the Danes had been long seated, and where they had communicated to the descendants of the Vecturiones, or Southern Picts, a language which, from their previous intercourse with Scandinavians, that people might be in some degree prepared to receive. When, therefore, the Scottish princes made the important acquisition of Lothian and Berwick, they found the Anglo-Saxon, or English, completely established there; as being the language of a people who had more ideas to

express, it must have been more copious than the Gaelic, and we can, consequently, see no reason to wonder that it should have become, by degrees, the dialect of their court.

In the introduction of the Saxon language into his kingdom, Malcolm himself was a considerable agent. As frequently happens, he caught the flame of religion from the pure torch of conjugal affection. His love of his consort led him to engage in the devotional services which afterwards procured for her the title of a saint. Totally illiterate, the king was unable to peruse his wife's missals and prayer-books; but he had them gorgeously bound, and frequently, by kissing them, expressed his veneration for what he could not understand. When the queen undertook to correct some alleged abuses of the church, Malcolm stood interpreter betwixt the fair and royal reformer and such of the Scottish clergy as did not understand English, which Malcolm loved because it was the native tongue of Margaret. Such pictures occurring in history delight by their beauty and their simplicity. A king of fierce barbarians, himself the bravest of mankind, takes on him the yoke of devotion at the voice of a mild and beautiful woman, and serves, at least as a channel for conveying to his savage subjects the instructions which he himself probably comprehended but imperfectly. It reminds us of the classic gems in which Love is represented as bridling the lion. The more violent mood of Malcolm aided the effects of his conjugal affection, and assisted, in a very different manner, the propagation of the Anglo-Saxon language in the north. The spouse of Margaret, mild as a lamb when by her side, was in war an untamed and devastating tiger. Simeon of Durham records, that in 1070 the King of Scots laid waste Northumberland and the bishopric of Durham with such fury, that, besides a great number killed, he swept off such a host of captives, that for many years they were to be found as bondmen and bondwomen not only in every village, but in the poorest hovels in Scotland. There is also to be added the extreme severity of William the Conqueror, who, to be avenged of the frequent revolts occurring in the north of England, plundered the province as that of an enemy, forcing many thousands to fly into Scotland, where they were protected by Queen Margaret.

Malcolm then enlarged his dominions by conquest, illu-

minated them by increase of knowledge, and left Scotland a united and consolidated people, in comparison to what he found it. With subjects composed of so many different tribes and nations, and even languages—himself totally uneducated, this prince, the founder of the monarchy, as it finally existed, deserves no small praise for the defence which he made against the English and Normans, and for the improvements which he was able, in the midst of civil dissensions and foreign war, to introduce among his uncultivated subjects. After his death, at the battle of Alnwick (A. D. 1093), it seemed that his labours were about to be destroyed. His brother Donald (the Donalbane of Shakspeare) assumed the crown, according to a custom prevailing in that period, which preferred the brother of the deceased monarch to his eldest son, and endeavoured to conciliate the prejudices of such of the Scots as were attached to the rude manners of their forefathers, by expelling all foreigners from the kingdom. Some important revolutions took place: and more than one kingly phantom had been seen on the throne, before it was at length more permanently occupied by Alexander, son of Canmore. He was a high-spirited man, who resisted with gallantry, constancy, and success, the various attempts of the English prelates of Canterbury and York to extend their spiritual dominion over Scotland, and invade, in so doing, the liberties of the Scottish church.

His brother David succeeded him in 1123, and more than rivalled the manly character of Canmore. He, too, was sagacious, wise, and valiant; an affectionate husband, and a careful parent: usually victorious in war and prudent in peace; with the advantage of a much better education than had fallen to his father's lot. David was early involved in war; for, being the uncle of the Empress Matilda, daughter of Henry I, the King of Scots held himself obliged to maintain the succession of that princess against the usurpation of Stephen. Considering how much England was disunited during this reign, it did not, at one period, seem improbable that the territories of the Scottish monarch might have been pushed up to the Humber. But the successes which David obtained only encouraged the insubordinate spirit of the Galwegians, and other rude tribes, which composed his army; and owing to their disorganization, not less than to the fidelity and valour of the barons of the north of

England, he sustained, A.D. 1138, a severe defeat at Cuton Moor, near Northallerton, where, if he had obtained victory, the destinies of the two divisions of the island might, perhaps, have been singularly reversed. As it was, David's power continued so little injured, that Stephen saw the necessity of ceding to him the whole earldom of Northumberland, excepting the fortresses of Bamborough and Newcastle: Cumberland was restored to him at the same time, and on the same condition of homage. David did much for the improvement of his subjects, and even for the civilization of the Galwegians, upon whom he imposed regulations, tending to prevent their unsparing ravage and bloodthirsty spirit of slaughter. He founded very many religious houses, the endowments of which were afterwards much grudged by his successors, one of whom termed him, in allusion to his canonization, "a sore saint to the crown." His views, however, were more patriotic than his descendants were willing to comprehend. In the monastic establishments, whatever learning the times possessed was carefully preserved: their inhabitants were sometimes engaged in educating the sons of the gentry and nobility; for their own comfort, they cultivated the arts of husbandry and gardening; and, finally, being protected, at this early age, by the sanctity of their character, the church lands alone afforded a safe refuge for agriculture.

Malcolm IV, who succeeded his father David, is commonly, but erroneously, called Malcolm the Maiden.* This was an active and high-spirited prince; yet his treaties with England were unfortunate. Henry II, now in full possession of the English crown, resumed from the Scottish king that portion of Northumberland which Stephen has ceded in his weakness. The English historians assert that Lothian itself (comitatus Lodonensis) was included in the cession. But if the *superiority* of England was acknowledged in that province, it is certain that Lothian was not, in fact, delivered up, as was the case with Northumberland. In the interior, Malcolm IV greatly consolidated his kingdom. He subdued a formidable insurrection in Galloway, and reduced the spirit of that fierce and intractable people. He brought

* It appears from a grant made by him to the abbey of Kelso (Cartulary, folio 16) that Malcolm the Maiden had a natural son.

to obedience the remote county of Moray, occupied chiefly by Scandinavians, and is said to have dispersed the inhabitants over other parts of Scotland. The imagination recoils when we find in ancient history accounts of such violent experiments. But the people on whom they were wrought were few in number, and, subsisting by the chase and by their herds and flocks, found, possibly, no very great hardship in exchanging one corner of the wilderness for another. Malcolm died in 1165, and was succeeded by his brother William.

The precipitate courage of this monarch, commonly called William the Lion, brought great calamities on himself and his kingdom. He felt resentment for the resumption of Northumberland by Henry II; and, engaging in a rash war with the English monarch on that account, was defeated by an inferior force, and made prisoner in an unnecessary skirmish. Galled with impatience under the captivity into which he had precipitated himself, he agreed to purchase his liberty by surrendering the independence of his kingdom. This shameful bargain was made in 1174; by which William became in express terms liegeman of Henry for *all* his dominions. In a quarrel with the pope, the prince, who could thus betray the honours of the Scottish crown, maintained steadfastly the freedom of the Scottish church; and, while the superior, Henry, was causing himself to be scourged at the tomb of Thomas à Becket, his vassal William was setting the threats and actual excommunications of the Romish see at protestant-like defiance.

Upon the accession of Richard I, the desire of that chivalrous prince to obtain the means of seeking glory in Palestine, and, perhaps, some sense that his father had abused the right of conquest towards the king of Scots, induced him to enter into a new treaty—formally restoring all that he could claim by the new instruments which Henry II extorted during William's captivity, and replacing matters between the Kings of England and Scotland on the same footing on which they had stood in the reign of Malcolm. Thus the kingdom of Scotland, properly so called, was restored to its independence; while the possessions in Westmoreland and Cumberland, as well as those in Northumberland and the province of Lothian, all of which had made part of the heptarchy, continued to be held by a feudatory

title from the English crown. And the consequence of Cœur-de-Lion's generosity, or policy, was the existence of a peace, not entirely unbroken, but without the interruption of any great war, or serious national quarrel, for more than a century.

The reign of Alexander II, though not without domestic incidents of importance, is marked by no considerable revolutions in Scotland. This just and prudent prince succeeded to his father William in 1214. Instead of the fatal attempt of warring upon England, he turned his attention to the regulation of the interior of his own kingdom by wise and just laws, great part of which are still in force. He finally subjected the Galwegians; he withstood, with constancy like that of his forefathers, the encroachments of the pope—whose legates obtained only partial success in levying their exactions within the realm of Scotland. Finally, he expired in the act of endeavouring to compel the Lord of the Isles to do that homage to the crown of Scotland for the Hebrides which he used to render to the king of Norway. Alexander was seized with a fever, and died in the island of Kerrera, in 1249.

It is at this particular point that the new historian of Scotland, Mr. Patrick Fraser Tytler, has taken up the annals of his country—a most interesting era, no doubt; when the peaceful, and even splendid, character of the reign of Alexander III presents a contrast equally striking and affecting to the violent and bloody period which followed; when of two sister countries which nature had formed for union and perpetual friendship, the more powerful was engaged in forwarding the most unconscientious oppression, while the weaker was driven now into acts of treacherous and feigned submission, and now into those of unrestrained and vindictive cruelty. Nevertheless, as we have already hinted, we wish Mr. Tytler would bestow a portion of the research which he has brought to the later period, upon those dark ages preceding the accession of Alexander, which might be made with advantage the subject of an introductory dissertation or volume. The facts are not, indeed, numerous; but, cleared of the hypotheses which have been formed, and the spleen and virulence with which these have been defended, some account of Scotland from the earliest period is a chapter of importance to the

history of mankind. We can see, after the subjugation of the Picts by Kenneth Macalpine, a miscellaneous association of wild and barbarous tribes blending together and associating themselves, so far as the low countries of Scotland were concerned, into one state and one people, speaking one language, and governed by one monarch. In the reign of Alexander III, the Picts were no more—the Galwegians had become peaceable—the Britons of Strath Clyde had vanished from history—the Saxons, Danes, and other inhabitants of Lothian, had melted into one nation with the people who possessed the shires of Fife, Stirling, Perth, and Angus. The Scandinavian inhabitants of the remoter counties had been displaced and blended with the mass of population elsewhere. The English had become a friendly people, exchanging acts of faith and kindliness with their northern neighbours; and the savage wars, which had so often ravaged the frontiers of both kingdoms, seemed at sleep for ever.

When examined more closely, Scotland, though it could at most be reckoned a second-rate kingdom in Europe, appears to have exhibited, nevertheless, all the materials of a regular government and an improving country. The exercise of strict justice, so far as the regal power extended, preserved the fruits of industry and the means of civilization; and peace, and the protection of the magistrate, encouraged commerce. The town of Berwick, in particular, then belonging to the northern prince, "enjoyed a prosperity, such as threw every other Scottish port into the shade," says Mr. Tytler; "and caused the contemporary author of the *Chronicles of Lanercost* to distinguish it by the name of a second Alexandria"—an epithet not undeserved, since the customs of that town amounted to about one-fourth of all the customs of England. Mr. Tytler's picture of the northern court and army at this period is highly interesting, when we consider how short a while before these kings had been barbarous chiefs, not unsuspected of cannibal propensities; and their followers, hordes of savages, which spared neither sex—even to the extent of tossing infants upon their pikes; a favourite amusement, it is said, amongst the Galwegians who attended David I to Cuton Moor.

The following circumstances of regal pomp are recorded

with some degree of triumph, as equal, if not superior, to the contemporary magnificence of the southern court:

"As early as the age of Malcolm Canmore, an unusual splendour was introduced into the Scottish court by his Saxon queen. This princess, as we learn from her life by Turgot, her own confessor, brought in the use of rich and precious foreign stuffs, of which she encouraged the importation from distant countries. In her own dress, she was unusually magnificent; whilst she increased the parade of the public appearance of the sovereign by augmenting the number of his personal attendants, and employing vessels of gold and silver in the service of his table." (Mr. Tytler ought to have noticed the candid admission of his authority, that, if not of solid plate, the vessels were at least lackered with gold or silver.) "Under the reign of Alexander the First, the intercourse of Scotland with the East, and the splendid appearance of the sovereign, are shown by a singular ceremony which took place in the High Church of St. Andrews. This monarch, anxious to evince his devotion to the blessed apostle, not only endowed that religious house with numerous lands, and conferred upon it various and important immunities, but, as an additional evidence of his piety, he commanded his favourite Arabian horse to be led up to the high altar, whose saddle and bridle were splendidly ornamented, and his housings of a rich cloth of velvet. A squire at the same time brought the king's body armour, which was of Turkish manufacture, and studded with jewels, with his spear and his shield of silver, and these, along with the noble horse and his furniture, the king, in the presence of his prelates and barons, solemnly devoted and presented to the church. The housings and arms were shown in the days of the historian who has recorded the event."—Vol. ii, pp. 236, 237.

Mr. Tytler has shown, with great research and ingenuity, that Scotland, in this early period, possessed a considerable knowledge of such arts and sciences as were in estimation elsewhere. He has justly celebrated the patriotism of the clergy; who successfully defended their national freedom, in several instances, against the intrusive domination of Rome, and the ambition of the English prelates. In philosophy, he appeals to the subtile and celebrated Joannes Duns Scotus; in the exact sciences, to the more questionable attainments of Michael Scott and John Holywood. He dwells, also, with fondness, on the early passion of his countrymen, from whatever race derived, for poetry and music.

"They possessed a wild imagination, and a dark and gloomy mythology; they peopled the caves, the woods, the rivers, and the mountains, with spirits, elves, giants, and dragons; and are we to wonder that the Scots, a nation in whose veins the blood of all those ancient races is unquestionably mingled, should, at a very

remote period, have evinced an enthusiastic admiration for song and poetry; that the harper was to be found amongst the officers who composed the personal state of the sovereign, and that the country maintained a privileged race of wandering minstrels, who eagerly seized on the prevailing superstitions and romantic legends, and wove them in rude but sometimes very expressive versification into their stories and ballads: who were welcome guests at the gate of every feudal castle, and fondly beloved by the great body of the people?"—Vol. ii, pp. 368, 369.

The national means of defence are also celebrated, and with perspicuity, simplicity, and, at the same time, more beauty of language, than we are accustomed to find bestowed on antiquarian subjects. We find an accurate account of the principal feudal fortresses; to which the author adds a passage graphically descriptive of the Scottish baron and his household.

"Innumerable castles and smaller strengths, from the seats of the highest earls, whose power was almost kingly, down to the single towers of the retainer or vassal, with their low iron-ribbed door, and loop-holed windows, were scattered over every district in Scotland; and even in the present day, the traveller cannot explore the most unfrequented scenes, and the remotest glens of the country, without meeting some gray relic of other days, reminding him that the chain of feudal despotism had there planted one of its thousand links, and around which there often linger those fine traditions, where fiction has lent her romantic colours to history. In the vicinity of these strongholds, in which the Scottish barons of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries held their residence, there was cleared from wood as much ground as was necessary for the support of that numerous train of vassals and retainers, which formed what was termed the 'following' of their lord, and who were supported in a style of rude and abundant hospitality. The produce of his fields and forests, his huge herds of swine, his flocks and cattle, his granaries and breweries, his mills and malting houses, his dovecots, gardens, orchards, and 'infield and outfield' wealth, all lent their riches to maintain those formidable bands of warlike knights and vassals, who were ready, on every summons, to surround the banner of their lord. Around these castles, also, were placed the rude habitations and cottages belonging to the more immediate servants and inferior dependents of the baron,—to his armourers, tailors, wrights, masons, falconers, forest-keepers, and many others, who ministered to his necessities, his comforts, or his pleasures. It happened, too, not unfrequently, that ambitious of the security which the vicinity of a feudal castle ensured, the free farmers or opulent tradesmen of those remote times requested permission to build their habitations and booths near its walls, which, for payment of a small rent, was willingly allowed; and we shall afterwards have occasion to remark, that to this practice we perhaps

owe the origin of our towns and royal burghs in Scotland. It appears, also, from the authentic evidence of the Chartularies, that at this period, upon the large feudal estates belonging to the nobles or to the church, were to be found small villages or collections of hamlets and cottages, termed Villæ in the charters of the times, annexed to which was a district of land called a Territorium. This was cultivated in various proportions by the higher ranks of the husbandmen, who possessed it, either in part or in whole, as their own property; which they held by lease, and for which they paid a rent, or by the villeyns and cottars, who were themselves, in frequent instances, as we shall immediately see, the property of the lord of the soil. Thus, by a similar process, which we find took place in England under the Normans, and which is very clearly to be traced in Domesday Book, the greater feudal barons were possessed not only of immense estates, embracing within them field and forest, river, lake, and mountain, but of numerous and flourishing villages, for which they received a regular rent, and of whose wealth and gains they always held a share, because they were frequently the masters of the persons and property of the tradesmen and villeyns, by whom such early communities were inhabited. In these villages the larger divisions, under the names of caracutes, bovates, or oxgates, were cultivated by the husbandmen, and the cottars under them, while, for their own maintenance, each of these poor labourers was the master of a cottage, with a small piece of ground, for which he paid a trifling rent to the lord of the soil."—Vol. ii, pp. 207-209.

The army of the king of Scotland is said by Matthew Paris to have been "numerous and brave." He had a thousand horsemen (men-at-arms, viz.), which were tolerably mounted, though not indeed on Spanish or Italian horses. His infantry, (including light horse, doubtless) amounted to nearly 100,000. To such national advantages, and to such formidable means of defending them, had Scotland attained during the minority of Alexander III. The only dangerous task reserved for him seemed to be that of checking and repelling the attacks of the Norwegians. The quarrel concerning the *superiority* of the Hebridian islands, in prosecution of which Alexander II had lost his life at Kerrera, still subsisted between the son of Alexander and Haco of Norway, a king of redoubted power and skill in arms; and no sooner was the heir of Scotland arisen to the years of manhood than the contest was renewed.

In the midst of summer 1264, Haco embarked at the head of a fleet and army, considered as the most formidable which ever left Norway to seek spoil and glory on distant shores. Mr. Tytler candidly compares the Norse and Scot-

tish accounts of this memorable expedition, and, allowing for the partiality of both, endeavours to reconcile them with each other, or to ascertain the probabilities of the disputed points. It is, perhaps, on account of these discrepancies, that Dr. Macpherson, in his *Critical Dissertations*, arises to such a pitch of incredulity, as to doubt whether such an event as the battle of Largs ever took place. The veracity of the *Norwegian Chronicle* is ascertained by what Mr. Tytler justly calls "a fine example of the clear and certain light reflected by the exact sciences upon history." This ancient narrative mentions an eclipse of the sun witnessed by Haco and his fleet, and that eclipse, having been calculated by modern astronomers, is found to have taken place on the 5th of August, 1263. The powerful fleet of Norway arrived in the frith of Clyde, while Alexander, assembling his forces, moved towards the shores threatened with attack. The Norwegian armament suffered by a storm, nor was its violence entirely abated when they reached the bay of Largs, near the mouth of the Clyde. Here the Norsemen attempted their projected descent, and here they were met and opposed by the various divisions of the Scottish army, as they came up in succession. A protracted battle of three days was maintained by the invaders persisting in their attempts to land: the plain yet covered with cairns and rude monuments of the slain, with the ancient weapons repeatedly found there, bear witness to the sanguinary character of the contest. The invaders found their way back to their ships with great difficulty and loss, but the defensive army had also sustained much damage in their contest with the "dragons of the wave." The Scandinavian chronicler naturally imputes the failure of the expedition to tempestuous weather, while the Scottish authors claim the victory as due to the bravery of their countrymen. Haco escaped, with great loss, to the Orkney isles, where he died of the fatigues which he had incurred in the course of his expedition, and of the mortification which attended its conclusion. The field of Largs was a decisive event, which ended for ever the wars betwixt Scotland and Norway. The renewal of quarrels was guarded against by a marriage betwixt Margaret, the daughter of Alexander, and the youthful Eric, Haco's successor.

And now, triumphant over her last open and avowed

enemy, under the rule of a monarch who was still in the flower of life, the royal line strengthened by the existence of two sons of Alexander, and the supposed friendship of Edward I of England, it might have been thought that Scotland had a fine opportunity of pursuing the course of internal improvement and civilization which she had adopted for two centuries, and pursued with increasing success during the last of them. But heaven had ordered it otherwise. The tokens and the tidings of evil came upon Alexander by messenger after messenger, as they assailed the inspired poet of Uz. The two princes (his sons) died without issue; Margaret, Queen of Norway, also died, leaving only one child, a girl, called by Scottish historians the Maiden of Norway. "And thus," says Mr. Tytler, "the king, still in the flower of his age, found himself a widower, and bereft by death of all his children."

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[*The account of the subsequent events, down to the decision of Edward in favour of John Baliol, is omitted—as containing nothing which does not occur elsewhere in the present collection of Sir Walter Scott's Miscellanies.**]

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Mr. Tytler, who has traced the affairs of Scotland with a firm and faithful hand to this fatal crisis, proceeds to show how Edward I availed himself of the power thus acquired to award the throne to John Baliol; and how, having done so, the same Edward took occasion to push him to resistance by the most rigid and harsh exertion of his claim of paramount superiority; in virtue of which he summoned him to answer in the English courts, on the slightest occasion, and made him feel at every turn the disgrace and mortification of a mere dependent. Goaded to rebellion, by finding himself thus exposed to insult and injury, where he had expected amity and honour, John Baliol rushed into a hasty war, in which the English defeated his forces and overran his kingdom, until he found himself obliged to abdicate his crown in favour of Edward, under every rite which could add disgrace to so humiliating a ceremonial.

* [See *Tales of a Grandfather*, chap. vi.]

Chaucer observes "that there is no guise so new that it has not been old," and those may be probably of the same opinion who compare the crafty devices of Edward when eager for the throne of Scotland, with the vows of friendship to the Spanish royal family paraded on a memorable occasion by the late Emperor of France. Nor are the causes, owing to which these powerful and ambitious men fell short of their purpose, when they appeared most secure of it, without more than one point of coincidence. First, success, and the self-opinion attendant upon it, had elevated both Plantagenet and Napoleon above consideration of the extensive tasks which their ambition had cut out for them; and as the latter might, in all likelihood, have achieved the conquest of Spain, had he not been called back to Austria and afterwards to Russia, so Edward would, it is scarcely to be doubted, have completed the subjugation of Scotland but for the necessity of carrying his arms into France. Secondly, neither the one nor the other of these haughty sovereigns calculated justly or truly upon the energy with which a free and high-spirited people will turn on their oppressors, or what degree of misery they will be willing to endure rather than yield in a struggle so holy. Thirdly, in either case, the Almighty armed in the cause of suffering freedom one of those men of rare talent who determine the fate of nations; nor, though fortunate in a much more extensive scale of exertion, will the character of the English general be injured by comparing it to that of the Scottish king.

The first champion of Scottish freedom was, indeed, of a different and somewhat ruder moulding. He was that Sir William Wallace, of whom history can say little, and tradition can never be silent.

"The family," says Mr. Tytler, "was ancient," (we will add, in the Shakspearian sense, *gentle*,) "but neither rich nor noble. In those days, bodily strength and knightly prowess were of the highest consequence in commanding respect and ensuring success. Wallace had an iron frame. His make, as he grew up to manhood, approached almost to the gigantic, and his personal strength was superior to the common run of even the strongest men. His passions were hasty and violent; a strong hatred to the English, who now insolently lorded it over Scotland, began to show itself at a very early period of his life; and this aversion was fostered in the youth, by an uncle, a priest, who, deploring the calamities of his country, was never weary of extolling the sweets of liberty and the miseries of dependence."—Vol. i, p. 125.

This formidable hero was placed by his countrymen at the head of an insurrection which swept Scotland, defeated King Edward's delegates, and regained almost all the national fortresses. But, though almost adored by the people, he could not maintain his interest among the nobility; they were arrogant and jealous, and the champion of Scotland was irascible, and intolerant of restraint and contradiction. In war he was merciless and cruel, witness the description by Henry, the minstrel—who, though he exaggerates and adds to his adventures, seems to have had a just idea of his character—of his burning the church of Dunotter, built upon those sea-girdled rocks, where the castle of the same name now stands. The passage is not without poetical merit:—

"Wallace on fire gard* set all hastily,
Burnt up the court, and all that was therein,
Atourt the rock the lavet run with great din,
Some hung on craggs right dolefully to die,
Some leapt, some fell, some fluttered in the sea;
No southern on life was left without that hold,
And them within they burned to ashes cold.
When this was done, feles fell on knees soon,
At the bishop asked absolution.
Wallace said, laughing—'I forgive ye all;
Are ye warmen—repent ye for so small?
They rued not us in the town of Ayr,
Our brave barons when that they hanged there.'"—
Wallace, book vii.

Edward marched to victory and vengeance. He engaged Wallace at Falkirk, where the nobility, or such of them as with their followers composed the Scottish line of cavalry, left the field without fighting, and abandoned the infantry, who fought with even more than wonted obstinacy, to the fury of the English. Wallace, after the loss of this battle, retired from the office of guardian of the kingdom. After an honourable but ineffectual resistance on the part of Sir John Comyn and Sir Simon Fraser, the nobles and wealthier part of the gentry submitted to the conqueror. Wallace alone, who never would accept the slightest boon at the hands of Edward's lieutenants, or consent to truce or parley of any sort, was still in obscure but constant opposition to *the southron*. He was, at length, betrayed, taken, and

* Caused. † Around. ‡ The rest. § Many; German, *viel*.

executed. We transcribe an account of his fate, as a good specimen of the style and manner of our historian:—

"His fate, as was to be expected, was soon decided; but the circumstances of refined cruelty and torment which attended his execution, reflect an indelible stain upon the character of Edward, and, were they not stated by the English historians themselves, could scarcely be believed. Having been carried to London, he was brought with great pomp to Westminster Hall, and there arraigned of treason. A crown of laurel was in mockery placed on his head, because Wallace had been heard to boast that he deserved to wear a crown in that hall. Sir Peter Mallorie, the king's justice, then impeached him as a traitor to the King of England, as having burnt the villages and abbeys, stormed the castles, and miserably slain and tortured the liege subjects of his master the king. Wallace indignantly and truly repelled the charge of treason, as he never had sworn fealty to Edward; but to the other articles of accusation he pleaded no defence; they were notorious, and he was condemned to death. Discrowned and chained, he was now dragged at the tails of horses through the streets, to the foot of a high gallows, placed at the elms in Smithfield. After being hanged, but not to death, he was cut down yet breathing, his bowels taken out, and burnt before his face. His head was then struck off, and his body divided into four quarters. His head was placed on a pole on London Bridge, his right arm above the bridge at Newcastle, his left arm was sent to Berwick, his right foot and limb to Perth, and his left quarter to Aberdeen. 'These,' says an old English historian, 'were the trophies of their favourite hero, which the Scots had now to contemplate, instead of his banners and gonfanons, which they had once proudly followed.' But he might have added, that they were trophies far more glorious than the richest banner that had ever been borne before him; and if Wallace already had been, for his daring and romantic character, the idol of the people, if they had long regarded him as the only man who had asserted, throughout every change of circumstances, the independence of his country, now that the mutilated limbs of this martyr to liberty were brought amongst them, it may well be conceived how deep and inextinguishable were their feelings of pity and revenge. Tyranny is proverbially short-sighted, and Edward, assuredly, could have adopted no more certain way of canonizing the memory of his enemy, and increasing the unforgiving animosity of a free people."—Vol. i, pp. 213–215.

The people of Scotland had been compelled to submission; but it is probable that, even whilst serving under these engagements, they designed the evasion and breach of their oaths to Edward. The conqueror, on the other hand, did his best to draw close these fragile bonds of allegiance, and strengthen them by the rules of civil polity. Since the reign of Canmore, the feudal system had been gradually

making its way into Scotland. To the great vassals it was recommended by the clear and concise form in which it placed their right of possession; and to kings it was acceptable on account of the flattering doctrine on which it rested, —that all the land of the kingdom belonged originally to the crown, and was only to be inherited as holding more or less directly of the sovereign, and as reverting to him in case of any act of disobedience. It was the policy of Edward to introduce this system into Scotland to the exclusion of all others; so that whilst the natives, on the one hand, were subjected to laws similar to those of England, they should be, on the other, deprived of those ancient customs which preserved the memory of their independence. The words of the provision are,—"that the custom of the Scots and the Brets shall for the future be prohibited and no longer practised." We strongly recommend this obscure and singular passage to the care of Mr. Tytler, in his next edition, since it does not, in the present, appear to have attracted his attention. We point it out to his observation, the rather that we entertain an idea that light will be thereby cast on the controversy respecting the law-book, called *Regiam Majestatem*. This treatise itself, purporting to be a collection of ancient Scottish statutes, is, in fact, unless in passages containing such differences as are or seem to have been introduced for the nonce, a mere transcript of Ranulph de Glanville's treatise, termed (like the other, from its incipient words) *Regiam Potestatem*. Now, as the one of these books had been indubitably copied from the other; and as no motive can be assigned why the English writer should have borrowed from the Scottish, it is at least worth inquiry whether the *Regiam Majestatem* may not have been a fabrication, got up and interpolated by the policy of Edward I to impose on the Scottish nation an English code, under the pretext that it was a compendium of their own laws. Thus might this artful prince, while pretending to revive the statutes of King David and older monarchs, substitute the enactments of England in place of the consuetudinary regulations of the Scots and Brets (or Britons), which were brought from the mountains of Argyle, and the wild recesses of Strath Clwyd. It is possible that, when closely inquired into, this stratagem may yet be accurately traced.

While Edward was preparing for the future legislation of Scotland, in a manner calculated to unite the people with those of England, the hopes of the Scots had again found a leader, of a character more formidable than had yet arisen. Robert Bruce, the young Earl of Carrick (grandson of him who had been a competitor for the crown), had, during the civil wars previous to 1305, repeatedly changed sides from the patriots to the English invaders, with a versatility more wavering than any person of the period. In that memorable year, he had the rashness or misfortune to stab Sir John Comyn, a nobleman of the highest rank, before the altar of the Dominican church of Dumfries; and a sense of the desperate state to which he had thus reduced himself, raised him from the condition of a sacrilegious homicide, to that of the candidate for the crown, which was his rightful inheritance, and of a patriot labouring for the freedom of his country. Unless for his assumption of such elevated claims, he must, from the nature of his crime, have sunk into an unpitied outlaw. The displaying open banner against England mustered his countrymen around him as a respected sovereign. His forces, however, when compared to those which assailed him, were like a drop of water in the ocean, and his complicated misfortunes of defeat, exile, death of some friends, and desertion of others, his own personal sufferings, and the courage with which he endured them, showed how soon the approach of adversity had ripened the versatile and selfish Earl of Carrick into a wise, sagacious, and undaunted monarch. His distresses and his difficulties are narrated by Mr. Tytler, with the animation called for by a tale of such romantic character; and the most brilliant age of Scotland is fortunate in having found an historian, whose sound judgment is accompanied by a graceful liveliness of imagination, and who does not give a shadow of countenance to the vulgar opinion that the flattest and dullest mode of detailing events must uniformly be that which approaches nearest to the truth.

Even while the life of the great Plantagenet was still twinkling like a taper in the socket, he had the mortification to learn that Bruce,—having wearied out the spite of fortune, or undergone the penance decreed by heaven for the misspent years of his youth, and for the deed of blood which opened his high career,—had returned in triumph to Scot-

land, and gained friends and followers on every side. The monarch hastened to reassure himself of the object of so many years' ambition, so often lost when it seemed on the point of being gained; and he died as he came in sight of the obstinate land of mountains which, after all his attempts to enslave them, lay yet before him free and unsubdued. The wisdom and the enterprise of The Bruce had hitherto been balanced by the high qualities of Edward I, his equal in skill and bravery, and his superior in experience. When the Scotish hero came to match himself with the imbecility of Edward II, it was far otherwise. It was after many delays,—some to be ascribed to the frivolous and contemptible love of idle minions and pleasures, some to a hesitation to measure himself with so redoubted an adversary,—that, stung at last with a sense of the dishonour he should sustain in suffering so fair an acquisition of his father's policy and bravery to be wrested from his dominion, the king of England finally assumed the purpose of invading Scotland.

The account of the battle of Bannockburn is given with national spirit; and Mr. Tytler details with judgment the mode in which Robert Bruce provided against the superiority of the English men-at-arms by the position which he took, and the manner in which he strengthened it; as likewise the movement by which he discomfited the archery, in which the invaders were no less superior, by suddenly charging them with a body of light horse, kept in reserve for that purpose. Secured from these dangers, the phalanx of Scottish spearmen had opportunity to act with formidable energy. It is one of the most remarkable circumstances in history, that, notwithstanding the example shown them by the ardour of their monarchs, and in despite of the valour and skill with which the Scots usually disputed and often gained actions with the English where the forces were moderate on each side, their general battles, from the field of Dupplin to that of Pinkie, were uniformly lost by their inferiority in archery, the artillery of the day.

The brief but splendid period during which Scotland, actuated by the spirit, and upheld by the wisdom of her brave monarch, maintained a positive superiority over her haughty neighbour, is described with truth and vigour. It is no wonder the historian dwells with fondness on the portrait of

the prince, whose personal character thus elevated that of an enfeebled and almost subdued nation. After recollecting, with regret, that we can only see Robert Bruce, through the mists which time has cast around him, as a figure of colossal proportion, "walking amongst his shadowy places,"—after tracing, as well as circumstances will admit, the tall and manly figure, strength of person, and courtesy of manners of this remarkable monarch—after noticing that, by the English themselves, he was held the third best knight in Europe, Mr. Tytler is led naturally to remark that, but for a counteracting quality, his love of individual enterprise and glory might have converted a great king into a mere knight-errant.

"But from this error he was saved by the love of his country, directed by an admirable judgment, an unshaken perseverance, and a vein of strong good sense. It is here, although some may think it the homeliest, that we are to find assuredly the brightest part of the character of the king. It is these qualities which are especially conspicuous in his war for the liberty of Scotland. They enabled him to follow out his plans through many a tedious year by undeviating energy; to bear reverses, to calculate his means, to wait for his opportunities, and to concentrate his whole strength upon one great point, till it was gained and secured to his country for ever. Brilliant military talent and consummate bravery have often been found amongst men, and proved far more of a curse than a blessing; but rarely indeed shall we discover them united to so excellent a judgment, controlled by such perfect disinterestedness, and employed for so sacred an end. There is but one instance on record where he seems to have thought more of himself than of his people, and even this, though rash, was heroic."—Vol. i, p. 416.

The author alludes to Bruce's personal encounter with the English knight, Sir Henry de Bohun, whom he slew in single combat the afternoon before the battle of Bannockburn. Bnt considering the period, the crisis, and circumstances, we incline to think even this venturous risk was justified in point of discretion. The king was about to fight a pitched battle for the safety of his crown and his country; and, besides that the ideas of chivalry rendered it dishonourable to shun the encounter of a single cavalier, his retreat before Bohun must have taken much from the mettle of the Scottish troops and added to that of the enemy; while his engaging in personal conflict, with the success which his habit of arms must have rendered probable, was generally received as a splendid omen of next day's success.

The second volume of Mr. Tytler's history leads us through the reign of David II, the son of Robert, who, in all but courage, proved so unequal to his father. The leaders of the nations were again changed; and while Edward III headed the English, and the Scots were guided by the rude and ignorant chieftains who succeeded Bruce, the defeats of the latter nation proved well nigh as numerous as those which Longshanks had inflicted on them at Berwick, Falkirk, &c.; and the liberties of the country were again brought to the brink of peril. This volume, like the former, is full of critical turns of fortune, military adventure, feudal pageantry, and display of personal character, though the heroes called into action are of a strain inferior to Bruce and Wallace. The appendix, which occupies more than half the volume, contains three interesting essays on the general appearance of Scotland, its early agriculture, the distinct races by which the kingdom was inhabited, the state of the various orders of society, &c. &c.—comprehending an elaborate inquiry into the ancient state of the country,—from which we have already made large extracts.

Before concluding this article, we have the delicate task of comparing the work of Mr. Tytler with that of the most esteemed of his predecessors, to whose unwearied exertions we owe the first gleam of rational light on a history peculiarly clouded by fiction. The circumstances under which that venerable person wrote, were such as might well have obstructed the studies of a man of less fortitude, or disgusted one of more ambition. His nation had been long lulled to sleep with dreams of their own antiquity and greatness, with which so many persons united their private pretensions to illustrious descent, that to dispel them was a very unpopular task; and those who could not maintain against evidence the figments which had been the Dalilahs of their imagination, were not the less displeased with the author who had broken the spell. Neither were authorities so easily referred to in those days as in the present. The Record Office at Edinburgh has been arranged in a very different manner, and its treasures rendered in every respect more accessible. The circle of readers being expanded to an incredible extent, the interest excited by historical labour is incalculably deeper than in 1776;—at which time there existed in England a special apathy concerning Scot-

tish history—while in the narrow circle of Scotland itself, there was among the older persons at least, a predetermination to remain satisfied with their *Mumpsimus*, and to give no attention to any new reading. They had Buchanan and Boethius, and they neither wanted nor were willing to receive better authorities. Lord Hailes, a man of rank and fortune, did not need the emoluments of publication; and it was well for his fame and for posterity that he was independent of them. But these circumstances did not tend to the popularity of his work; for, in order to advance the sale of almost any book, it is necessary that *the trade* (to speak technically) shall have some capital invested in it. He, therefore, wrought upon his historical collections, like Ulysses upon his bark in the island of Calypso, to leave land upon his lonely voyage unanimated by any plaudits, and not expecting any when he should return—the whole object of his enterprise a search after truth—his only reward the mental satisfaction of having discovered it. Finally, he published upon disputed points, the very debatable land of Scottish history; before he could draw up his forces, he was uniformly obliged to clear the ground of the enemy. His work was therefore of a controversial character; and though many portions indicate considerable powers of eloquence, yet the necessity of frequent digressions, and of recording insulated and sometimes unconnected facts, induced him to adopt the humble title of Annals, instead of announcing a History.

Such being the origin and character of those modest labours, Mr. Tytler had, unquestionably, a fair and open right to fill up the fragments which Hailes has left unfinished—to be concise where he was prolix—to receive as proved that which his lordship was under the necessity of supporting by evidence;—and these united circumstances imply great advantage. But the possession of such superiority ought to induce the modern historian to mark, with deference and courtesy, the points on which he differs from, and presumes to correct, the authority of his predecessor. Too intent upon his subject, too eager to display that Lord Hailes had left him something to do, it seems to us that this young gentleman has committed an error of taste in pointing out the mistakes of the venerable annalist with something less than liberality, candour, and good-humour. We have heard some readers, who profess to be acquainted with the long-

breathed nature of a Caledonian feud, refer this to a literary quarrel of some standing, in which the grandfather of Mr. Patrick Fraser Tytler, the "revered defender of the beauteous Stuart," was engaged with Lord Hailes. This, we dare aver, is an idle imputation; but that such an idea has been started, ought to induce Mr. Tytler, in future editions, to soften the severity of his remarks where Lord Hailes is concerned. This is the more necessary, as, allowing that several of them are just and judicious corrections, yet these, for the most part, occur in matters of little moment; while there are more in which the parties have not been fairly at issue, and the modern seems disposed to assume the credit of a victory where no battle has been fought. We will mention an instance or two.

Lord Hailes, in speaking of the battle of Falkirk, lost by Wallace, has taken some pains to confute a popular tale. It is said by every historian, from Fordun to Abercrombie, that this battle was lost by disputes and treacherous desertions among the Scottish leaders; that Wallace, Stewart, and Comyn quarrelled about the honour of leading the van; how Comyn compared Wallace to an owl in borrowed feathers; how Comyn treacherously withdrew with ten thousand men; how Wallace followed his example, out of resentment against Stewart; and how Stewart, in consequence of this double defection, was overpowered and cut to pieces. Now, Lord Hailes having observed that there was scarce one of the old writers who had not produced an invective against Comyn, an apology for Wallace, or a lamentation over the deserted Stewart, proceeds to show that the great superiority of the English cavalry over that of Wallace might have furnished *one* sufficient cause for the retreat of the Scottish men-at-arms. Mr. Tytler takes up this passage, as if Hailes's object had been to exculpate Comyn and the other leaders from the charge of dissension among themselves, or treachery to their country. According to his statement, it appears to be certain that the Scottish men-at-arms fled of set purpose; he proves, by a circumstance omitted by Lord Hailes, that two of the Scottish earls were in communication with Edward, and upbraids Lord Hailes as "sneering at the account of the Scottish historians as trash." After observing that Lord Hailes had fully admitted the contests and discontent which existed in the Scottish councils, he remarks, that "why

that which is given as authentic history in March, becomes trash in July, is not easily explained."

Now, we conceive that, in all this reasoning, Lord Hailes's argument is stated too high. He does not, he could not, deny the existence of dissensions and possible treachery among the Scottish nobility, but what he does deny and dismiss as trash, is a long series of fictions, which Mr. Tytler certainly does not regard as truths, since he has excluded them from his own animated account of the battle. Lord Hailes denies that we can know anything of what passed in the Scottish councils, or that the application of the apologue of the owl has been accurately reported. Especially he denies that Comyn deserted with TEN thousand men, and that Wallace, with a like force, stood aloof and did not fight. Surely it may be very true, that there existed dissensions amongst the Scottish nobility in March, and yet that not one of those things, which are asserted to have happened in July, actually took place. In fact, the story, confuted by Lord Hailes, is totally inconsistent with Mr. T.'s own narrative. Stewart did not lead the vanguard, for the archers of the forest of Selkirk, whom he commanded, were drawn up in the intervals of the four *echellons* or phalanxes of spearmen, which contained the strength of the Scottish army. These phalanxes were commanded by Wallace, who addressed them as men upon whose valour the whole success of the day depended:—"I have brought you to the ring," he said, "dance as you can." The gallant manner in which these infantry supported the hopes of their leader, ought to have protected them from the foul and fabled imputatian of deserting and betraying their vanguard. So far Lord Hailes is perfectly right, in destroying the web of fiction, which the historians before him had left undisturbed; and the only question which remains disputable seems to be the motive of the Scottish men-at-arms who, ONE thousand men in number, and commanded by Comyn, drew off the ground without splintering a lance. Lord Hailes imputes their retreat to conscious inferiority; Mr. Tytler contends it was owing to treason; we are inclined to think that Comyn left the field partly from his quarrel with Wallace, but principally because it was a hopeless case to lead one thousand men against the half of the English cavalry (who numbered four thousand in all), and, moreover, under every disadvantage

as to arms, equipments, and spirits. In short, to suppose Mr. Tytler right, it is not necessary to condemn Lord Hailes, who, whether we call Comyn and his followers more treacherous or more timid, has clearly the best of the controversy on every point.

The taking of Wallace is another matter on which Hailes is sharply assailed, and, as we think, without sufficient grounds. "The *popular* tradition (writes Lord H.) is, that Wallace was betrayed by Sir John Monteith, his familiar friend, by an act of domestic treason." Now, Lord Hailes does not deny, what is stated by every historian, and proved by documents, that Sir John Monteith, a Scottish man of rank in the English interest, a Juramentado, in the modern phrase, and governor of Dunbarton castle, was the person by whom the champion of Scotland was delivered to the English. This, we repeat, is a fact admitted by Lord Hailes. But he denies that part of the tradition which affirmed that Wallace was connected with Monteith by "any intercourse of friendship or familiarity." So, indeed, it is said by Blind Harry, whom every historian copies, yet whom no historian, save Sir Robert Sibbald, will venture to quote. But, notwithstanding the authority of this romantic writer, it is most improbable that Wallace should have voluntarily put himself in the power of a man whom he knew to be an officer of distinguished trust under Edward. Again, Lord Hailes complains, "My apology for Monteith has been received with wonderful disapprobation by many readers, for it contradicts vulgar traditions, and that most respectable authority, Blind Harry." . . . . . "Those who condemn Sir John Monteith ought to condemn him for having acknowledged the government of Edward, and for having accepted an office of trust under him, not for having discharged the duties of that office." Finally, Lord Hailes shows, from the coincidence of a passage in Arnold Blair's relations, with a curious passage in Langtoft's chronicles, that Wallace was not, properly speaking, betrayed *by* Sir John Monteith, in whom he reposed no trust, but that he was betrayed to him, by the agency of a servant, called Jack Short, who, in consequence of ill-will conceived against his master, gave such information as enabled Sir John to take Wallace prisoner near Glasgow.

On these passages Mr. Tytler rears the following charge:—

"I have elsewhere observed that Lord Hailes is fond of displaying his ingenuity in whitewashing dubious characters, and that, with an appearance of hypercritical accuracy, in his remarks upon other historians, he is often glaringly inaccurate himself. His note upon Sir John Monteith is an instance of this. He represents the fact, that his friend Monteith betrayed Wallace to the English, as founded upon popular tradition—and the romance of Blind Harry, Wallace's rhyming biographer."—Vol. i. p. 443.

Mr. Tytler proceeds to urge the various authorities, which, in addition to that of Blind Harry, affirm that Monteith was the captor of Wallace. But this is no fair statement of the question. Lord Hailes has repeatedly stated the same fact, and has only apologized for the apostate chieftain, so far as to show that Sir John betrayed no confidence reposed by Wallace in him personally. It may be very wrong to whitewash dubious characters; but, on the other hand, the very devil may be painted blacker than he is; and the difference is something between describing a man as a betrayer of his country, an adherent to the interest of her enemies, and a persecutor of her martyrs, and presenting him as, at the same time, the familiar and trusted friend of the hero whom he delivered to the vengeance of foreigners. Mr. Tytler is a Scottish lawyer, and well knows the difference betwixt murder and murder under trust.

After all, we are far from thinking Sir John Monteith suffers much injustice in the common relation. He who employs domestic treason cannot complain if, being the instigator, he is also represented as the chief perpetrator of the villany; nor need it be thought wonderful if, in course of time, the mere agent shall be forgotten, and the sum total of infamy attached to the name of him who was principal in the conspiracy. Few Scottish men, we suspect, having read the palliatives offered for Monteith, will be the less inclined to join in the hearty execration against him and his master, Edward, and the benediction on the memory of Wallace, with which Arnold Blair, the military chaplain of that heroic person, closes his Relations. *Damnandus sit dies nativitatis Joannis de Monteith, et excipiatur nomen suum ex libro vitæ; maledictus sit in eternum inhumanus iste tyrannus; cum nobilis ille Scotorum ductor pro suæ*

virtutis præmio vitam æternam habebit in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

The third and last instance of a seeming desire to cavil with Lord Hailes, which we shall mention, occurs in Mr. Tytler's account of the manner in which the Countess of Buchan was confined by Edward I. for having acted a conspicuous part at the coronation of Robert Bruce in 1306. This lady, a personal object of Edward's spleen, was lodged (says Matthew of Westminster) in a species of cage, composed of wooden and iron bars, and established in one of the towers of the castle of Berwick. From this description, some authors, adopting too strictly the idea of a cage, have represented it as hung over the walls in such a way as bird-cages are now suspended, thus exposing the unfortunate countess to the scorn and ridicule of all passengers. On this point, Lord Hailes has hesitated, and producing the order for the lady's confinement, has argued that the mode of providing for her rigid imprisonment is inconsistent with the story of Matthew of Westminster. Mr. Tytler lays lance in rest in behalf of the old chronicler.

"Lord Hailes," he says, "observes, that 'to those who have no notion of any cage but one for a parrot, or a squirrel, hung out at a window, he despairs of rendering this mandate intelligible.' I know not what called forth this peevish remark, but any one who has noticed the turrets of the ancient feudal castles, which hang like crowns, or cages, on the outside of the walls, and within one of which the countess's cage was to be constructed, will be at no loss to understand the tyrannical directions of Edward, and the passage of Matthew of Westminster."—Vol. i. p. 451.

Now the question here disputed seems to rest on the interpretation which shall be put on Matthew's phrase that the lady's crib was so constructed and so placed on the wall, *ut possent eam transeuntes conspicere.* If this is to be received as only meaning that the passengers should be rendered aware, by seeing this particular cabin, that the countess was lodged in disgraceful captivity, we can easily conceive it was so. But then there is no room to challenge Lord Hailes's explanation. If, on the contrary, we must necessarily receive the phrase in its literal sense, as implying that the Countess of Buchan was put in an open cage or crib, like one of those in which wild beasts are shown, pervious to the eyes of all men, who were to behold her sleeping or waking, at meals and at toilette, and equally accessible to

every blast of heaven—we suspect that if such penance was ever inflicted, the very effects of the climate would prevent it from lasting long. We will take a crowned and Gothic steeple well known to Mr. Tytler (that of Saint Giles, in Edinburgh), and ask how long any living thing, except, perhaps, a jackdaw, could exist among the knops and pinnacles of the flinty coronet. Unless, however, we back Matthew of Westminster to this extent, there is no difference that we can trace betwixt him and Lord Hailes. Both of them must have known that, as there is even in the lowest depth a deeper still, so every ancient prison contained interior places of confinement, called *cages*, strongly constructed with bars of wood and iron, to secure turbulent captives, or augment the durance of those to whom it was determined to use severity. Louis XI's castle of Loches was furnished with several such cages, of new and terrible construction. There was one, also, in the jail of Edinburgh—the old "Heart of Mid-Lothian"—which, when that building was pulled down, was purchased by the magistrates of a neighbouring town, and is, perhaps, still in being. The cage of the countess was probably of the same nature, but placed in a conspicuous situation, that the view, not, surely, of her person, but of the cell in which she was immured, might call to frequent remembrance her offence and her punishment. The misapprehension of the technical term seems to have led to the idea that the cell resembled a bird-cage, and was suspended over a wall.

We willingly quit the task of censure for that of praise, and must render the justice to Mr. Tytler, that occasionally he has been able to correct errors and supply gaps in his predecessor's Annals. Although he appears to us to have failed in his attempt to diminish the authority due to Lord Hailes in the instances we have alluded to, we think others occur, in which the venerable author, professionally accustomed to give judgment only in accordance to facts fully proved, has been rather sceptical on subjects where, if the historian is to decide at all, he must decide on such materials as tradition affords him. This, sometimes the worst of evidence, is in other cases the best, and it is, in *them*, as great an error to throw it aside without consideration as it can ever be to rely on it with credulity.

We must add, that the plan and extent of Mr. Tytler's

history, and the advantage which he possesses in good taste, and a simple, manly, and intelligible strain of writing, enable him to adorn his pages with a great many light yet interesting touches, which Lord Hailes, being confined to the dry task of composing annals, was compelled to omit. It is by such judicious additions and improvements that modern authors should endeavour to establish a superiority over those who may, indeed, have given us cause of regret, but cannot have intended any offence, when *nostra ante nos dixerunt.*

Amongst other objects of new and curious interest, we understand that Volume III of Mr. Tytler's history will contain some singular evidence concerning the fate of Richard the Second, who (or some one personating him) appears to have resided in Scotland ten years after the period commonly assigned in the English annals as that of his death.

It is with great pleasure we anticipate a speedy continuation of this work. Pinkerton, whose book is the only modern one treating of the history of Scotland till the reign of Mary, leaves far richer gleanings behind him than the accurate Lord Hailes. An excellent scholar he was, yet deficient in actual local knowledge. He did not recognise, for example, in the "Castle of Cowthele," the baronial fortress of the Somervilles, called Cowdailly, although, we believe, he was educated, if not born, within a few miles of that place. He sought the maps of Pont and Bleau in vain for the parish of Bowden, which any almanack would have pointed out; and, long resident in England and foreign countries, he was singularly inexpert in the Lowland Scottish tongue. Selected by Gibbon to be his assistant in republishing the old historians of England, he repaid the obligation by imitating the style of the historian of the empire, which, in his hands, became harsh, tumid, and obscure. Besides, although Mr. Pinkerton collected many valuable materials from the Paper-office, yet that valuable depositary of original letters is far from exhausted; and the unwearied labours of Mr. Deputy-Register Thomson have thrown interesting light on the reigns of the Second and Third Jameses. The immense stores collected by the industrious Chalmers have also been added to the materials for Scottish history, within the last twenty years; we hope, therefore,

Mr. Tytler, young, ardent, and competent to the task, will not delay to prosecute it with the same spirit which he has hitherto displayed. And so we bid him God's speed upon his journey—

> "For long, though pleasing, is the way,
> And life, alas! allows but an ill winter's day."*

* [Since this article was written, Mr. Tytler has published three volumes more, bringing down the History of Scotland to the assassination of Cardinal Beaton, in 1545; in regard to that event, his researches in the State Paper-office have set to rest a point of controversy among former historians. (See note, "Tales of a Grandfather." Mr. Tytler is still engaged in his laborious and important undertaking.]

PITCAIRN'S CRIMINAL TRIALS.*

[Quarterly Review, February, 1831.]

THIS has ben called "the age of clubs;" and certainly the institution of societies which, under no more serious title than that of a festive symposium, devote themselves to the printing of literary works not otherwise likely to find access to the press, will hereafter be numbered among not the least honourable signs of the times. The two Scotch clubs of this class have of late been doing so much and so well, that we venture to introduce a few general remarks on the circumstances under which their exertions have been called forth.

It is a frequent subject of complaint among young authors that they experience difficulty in bringing their works before the public, under a general shyness which the TRADE, as they are usually called (we suppose *par excellence*), or, in plain language, the booksellers, entertain with respect to MSS. which do not bear either a well-known name, or, at least, the announcement of some popular and attractive subject in the title-page. In fact, there is real ground, on some occasions, for complaining of this species of impediment. The bookseller, though a professed trader in intellect, cannot be in every case an infallible judge of the vendibility of the wares submitted to him, the only circumstance, it is

* The last piece of criticism which came from the pen of Sir Walter Scott was this, on the first six parts of the Collection, entitled, "*Trials, and other Proceedings, in matters Criminal, before the High Court of Justiciary in Scotland; selected from the Records of that Court, and from original Manuscripts preserved in the General Register House, Edinburgh.* By ROBERT PITCAIRN, Writer to his Majesty's Signet, F. S. A." MR. PITCAIRN *has since completed his work in four quarto volumes, published under the auspices of the* BANNATYNE CLUB *at Edinburgh, of which* SIR WALTER SCOTT *was the founder and first President.*

plain, which his business requires him to attend to. The name of a veteran author is one, though by no means an infallible, insurance against loss; just as a knowing jockey, destitute of other foundations for his betting system, will venture his money upon a descendant of Eclipse. Failing this kind of recommendation, the bookseller is often, and naturally enough, determined by considering the style of those works which have been successful about the same time. If he finds the new comer adopting the sort of topic, or form of composition, actually much in vogue, he is very apt to indulge the hope, that although it may intrinsically fall short of such as are esteemed the models of the day, his book may, nevertheless, fall in with the reigning taste, and take advantage of the popular gale. This may not be thought, on the part of the bookseller, a very intellectual method; we are inclined, nevertheless, to suspect that it is one of the safest which he could adopt. We have had considerable opportunities of observation in these matters, and undoubtedly the result is, that whenever we hear of a young bookseller, as laying high pretensions to critical skill and acumen, we augur badly of his career. Among the unsuccessful booksellers whom we have chanced to know, the majority have been men who relied upon their own taste, and so ventured on speculations which would not have been hazarded by more cautious men, who confine themselves to the more mechanical part of the concern, and seldom look beyond a title-page. We are not so absurd as to suppose that the bookseller, who adds to complete acquaintance with the commercial parts of his trade, a liberal and enlightened familiarity with literature, is to be considered the less fit for his calling from such an acquisition. On the contrary, such a publisher must not only rise to the top of his profession, but become an ornament to his country, and a benefactor to letters, while his fortune increases in proportion to his fame. His name, imparted with a mixture of liberality and caution, adds a consideration to the volumes on which it stands, and is in itself a warrant for their merit. But to rise to such a pitch of eminence requires an unusually sound judgment—and a long train of observation and experience—and he that attains it will seldom if ever be found to have acted, in the earlier stages of his business, under the impulses of pure literary enthusiasm. His object and rule is, and should be,

to buy and publish what bids fairest to be withdrawn from the counter by a steady and rapid sale; and no capacity for estimating what favour a given MS. ought to meet with, will compensate for the want of *tact* to judge of the degree of favour which the public are likely to bestow on it. Let us take a memorable instance, though a hackneyed one. We will suppose Samuel Simmons, a respectable member of the Stationers' Company, of London, leaning over his counter in some dark street, to the eastward of Temple-bar, in the year 1667: an aged, grave, and reverend person, led by a female decently attired, enters and places in his hands a voluminous manuscript, which he requests him to purchase. Now, suppose our friend Simmons to have been himself a man of pure taste and high feeling of poetry, it is extremely probable that he would have offered money to the extent of the whole value of his stock for the copywright of the *Paradise Lost*. But what would have been the event? it was full two years before one thousand three hundred copies were sold, and poor Samuel Simmons, supposing him, in his just confidence in his own discrimination, to have overstepped the bounds of commercial caution, must have "marched in the rear of a Whereas," sooner or later—exactly in proportion, indeed, to the degree of judgment and feeling of poetry which had moved him—in other words, to the proportion in which the copy-money offered by him had approached to the real intrinsic value of the English epic.

But Samuel Simmons *was* a man of the world, and judged with reference to the extrinsic probabilities attending the publication of the poem in question. If he did not know Milton by person, he could not fail to discover that he had been the secretary of Cromwell, and the violent defender of the regicides; that his was therefore a name highly unlikely to command popular success when the tide of politics set in a different direction. Nor were the style and subject of the poem, grave, serious, and theological, more apt to recommend it to the light and giddy paced times, when Butler and Waller headed the world of fashionable writers. A shrewd trader, therefore, was likely to do, as in fact Simmons did, namely, to offer to the author such a price, and no more, as was calculated upon the probability of sale which attached to a grave work in a light age, and written by an author hostile to the triumphant party. Under

the influence of such reflections he made with the author of *Paradise Lost* the well-known bargain "for an immediate payment of five pounds, with a stipulation to receive five pounds more when thirteen hundred should be sold of the first edition; and again five pounds after the sale of the same number of the second edition; and five pounds after the same sale of the third;" and when it is considered, that before 1680, Simmons, already twenty pounds out of pocket, transferred the whole right of *Paradise Lost* for twenty-five pounds, it can scarcely be alleged that he made a Jewish bargain with the great poet. The circumstances are shameful, but the shame must rest with the age—not with the bookseller.

It is not to be dreamed that the caution of the present trade has excluded from the public any volumes worthy to be named in the same day with the divine poem to which the wicket of Samuel Simmons's shop so reluctantly opened. On the contrary, our own observations authorize us to say, that the circumstances of unpopularity are very few which will preclude the possibility of publication on the part of any author, who exhibits even the most moderate chance of success. There are always booksellers enough, though, perhaps, not the most respectable, who are willing to encounter the risk of placing their names in the imprint of works the most extravagant and the most hazardous, under the idea that their very extravagance and singularity may have a chance of captivating the public favour; and we cannot but add, that considering the quality of many volumes which yearly find their way to the press, we are rather puzzled to conjecture what must be the nature of those which cannot in some corner find a patronizing bookseller. Nevertheless, there are undoubtedly persons to whose solicitations *the trade* are totally obdurate; and we well remember, that during the year of projects, what seemed to us the most inauspicious of all its brood was the scheme of a proposed joint-stock company, intended to redress the wrongs of those authors who could not find their way to the public by the legitimate channel of Paternoster Row, or the equally patent north-west passage of Albemarle Street. What would have been the consequences of this project, had it been carried into execution, may be easily guessed. The press employed by such a company would have had little cause

to complain of want of custom, and the trunkmakers and pastrycooks would have had cheaper bargains of waste paper than have been yet known in the vicinity of Grub Street.

The ancient mode of relief in such cases, where the booksellers were slow in reposing faith in the good works of their authors, was wont to be the intervention of subscription. But although many persons, highly deserving better fortune, have been obliged to have recourse to a mode of publication inferring too much personal solicitation to be agreeable to a generous mind, yet it has become now so infrequent, that, as a means of facilitating the access of authors to the world, it may be almost left out of consideration.

There are still, however, a certain class of works interesting to a certain class of readers, which cannot, in the usual mode of publication, find their way to the press. We allude to the numerous class of what the public at large call mere *curiosities*. Such are, ancient poems, ancient chronicles, ancient legends, and the proceedings in ancient law cases; antiquities in general, whether in history, law, literature, drama, or polemics. Tracts connected with most of these curious topics lie hidden in rare manuscripts, scarce pamphlets, large and unwieldy collections, broadsides and stall or cheap copies, placed either so far above the eye of the common observer, as to be out of his sight, or so much beneath it as to be overlooked. Such morsels of literature, mere baubles in the estimation of the multitude, bear yet an intrinsic value of their own, and a large or rather an extravagant one; but this is only in the little world of the bibliomaniacs, and the particular knot of booksellers who devote themselves to supply these gentlemen's hobby-horses with forage, or, in other words, to fill their shelves with the

> "Small rare volumes, dark with tarnish'd gold"
>
> (CRABBE),

which are the Dalilahs of their imagination. These pursuits have no charms for the world at large; and, passing over a very few splendid exceptions, the volumes in which such things have been reproduced to the public have met with no encouraging reception. Such reprints, in fact, do not exactly suit the humour of either class of purchasers; they are too easy of acquisition to have much merit in the eye of the professed book collector; while the antiquity of the ortho-

graphy, and, to speak fairly, the slender proportion which they in most cases contain of what is truly valuable or instructive, render them caviare to the common purchaser. The many repositories of antique tracts in verse and prose, valuable state papers, and collections relating to the history of the country, both in arts and arms, which may at this hour be had at a rate hardly sufficient to cover the expense of the printing, indicate plainly what bad subjects of speculation even the best of this class must have proved to the publishers. We need only mention the highly meritorious undertaking of the London booksellers for the republication of the ancient English chronicles, comprehending Hollinshed, Stowe, Grafton, Lord Berners' *Froissart*, &c. &c., forming a curious and most valuable selection of the materials on which English history is founded, since sold at a considerable reduction of price. David Macpherson's edition of *Winton's Chronicles of Scotland*, put forth in a manner which might have been a model for every publication of the kind, was also for several years sold at a greatly abated price. The *Restituta* and *Archaica*, published in a splendid form by those eminent antiquaries, Sir Egerton Brydges and Mr. Park, met with even less favour in the market. The large collection, called "Thurlow's State Papers," containing the most authentic materials respecting the period of the great Civil War and of Cromwell's domination, was not long since, and perhaps still is, to be purchased at something little higher than the price of waste paper.

It is true—*habent et sua fata libelli*—that such works have their phases, and become valuable as they grow scarce in the market, and get dispersed in libraries, from which they rarely return into public sale. In such case, they become at length high priced,—because they have the merit of curiosity attached to them. Before such a rise, however, takes place, the original adventurers have usually lost all concern with the books, which have been probably sold off to the trade in the shape of *remainders*, by which is well understood that species of a bookseller's property which is the residuum of his stock, and which he parts with for what he can get. This fate, which seems usually, though not inevitably or constantly, attendant upon the reprints of ancient, rare, and curious publications, seems to exclude

them, in a great measure, from the adventures of booksellers, who, if they are to publish at all, must necessarily do so under the expectation of a reasonable profit. Nor has the method of subscription been of late years found applicable to works of this nature, though the system of the present day is, in a certain degree, a modification of that plan.

A very few words upon the pursuits of that class of persons usually called bibliomaniacs or book collectors, may explain the nature and use of the private associations which we now allude to. This species of literary amusement, for which there have been men in all ages who have had a passion, has its source in the most noble and generous qualities, a love of literature, a reverence for the earliest indications of its influence, a desire to trace its progress from the very first germ of its appearance in a nation, until it influences, ornaments, and overshadows it. All that can separate man from the mere money-getting herd of mortals, and fix his attention upon science, philosophy, and letters, may be accounted motives which have originally determined the peculiar department of the book-collector. But although these are the origin of this peculiar taste, it is liable, unquestionably, like other favourite tastes and habits, to be driven to excess—to exhibit that tendency to ultraism, that *aliquid inane*, which merits just ridicule.

Lucian has left us a severe satire upon the ignorant collector, who abused his wealth by squandering it upon manuscripts which he could not read, or at any rate, was incapable of understanding. "You resemble," says he, "those unskilful physicians who bestow large sums of money in making surgical instruments of silver, tipping them with gold, and depositing them in caskets made of ivory, while the owners all along are totally ignorant of the art of using the instruments which they ornament with so much pains." Such extravagance of absurdity is rarer perhaps in our day, than it was in that of Lucian; but no doubt it still sometimes occurs that individuals, enrolled high in the list of collectors, are more distinguished for knowing the mere technical circumstances which warrant the signature of *rarissimus*, than for profound intimacy with the contents of the volume itself, or its intrinsic value, if it happens to have any. This species of ridicule, however, attaches to all not necessary pursuits, when too enthusiastically and exclu-

sively followed. The *Virtuoso* in pictures, for example, sets out at first upon the idea of acquiring pieces exhibiting the beauty and compass of his favourite art; but, after persevering for some time in this natural and reasonable object, he begins to find it necessary to acquire knowledge of a thousand petty circumstances of a mechanical nature, with respect to great painters, in order to avoid imposition in the purchase of what are put up to sale as their works. Hence he is gradually seduced from the pursuit of what is beautiful and striking in itself, to a hunt after minutiæ which possess in themselves at best but very trifling interest. In like manner, even those gentlemen who are distinguished for their attention to agriculture, the plainest, one would suppose, of studies, and the least exposed to be influenced by mere whims and vagaries, are nevertheless subject to the gradual invasions of caprice, which misdirect their pursuits, force them from their proper bias, and set all upon some little arbitrary rules which have no foundation either in reason or in common sense, and in which the most *knowing* may possess little real or useful *knowledge.* When this perversion is in full sway, the prize of the agricultural society is no longer bestowed upon the cow which gives best to the dairy, but upon some animal of a far-famed descent; some "cow with a crumpled horn," to which fancy and prejudice have ascribed certain qualities which are supposed to prove that she is descended from the *right breed.*

The book-collectors, like other enthusiasts, have their own marks and Shibboleths, by which they exhibit their proficiency—proving, after Abhorson's fashion, their art to be a *mystery.* These little mechanical particulars of a titlepage or a colophon are of no esteem in themselves, when they cease to be like "the mason's word;" but whilst they remain the secret rule and direction of the few adepts, it is far otherwise. Who can deny that it is useful and noble to collect books for the sake of the knowledge which they contain,—to trace with accuracy what authors are necessary to complete a collection in any department of literature; when and by whom its mysteries were first investigated; how, and in what manner they were explained and brought to light? But, then, it is impossible to divide this entirely from the information respecting editions of

works, their dates, and form, and minutiæ of their outward appearance: and so it frequently happens that the necesssry adjunct comes gradually to be preferred to the great end itself. We can easily sympathize with the student who prefers the *editio princeps* of a classic, that he may compare it with those which have followed—still more with another who pays a high price to obtain a copy of some work of less fortune than merit, which has been birth-strangled at its entrance into the world, and deserves to be rescued from the state of oblivion into which it has fallen. We do not much wonder at the preference which Cracherode, and such amateurs, have given to peculiarities of binding, and understand how the love of a book, as of a child, should extend itself, in an amateur, to the reform of its outward dress. Nay, we can make allowance, as far as common sense will admit, for the preference given to *clean* copies, *tall* copies, *large paper* copies, and the other varieties of outward appearance, though sometimes resting on qualities little better than chimerical. There is a point, however, at which our indulgence and sympathy must pause; we cannot, for instance, learn to prize what our always-entertaining friend, Dr. Dibdin, calls "the shaggy honours of an uncut copy,"—a copy which, of course, must suffer materially in its value so soon as it is put to the real purpose of being read; nor can we see what advantage an old edition, presenting in many instances inconveniences and errors peculiar to itself, has over a well-printed, accurate copy of the modern press: and we think that, when pushed to this extremity, the taste which collectors display resembles very much that of

——— "the idle dreamer,
Who leaves the pye to gnaw the streamer."

After all, however, many, and most respectable persons, have been distinguished for their expertness in turning and winding this peculiar species of hobby-horse. It is connected with much which is valuable in literature: and, among some Quixotic extravagances, has a tendency to promote much that is important and useful. And, for example, not the least important or the least useful of the consequences of the bibliomania is now before us in these clubs of book-collectors—to which alone we are indebted for the printing of so many manuscripts which might have remained long in obscurity, and the still more numerous reprints of ancient

tracts, almost equal to manuscripts in rarity. The productions of these societies now form a particular class of books, if not of literature, and in tracing their origin, we willingly suffer ourselves to be recalled towards recollections dear to our youth, and to the memory of the individual whose grave this peculiar species of *imprimatur* seemed first to garland.

John, third Duke of Roxburghe, who was born in 1740, and died in 1804, was a nobleman whose lofty presence and felicitous address recalled the ideas of a court in which Lord Chesterfield might have acted as master of ceremonies. Youthful misfortunes, of a kind against which neither rank nor wealth possess a talisman, had cast an early shade of gloom over his prospects, and given to one so splendidly endowed with the means of enjoying society that degree of reserved melancholy which prefers retirement to the splendid scenes of gaiety. His court life was limited to the attendance required of him by his duty as groom of the stole, an office which he was induced to retain by his personal friendship with King George III,—a tie of rare occurrence between prince and subject. Silvan amusemants occupied the more active part of his life when in Scotland, and in book collecting, while residing in London, he displayed a degree of patience which has rarely been equalled, and never excelled. The assistance of Mr. George Nichol, bookseller to his majesty, was as serviceable to the duke as to the celebrated library of George III, so liberally bestowed by George IV upon the British Museum. It could hardly be said whether the Duke of Roxburghe's assiduity and eagerness were most remarkable, when he lay for hours together, though the snow was falling at the time, by some lonely spring in the Cheviot hills, where he expected the precarious chance of shooting a wild-goose, when the dawning should break; or when he toiled for hours, nay, for days, collating and verifying his edition of the Black Acts, or Caxton's Boke of Troy. This latter taste, we have heard, was inspired by an incident to which his grace had been witness while his father was alive. It is in such cases pleasing to trace that species of impression in youth which stamps the leading point of character on the mind in advanced age; and we may therefore give the anecdote. It seems that Lord Oxford and Lord Sunderland, both famous collectors of the time, dined one day at the house of Robert, the second Duke of

Roxburghe, when their conversation chanced to turn upon the *editio princeps* of Boccaccio, printed at Venice, in 1471, and so rare that its very existence was doubted of. The duke was himself no collector, but it happened that a copy of this very book had passed under his eye, and been offered to him for sale at a hundred guineas, then thought an immense price. It was, therefore, with complete assurance that he undertook to produce to the connoisseurs a copy of the treasure in question, and he did so, at the time appointed, with no small triumph. His son, then Marquis of Beaumont, who never forgot the little scene upon this occasion, used to ascribe to it the strong passion which he ever afterwards felt for rare books and editions, and which rendered him one of the most assiduous and judicious collectors that ever formed a sumptuous library.

At the death of this accomplished person, his noble collection, after the train of a long litigation, was at length brought to auction, attracting the greatest attention, and bringing the highest prices of any book sale that had ever been heard of in Britain. The number of noblemen and gentlemen, distinguished by their taste for this species of literature, who assembled there from day to day, recorded the proceedings of each morning's sale, and lamented or boasted the event of the competition, was unexampled; and, in short, the concourse of attendants terminated in the formation of a society of about thirty amateurs, having the learned and amiable Earl Spencer at their head, who agreed to constitute a club, which should have for its object of union the common love of rare and curious volumes, and should be distinguished by the name of that nobleman, at the dispersion of whose library the institution had taken rise, and who had been personally known to most of the members. We are not sure whether the publication of rare tracts was an original object of their friendly reunion, or, if it was not, how or when it came to be ingrafted thereupon. Early, however, after the establishment of the Roxburghe Club, it became one of its rules that each member should present the society, at such time as he might find most convenient, with an edition of a curious manuscript, or the reprint of some ancient tract, the selection being left at the pleasure of the individual himself. These books were to be printed in a handsome manner, and uniformly, and were

to be distributed among the gentlemen of the club, with such overcopies, as they are technically termed (the regular edition being limited to the number of the club), as the member who acted as editor might choose to distribute among his own particular friends—regard, however, being always paid to preserving the rarity of the volume. In this respect the gentlemen of the Roxburghe Club displayed the consideration of old sportsmen, who, while they neglect no opportunity of acquiring game themselves, are not less anxious to preserve and keep up the breed for the benefit of others: neither was the effect on the public either useless or trivial. Such rare tracts as fell in the way of the members of this association, and were deemed worthy to be reprinted, would, at best, under other circumstances, have remained shut up within the wires of bookcases, which operate too often, according to Burke's pun, "as Locke upon the human understanding;" but sometimes they might have been entirely lost sight of, as in the various changes of human life, they chanced to pass into ignorant or indifferent hands. It is, indeed, equally well known and singular how many books of curiosity appear in the catalogues even of our own day, and must have been disposed of at the sales of remarkable collectors, which are now not known to exist, notwithstanding the watch which is kept upon their fate. Whereas, if the original of one of these reprints should disappear, its tenor is ascertained by the fidelity of the club copies; and whatever may be valuable in its contents is preserved by the book being multiplied by the number of at least thirty to one, and the chance of ultimate and total loss of the original diminished in the same proportion. Under this system the Roxburghe Club has proceeded and flourished for many years, and produced upwards of forty reprints of scarce and curious tracts, among which many are highly interesting, not only from their rarity but also their intrinsic merit. They fetch, whenever accident brings one of them into the market, a high price; and in the only instance where a complete set occurred, it was purchased at the considerable sum of one hundred and thirty pounds.

It has been said over and over again by those who feel, perhaps, a species of inferiority in being, by circumstances, excluded from a society which requires an easy fortune at least, if not opulence in its members, that there is something

aristocratic in all this—that it constitutes an attempt to form a class divided from others, as skilful, and as ardent, at least, as themselves, in the pursuit of real knowledge—and in short, that the Roxburghe club has done more harm than good to literature.

We would wish to speak on this subject, as on things of more importance, without cant or affectation. We have already said that book-collecting, like most other separate and exclusive pursuits, especially such as are followed rather in sport than as a part of life's serious business, is apt to gather about it a deal of Quixotic prejudice which may be harmlessly enough subjected to ridicule: nor are we prepared to say that the same sum of money which has been expended upon the Roxburghe books might not have been so bestowed, under judicious management, as to produce more important services to English literature. But that is not the question; for it is impossible to conceive any means by which the sums thus expended could have been levied out of the pockets of individuals for any other purpose than one which should please their own fancy, and should therefore possess some peculiar charms in their own eyes superior to what it exhibits to those of other, perhaps more impartial, judges. If, however, we were to weigh in the balance of common sense the various publications, which for various causes men give to the world, we should be disposed, on considering the general result, to speak far from disrespectfully of those of the bibliomaniacs. The Boxburghe books, though seldom in the market, are accessible at all times to any gentleman engaged in the study of our literary or historical antiquities; and in them he certainly will find a mass of out-of-the-way learning, such as he could not otherwise reach;—so much for the existing generation. They have, we may almost say, insured the preservation of their originals to all future ages. If word be still to be sent to them that their compilation is not well selected, the matter will enter into the category of the "knight's beard," and they may return for answer, they compiled their collection to please themselves. We come back, therefore, to the point from which we set out, and to our opinion, that at a period when the restoration of ancient literature cannot be looked for among the booksellers,—not for want of their good wishes, but of such encouragement as a public alone

can afford,—when we see how many hopeful attempts of this kind have been shipwrecked, although conducted with great spirit and only too much liberality,—we should think ourselves highly fortunate that a club of individuals have taken on themselves a duty which would not have otherwise been performed; and have very little title severely to question the nature of the services which they have actually rendered us at their own expense, and necessarily, therefore, according to their own pleasure.

The example of the Roxburghe Club has not been thrown away upon our neighbours of Scotland, which contains at least two societies adjusted upon the similar form of a convivial meeting, and to the same purpose, the preservation and revival of ancient literature, with national and pardonable partiality to that of Scotland in the first instance.

The eldest of these clubs was instituted in the year 1822, and consisted, at first, of a very few members,—gradually extended to one hundred, at which number we believe it has now made a final pause. They assume the name of the Bannatyne Club, from George Bannatyne, of whom little is known beyond that prodigious clerical effort which produced his present honours, and is, perhaps, one of the most singular instances of its kind which the literature of any country exhibits. His labours as an amanuensis were undertaken during the time of pestilence, in the year 1568; the dread of infection had induced him to retire into solitude, and under such circumstances he had "the energy," says an account of him published by the club, "to form and execute the plan of saving the literature of the whole nation; and, undisturbed by the universal mourning for the dead, and general fears of the living, to devote himself to the task of collecting and recording the triumphs of human genius in the poetry of his age and country; thus, amid the wreck of all that was mortal, employing himself in preserving the lays by which immortality is at once given to others, and obtained for the writer himself. His task, he informs us, had its difficulties; for he complains that he had, even in his time, to contend with the disadvantage of copies old, maimed, and mutilated, and which long before our day must, but for this faithful transcriber, have perished entirely. The very labour of procuring the originals of the works which he transcribed must have been attended with much

trouble and some risk, at a time when all the usual intercourse of life was suspended, and when we can conceive that even so simple a circumstance as the borrowing or lending a book of ballads was accompanied with some doubt and apprehension, and that probably the suspected volume was subjected to fumigation, and the other precautions practised in quarantine." The volume containing these labours is no less than eight hundred pages in length, and very neatly and closely written, containing nearly all the ancient poetry of Scotland now known to exist.* The pious care of the members of the Bannatyne Club has been able to discover little more concerning "HIM of the unwearied pen," save that he was of gentle descent, lived, apparently without sustaining any inconvenience, through the troublesome times of Mary and the Regents, and died in quiet, after he had passed the age of at least three score. Some meagre records give an account of his transactions in business; for there was little of poetical or romantic about the personal adventures of this indefatigable amanuensis. In a word,

"He was, could he help it, a special attorney."

This Caledonian association, which boasts several names of distinction, both from rank and talent, has assumed rather a broader foundation than the parent society. The plan of the Roxburghe Club, we have already said, is restricted to the printing of single tracts, each executed at the expense of an individual member. It follows, as almost a necessary consequence, that no volume of considerable size has ema-

* While this article is passing our hands, we notice a singular intimation how easily such a depositary of national literature might be lost, even when under the most apparently secure custody. The Bannatyne Manuscript is deposited in the Advocates' Library of Edinburgh; but from a little volume now before us, we find it was, with more liberality than discretion, permitted to pass into the possession of an individual in another country, in whose custody it remained for several months, and was conveyed from place to place both in Ireland and England. It is true, that the individual to whom it was intrusted, was the celebrated Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, for whose pursuits every degree of encouragement might justly be claimed. Still, we think, the modern Bannatynians will hear with something like misgiving of the dangerous travels of their great palladium. See the proofs of this in Letters of Thomas Percy, D. D., John Callander, David Herd, and others, to George Paton. Edinburgh, Stevenson, 1830, —a work curious in several respects.

nated from the Roxburghe Club; and its range has been thus far limited in point even of utility. The Bannatyne, we understand, holding the same system as the Roxburghe with respect to the ordinary species of club reprints, levies moreover a fund among its members of about £500 a-year, expressly to be applied for the editing and printing of works of acknowledged importance, and likely to be attended with expense beyond the reasonable bounds of an individual gentleman's contribution. In this way either a member of the club, or a competent person under its patronage, superintends a particular volume or set of volumes. Upon these occasions, a very moderate number of copies are thrown off for general sale; and those belonging to the club are only distinguished from the others by being printed on the paper, and ornamented with the decorations, peculiar to the society. In this way, several curious and eminently valuable works have recently been given to the public, for the first time, or, at least, with a degree of accuracy and authenticity which they had never before attained. The contemporary history of King James VI may be mentioned as an instance of the former kind; and as one of the latter, the inimitable Memoirs of Sir James Melville, which were not before known to exist in an authentic form, and which —not inferior in interest, information, and amusement, to the very best memoirs of the period—have been at last presented in their genuine shape, from an undoubted original in the author's autograph.* The last we heard of this society was the interesting tidings that the young Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry was preparing for the Bannatyne Club an edition, at his own expense, of the Chartulary of Melrose, containing a series of ancient charters from the eleventh, we believe, to the fourteenth century, highly interesting to the students of Scottish history. We need hardly say what pleasure it affords us to see wealth and rank in the hands of a person inclined to devote himself so liberally to the patronage of the literature of his country. It must be seen that in thus stretching their hand towards the assistance of the general public, the members of

* The autograph was found in the library of the Right Honourable Sir George Rose, and sent to press under that accomplished amateur's permission.

the Bannatyne Club, in some degree, waive their own claims of individual distinction, and lessen the value of their private collections: but in so doing they serve the cause of historical literature most essentially, and to those who might upbraid them with their departure from the principles of monopoly otherwise so dear to book-collectors, we doubt not the thanes would reply, "We were Scotsmen before we were bibliomaniacs."

The plan of the Bannatyne has been adopted by another society of the same country, termed the Maitland Club, from an eminent Scottish statesman and poet of the gifted family of Lethington. This club holds its meetings at Glasgow, and is chiefly supported by the gentlemen of the west of Scotland. It has not subsisted quite so long as the Bannatyne, but has already produced several volumes of much interest, edited and printed in a most creditable style; and the two associations have frequently, as in the instance of Mr. Pictairn's work now on our table, combined their exertions when the strength of one of them has been found unequal to an object peculiarly desirable. The history and success of these institutions must be dwelt on with pride in Scotland, and contemplated with admiration everywhere.

It will easily be believed, that the publication of a set of criminal records, tracing the administration of justice in a distracted country, and a remote and barbarous age, presents a thorny and unpromising field; and that the greatest external encouragement which could be proposed for a task so dreary and so difficult, would be inadequate to induce a person of suitable talents to undertake it, were it not that, fortunately, literary labour, like labour of other kinds, is, in some degree, its own reward. The hours may feel heavy, while they pass over the transcriber; but difficulties surmounted, and hardships endured, are recollections on which it is natural to dwell with pleasure; and the reflection that his enduring and patient toil has thrown a light upon the history of his country, which could not have shone but for self-denying exertions, cannot be worthless to Mr. Pitcairn.

Of this collection, six parts, or fasciculi, are before us. They form as accurate a transcript as could be given of the early criminal records of Scotland. These curious documents are not, unfortunately, preserved with much accuracy, partly owing to the careless manner in which they were

made up at the time—partly to the disturbed state of the country, vexed with foreign invasion, domestic discord, and war, public and private—and partly owing to portions of the national record having been subjected from time to time to the risk of suppression, in whole or in part, by one or other of the factions which chanced to be uppermost. The earlier part of the record is, therefore, very imperfect and meagre; and it is not until James VI had attained his majority, that even a keen antiquary finds fully opened to him that singular view of jurisprudence, literature, and manners, which the announcement of such a work might have led him to anticipate. Mr. Pitcairn, therefore, unwilling to begin his extracts at a point where they might have been peculiarly unsatisfactory, commences with certain important trials and law proceedings, which took place in the latter years of James's Scottish reign, from the year 1568 downwards. This course has the effect of rendering the first specimens of the work more interesting than they would otherwise have been; yet we cannot help being of opinion that there is a great disadvantage in any departure from regular chronology, in the case of such a publication. We should have been disposed to echo the expostulation of the giant Molineau, "*Je vous prie, Bélier, mon ami, commencez par le commencement.*" However, receiving it as it is given to us, it cannot be denied that the present collection exhibits a most extraordinary picture of manners—one such as we hardly conceived could have existed even in the idea of the wildest romances of the North; and which is rendered doubly curious by the remarkable opposition in which the practical disorder of the country stands to the theoretical accuracy of its contemporary law.

A few short rules will enable any reader to master the common difficulties of the northern dialect; and most words of technical import, or of unusual occurrence, are regularly explained at the bottom of the page. In truth, the Scottish dialect chiefly differs from the English, as being a shade nearer to the Anglo-Saxon; and he who studies it, with whatever other views, becomes necessarily better acquainted in his progress with the history and structure of his own tongue.

Mr. Pitcairn's work is highly valuable in a philological point of view; but this is a secondary merit. It furnishes

the historian with the means of settling, in many instances, disputed facts and dates, and ascertaining the fortune and fate of particular persons not elsewhere to be traced with any accuracy. The history of Scotland exhibits many incidents which make a deep and almost romantic impression on the mind, and regarding which we find new and highly important information in these at last exhumated records. The whole history of Queen Mary, for example, too much and too darkly connected with the operations of the criminal courts of justice, may be traced there with a degree of certainty, far superior to what had previously been attained. Yet how dark will it still remain! And how strange must it be considered, that the records of the actual process concerning Darnley's death, in the course of which Dalgliesh, Bothwell's servant, the alleged bearer of the famous casket of letters, appears as answering freely enough to all manner of interrogatories, bear no trace of a single question put to the man respecting the history, the appearance, or even the existence of such a casket. Another celebrated and contested piece of Scottish history, already illustrated by Mr. Pitcairn's labours, is that dark and bloody chapter of the Gowrie conspiracy. The editor has given us the depositions of all the witnesses examined, and the result of all the judicial informations which were entered into for the purpose of illustrating this obscure conspiracy. Tragical stories, of a more domestic character, are, however, the very staple of these pages. In them many or most of our high-born and long-descended Scottish neighbours may find the misfortunes of their families recorded in ample detail. Few of note but will discover some ancestor that had either suffered or inflicted injuries in the course of deadly feud, or had some awkward affair with justice on account of the gentlemanly crimes of slaughter or high treason.

Not the least curious of these *causes célèbres* is that of the Mures of Auchendrane—a case, indeed, which the editor pronounces the most remarkable in the whole range of the criminal annals of Scotland, or perhaps of any other country.

"In it (says the editor) are unfolded their most hidden transactions, and the secret springs of their most private and craftily-contrived plots, all of them leading to the perpetration of crimes so singular in atrocity, and of so deep a die, that one can hardly expect to meet with their parallel, even in the pages of romantic

fiction. By the clew, now afforded, may be traced almost the secret thoughts of two of the most accomplished and finished adepts in crime—individuals who murdered by rule, and who carried forward their deadly schemes of ambition by means of a regularly connected chain of plots and stratagems, so artfully contrived, as to afford them every reasonable prospect of success—and even in the event of the entire failure of their plans, almost to ensure their escape from suspicion; at the least in their estimation, to warrant their security against ultimate detection; and, consequently, exempt them from the penalty of capital punishment.

"Ambition and the lust of power appear to have been the immediate procuring causes of all the crimes in which these infatuated men were involved. Theirs was not the sudden burst of ungoverned passions, which might have hurried them on to the commission of a solitary deed of frightful but unpremeditated violence—nor were their crimes the consequence of ancient feuds, inherited from their restless and vindictive ancestors—nor yet had they the too common apology, that they originated in impetuous assaults made upon them, and that their hasty quarrels sprung from a fiery and unbridled temper, which had unfortunately terminated in fatal results. On the contrary, the whole of their numerous attempts and crimes may be characterized as cool, calculating, and deliberate acts, anxiously studied, and by slow and patient, but sure degrees, matured and prosecuted, for a long series of years, until at length 'the measure of their iniquities overflowed'—and the unlooked-for occcurrence of an extraordinary train of circumstances, the most unlikely to have happened, eventually led to a triumphant discovery of their enormous crimes.

"It is quite unnecessary here to enter into any detailed account of the facts connected with the crimes of these individuals. Their leading features are already familiar to all, ever since the publication of 'AUCHINDRANE, OR THE AYRSHIRE TRAGEDY,' from the pen of Sir Walter Scott; in the preface to which dramatic sketch, the origin and progress of these dark transactions are so fully discussed, that the editor begs simply to refer the reader to a re-perusal of that work.*

"In addition to the information contained in the 'Dittay,' and in the pleadings in this trial, the editor has been anxious to collect and lay before the reader the most remarkable circumstances connected with the history of the elder and younger Mures. For this purpose, he has for some years past used all exertions to extend his researches in every direction, where authentic illustrative documents and records could be procured—and he has now the satisfaction of appending to this highly interesting case a variety of papers, which may almost be said to throw all the light that can now be reasonably expected, on proceedings which occurred now above two hundred and twenty years ago."—P. 124.

* [See Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, edition of 1833, vol. xii, p. 241.]

Accordingly, the whole of this infernal business may be traced with the utmost minuteness in these authentic documents, in which it will be seen how Auchindrane long persecuted and finally despatched an unfortunate boy, merely because he possessed a casual piece of knowledge tending to develope an assassination which the cruel laird had committed. He at length slew him by the help of his own son and another assistant, too steady a clansman to question his chief's pleasure. The death of his unscrupulous accomplice in the boy's murder was next planned, and after that, it was hoped and schemed that the third assassin, to whom the slaughter of this accomplice was to be intrusted, might be himself killed by some friend of the deceased, upon the old quarrel of deadly feud. The remarkable species of pride displayed by this singular old ruffian, when he resolved not to be exiled for so mean a crime as killing the poor boy—a pride which induced him to commit a bloody assault upon one of his feudal enemies, merely that a more gentleman-like charge against himself might be established as an excuse for his non-appearance,—all this opens points of character which could, perhaps, be paralleled from no other age or country.

Many instances singularly and frightfully indicative of the ferocity of the Highland clans, neither fancifully coloured with fictitious circumstances, nor adorned with those evening lights with which the compassion of a civilized age gilds the legends of a decaying and romantic race, but depicted in their broad character of blood and inhumanity, are given in this veracious record, where nothing can be either extenuated or set down in malice. The feud between the Macdonalds and the Macleans forms one terrible example; and if we wished to draw from the life the picture of a feudal tyrant, we would not go farther than a selection from the indictment of Patrick Stewart, Earl of Orkney, for treason and oppression. This person, a near relation of his sovereign, exercised a royal power within the distant isles of Orkney and Shetland, where his mandates had the force of laws, against which the voice of the oppressed islanders was far too weak to make itself heard. This haughty savage exacted from his subjects engagements in which they became bound to support his quarrel against every man, without exception of the king himself. The subscribers of

these treasonable obligations moreover bound themselves to be judged by the said earl, without reserving or acknowledging any appeal to king, council, or session; "a thing," says the indictment, "unnatural, unjust, tyrannical, *impossible*, and treasonable." He was also accused of interrupting the passages and ferries of Orkney and Shetland, so that none should be allowed to use them without his own special license, and those who transgressed this petty tyrant's mandate were subject to ruinous fines and imprisonment. Nor was the property of the king's tenants in these islands more secure than their personal liberty. The earl altered, at his own pleasure, and always to his own advantage, the acknowledged standards of coins, weights, and measures, current through the archipelago. In erecting his castle of Scalloway, and other expensive edifices, the king's tenants were forced to work in quarries, transport stone and lime, dig, delve, climb, and build, and submit to all possible sorts of servile and painful labour, without either meat, drink, hire, or recompense of any kind: "finally," says the indictment, "the said earl has treasonably discharged the said inhabitants of Orkney or Shetland to buy or sell meal, malt, meat, drink, fish, flesh, butter, cattle, sheep, or other commodities, without his license, under severe penalties, which were levied by imprisonment or forfeiture at the pleasure of the earl." This noted oppressor was finally brought to trial and executed at the Cross of Edinburgh. It is said that the king's mood was considerably heated against him by some ill-chosen and worse-written Latin inscriptions with which his father and himself had been unlucky enough to decorate some of their insular palaces. In one of these, Earl Robert, the father, had given his own designation, thus—"Orcadiæ comes *Rex* Jacobi quinti filius." In this case he was not perhaps guilty of any thing worse than bad Latin. But James VI, who had a keen nose for puzzling out treason, and with whom an assault and battery upon Priscian ranked in nearly the same degree of crime, had little doubt that the use of the nominative Rex, instead of the genitive Regis, had a "treasonable savour."

Earl Patrick himself seems to have been but a dull monster in the article of apprehension. A clergyman, from whom he demanded an inscription for his already men-

tioned tower of Scalloway, supplied him with the following quotation from Scripture—"The house which is built on a rock shall stand, but that founded on the sand shall perish." The earl adopted the inscription, and had it labelled on the portal of the tower, where it is still to be seen. "My father," said Earl Patrick, "built his house at Sumburgh on the sand, and it has given way already; this of mine on the rock shall abide and endure." He did not, or would not understand that the oppression, rapacity, and cruelty, by means of which the house arose were what the clergyman really pointed to in his recommendation of a motto. Accordingly, the huge tower remains wild and desolate—its chambers filled with sand, and its rifted walls and dismantled battlements giving unrestrained access to the roaring sea-blast.

But it is not only as illustrative of historial tradition that we would recommend the present collection. It contains also, if they will have the courage to seek such ore amidst a mass which has something of an alarming appearance, much that will greatly interest both the jurist and the moralist. It may, indeed, be compared to that second tower, which Spenser's Alma showed to her guests—

> ——————————"whose wals
> Were painted faire with memorable gestes
> Of famous wisards; and with picturals
> Of magistrates, of courts, of tribunals,
> Of commonwealthes, of states, of policy,
> Of lawes, of judgements, and of decretals,
> All artes, all science, all philosophy,
> And all that in the world was ay thought wittily."

The Scottish judicial system contained, like the criminal procedure of all nations derived from the noble Gothic stem, the principles of freedom, the darling attribute of those gallant tribes, to whom the use of arms was as familiar as that of their limbs, and who felt that life could not be enjoyed without the full possession of personal liberty. In particular, the Scots were acquainted, as far back as we can trace the matter, with the institution of juries, though it was only by frequent alterations, and a great many accommodations to the change of manners, that it finally settled into that appearance which it now presents. Of the more ancient jurors, we may doubt whether they were any other than an improvement upon the system of compurgators, adopted

among the Scandinavians. These were, in fact, rather witnesses to the character of the accused—a matter which must in those days have been of decisive consequence—than persons invested, like our modern jurors, with a judicial capacity *pro re natâ*. Upon this old and rude plan the evidence against the accused having been submitted to the court, he produced in support of his answer a certain number of persons, his friends and neighbours, who made oath that, having heard all that was stated against the accused, they were nevertheless of opinion, from their knowledge of his temper and habits, that he was innocent. This opinion concerning the origin of Scottish juries has been fortified by the learned Dr. Hibbert, who cites the oath of the Radman of Zetland—an oath nearly the same with that now administered to Scotch jurors, "the truth to tell and no truth to conceal," and which certainly bears nearer reference, *primâ facie*, to the office of a compurgator, than to that of a juror, whose business it is to report his faithful opinion on the import of the evidence of others. The supposition has been, that the one institution merged into the other; but this certainly was not the fact, at least in the way assumed, for there is historical proof that, in at least one noted case in which the accused person desired to excuse himself, by *compurgation*, he was required to subject himself to the *trial by jury*. It occurred as follows:—

In the year 1242, David de Hastings, Earl of Atholl, was, among other Scottish nobles, engaged in a tournament, where he chanced to overthrow William Bisset, a favourite of the king, whose interest was great, and his family powerful and numerous. A fatal animosity rose; in consequence of which (as was at least generally supposed) the Earl of Atholl was assassinated at Haddington, and the house in which he lodged was burned. Suspicion fell on Bisset, and the nobility of Scotland rose in arms and demanded his life. Bisset stood on his defence. He declared he was fifty miles distant from Haddington on the night when the crime was perpetrated. He offered to vindicate his innocence by single combat against every accuser; and what is more to our present purpose, to prove, by the oaths of any number of veteran soldiers whose testimony should be required, that he was incapable of such an act of treachery as had been charged against him. The queen herself, a beautiful young

princess of the heroic family of Couci, offered, as a compurgator, to make her solemn oath that Bisset had never meditated so enormous a crime. But the nobles around the king rejected the defences offered by Bisset, demanding, at the same time, if he was willing to commit himself to *the oaths of his fellow subjects and the opinion of the neighbourhood.* This he refused, "considering," says Fordun, "the malicious prepossessions of rustics, and the general prejudice of the province." He was obliged, therefore, to fly from Scotland, and the event was his ruin with that of his numerous family and allies. In this celebrated instance we certainly read the early establishment of the Scottish *jury*, properly so called; but then, and for many ages afterwards, it existed on a precarious footing, and was far from affording to the subject any very efficient means of protection. In very ancient times, indeed, and even down to the beginning of the sixteenth century, the jurors took the law as well as facts of the case under their consideration, and decided whether the incidents narrated in the indictment corresponded with or fell short of the crime charged. They brought in a verdict, not, indeed, of *guilty* or *not guilty*, but what amounted to the same thing, of cleansed or assoilzied, or proven and convict; such was, apparently, the original process. But by a train of gradual encroachments, the judges wrested from the jury the most important part of their privilege, and while they allowed still the uncontrolled decision of the facts of the case, they contrived to assume to themselves the cognizance of the law, and thus made themselves masters, in a great degree, of the fate of the prisoner. The form then introduced was of the following tenor.

The indictment charged the prisoner, or, as he is called, "more Scotico," *the panel*, with having been actor or art and part (*artifex et particeps*) in a particular set of facts, charged as amounting to murder, or some other specific crime. The counsel debated, if there was room for debate, what crime such facts ought to infer, in case they were proven. The court pronounced on these circumstances an interlocutor of relevancy, as it was called, settling exactly to what offence the facts libelled would amount, provided they should be regularly proved. The jury had then nothing to do save to ascertain whether the facts alleged were *proven* or *not proven*: in the latter case the prisoner was

dismissed; in the former the doom of the court took place, as ascertained by the interlocutor of relevancy, whatever might be the real opinion of the jurors respecting the nature of the prisoner's guilt, which, of course, might very often be considered by them in a milder view than had been adopted by the judges.

A singular case occurred in last century, which occasioned a remarkable revolution in this matter; its whole circumstances belong to a former day, though its particulars are still fresh in remembrance. It may be shortly recapitulated here, though in Scotland, as a *cause célèbre*, both considering its circumstances and its jurisprudential result, it is well known.

A numerous party of Angusshire country gentlemen met at a funeral in the town of Forfar, about the year 1728. James Carnegie of Finhaven was a principal person present: he was obnoxious to some of the company, who were violent Jacobites, on account of his political principles, or rather of some change which he was supposed to have made in them. An individual named Lyon of Brigton was also present, respected as a man of good family, but of a character so savage and rough, especially when warmed with liquor, that the gentry in the neighbourhood were accustomed to refuse him admission into their society, unless he came without a sword, which was at that time accounted the distinctive mark of a man of condition. It was the wild custom of that day, that much wine was consumed at funerals; and Carnegie, who acted as host, being nearest relative to the deceased, had his own share, and pressed it, as was the custom, on the other persons present. Lyon was inflamed with liquor, of which all parties had too much. He annoyed Carnegie with many cutting and brutal sarcasms, doubly severe as applied at such a time, and in such a company. The gentleman in the chair endured all with remarkable temperance until personal aggression was added to verbal insult. When the company came into the street, the aggressor thrust Carnegie down into the kennel, from which he arose mad with the natural passion to which he had been long wrought up. He drew his sword, exclaiming—"This is too much to be borne," and staggered towards Lyon with mortal intentions, not to be wondered at, considering the continued and gross provocation he had received, and the condition in which he himself was. Lyon, who

had no sword of his own, for the reason already mentioned, rushed towards the Earl of Strathmore, his friend and chief, and endeavoured to seize his lordship's weapon to repel the attack of Carnegie. The nobleman was a person generally and justly esteemed, and, desirous to preserve the peace on either hand, he pushed his relation aside, and threw himself between him and the gentleman so grossly offended. Unhappily, in thus interposing himself in the quarrel, he received a mortal thrust, designed by Carnegie for the person who had given him such mortal insults, and died immediately afterwards. Such was the memorable case before the court. The facts were stated accurately in the indictment, and the judge pronounced them relevant to infer the crime of murder. The feelings of the jury, however, revolted against being bound by the declaration of the law laid down by the bench—they felt that the death of the Earl of Strathmore was an incident altogether unintended and deeply lamented by the unfortunate homicide—they considered his real purpose of aggression against Lyon as excused, if not fully justified, by the grossness of Lyon's provocation; and, accordingly, they brought in a general verdict, finding that Carnegie was *not guilty* of the crime of murder, while they avoided giving any opinion whether the facts of the indictment were either proved or otherwise. In this leading case was first ascertained the right of the Scottish jury to acquit an accused person, although it should be proved upon his trial that he was guilty of acts which the judges had found by their interlocutor of relevancy to amount to the crime libelled. Similar general verdicts have been brought in where the judgment of relevancy was esteemed too severe, nor is this valuable privilege now questioned.

But this was far from being the only change necessary to invest the jury with that wholesome power which we now consider as its necessary possession. Far down in the seventeenth century the crown still exercised a superior and magisterial right of interfering with the verdict of a jury, and in fact of controlling and overawing the inquest itself—a practice which, however iniquitous in many of its results, may be traced to the very root of the judicial system not only in Scotland but in most other European states. The sovereign was, in all these systems, the source of judicial

authority, and in early times, like the Kings of Israel, distributed justice, sitting personally in the gate, to those who demanded it at his hand. This is the obvious reason why all writs run in the name of the king. The intervention of *justiciars*, as they are named in Scotland—professional judges, that is to say—was a great and obvious improvement; for though a young king might lead his army bravely, and hold his court royally, he could hardly be expected to be born with the habits of mind necessary to exercise the judicial functions. Still, however, he remained the principal judge; and the circumstances which controlled his administration in that capacity, were so numerous, that it was natural he should seize on all sorts of opportunities and pretexts to sweep such obstacles from his way; and one of the methods thus resorted to was indeed a strange one.

By a primeval, and exquisitely absurd fiction of law, the indictment or libel was supposed to be the very words of the king himself, addressed to the court, the accused person, and the jurors. From this the ingenuity of crown-lawyers derived a hideous result,—namely, that when the accused was put upon his trial, he might support his cause otherwise as he best could, but he must on no account take up any line of defence inconsistent with the truth of the facts charged in the libel, which, as the king's own account of the matter, could not be called in question. A defence, therefore, of *alibi*, the most direct and intelligible which could be stated, as being contradictory of the royal libel, was of no avail; and thus the accused person was exactly in the state of one who should be placed in the lists to fight for his life with his right hand tied behind his back. Something of the same absurd doctrine may be observed in England during the trials which flowed out of the Popish plot, when the judges often checked and repelled any pleading for the accused which went to impeach the testimony of the *king's witnesses*,—namely, Oates, Dugdale, and Bedloe, now universally given up as a set of perjured monsters. Common sense by degress softened down this absurd doctrine in Scotland, and jurists at length plucked up heart to pronounce the accused at liberty *capitulare directe contrarium ejus quod libellatur*. And full time it was that such an absurdity should be exploded, since, while it existed, it must have been easy for an expert lawyer to draw up his

libel in such a manner that no defence should be available against it.

In considering the extraordinary methods, however, by which the crown maintained influence in the criminal courts of Scotland, we must not forget what continual obstruction it was exposed to in its attempts to administer anything like justice to so unruly a people—especially whenever any powerful individual or party was concerned. A delinquent who felt himself bold enough to face the tribunal of justice took marvellous care not to trust to his innocence alone, even if he were furnished with that moral defence. Wherever he was himself powerful, or where his cause was for any reason well befriended, he presented himself at the bar with as many armed friends and retainers as would, according to the phrase of the day, "do for him." The most innocent and meritorious—the most guilty and criminal—had recourse to the same means of controlling the course of the law. When the government of Mary of Guise determined on proceeding criminally against the reformed preachers, the enthusiastical hearers of the congregation agreed, as discharging the ordinary part of friends and favourers of an accused party, to present themseves in court in arms, in defence of their pastors, and assembled a little army, which soon overawed and suspended the plans of the Queen. In like manner, when Bothwell subjected himself to a mock trial for the murder of Henry Darnley, he took care to be so well guarded, both by his own retainers and dependents, and by bands of mercenary soldiers, that it was impossible the slightest chance of conviction should occur. In this, as in many other cases, the observation of Lucan held just:—

"Quis castra timenti
Nescit mista foro? gladii cum triste minantes
Judicium insolita trepidum cinxere corona,
Atque auso medias perrumpere milite leges
Pompejana reum clauserunt signa Milonem?"

In the same tone says Richard Maitland of Lethington, contrasting the excellence of the Scottish laws with the violence by which their execution was too often opposed,—

"To make acts we have some skeil;
God woteth if we keip them weil!
We come to bar with jack of steil,
As we wou'd boast the judge and fray.
Of sic justice I have nae skeil,
Where rule and order are away."

Besides the risk that the common course of justice, when directed against persons of importance, should be obstructed by the intervention of jack and spear, it must be remembered that there was a great part of Scotland in which the king had little authority, and his writs no efficient currency, unless supported by actual military force. To the whole of Scotland north of the Highland line this fully applied down to a late period; nor were the four frontier counties, though containing much excellent and fruitful soil, in a condition more amenable to the law, until after the union of the crowns. When the prince, feeling himself more than usually strong, provoked, perhaps to extremity, by the disorders of these wild people, formed a resolution to suppress them at all risks, he was wont to place himself at the head of an army, and march into the offending districts, executing, with the utmost rigour, whomsoever he came upon in his way. In these frantic exertions of power, power, under the disguise of justice, much blood was shed; the seed was sown, of course, for much deadly feud, in a country where it could not fail to germinate; and as there could be small leisure for drawing distinctions between the guilty and innocent, the king rather resembled Attila, the Scourge of Heaven, or a vindictive feudal champion dealing blows with his battle-axe at a venture, than a sovereign wielding the sword of justice with composure and serenity.

It is not necessary, however, to enter into this part of the subject, and it may be more profitable to inquire by what expedients the kings of Scotland endeavoured, in cases that fell within the common course of judicature, to overcome the disadvantages by which it was so miserably interrupted. One of these was a resource which we are afraid is very common in similar cases, being, in fact, near of kin to the principle which bounded the chirurgical practice of P. P., clerk of this parish, "who to bleed adventured not, *except the poor*." The king of Scotland, in like manner, when his purposes of justice were defeated by these proud thanes, who made the bar of criminal jurisprudence resemble the defended garden of Eden,

> "With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms,"

sought for a recompense to his hurt pride and injured authority by letting the full weight of his indignation descend upon some unfortunate wretch of the lower orders,

who had been guilty of any cognizable crime, but especially if he had been instigated by the insubordination of his betters to do something inferring disrespect to his sacred majesty,—it seems, in short, on such occasions, to have been a matter of great indifference where the staff was cut with which such a dog was to be beaten, provided only it was a cur of low degree who underwent castigation.

The following extraordinary and despotic instance is probably unique in the annals of judicial proceedings. We will first mention the circumstances as they are recorded in the journal of an honest citizen of Edinburgh, often quoted by Scottish antiquaries.

"April 27, 1601.—Archibald Cornuel, town officer, hanged at the Cross, and hung on the gallows twenty-four hours; and the cause wherefor he was hanged; he, being an unmerciful, greedy creature, poinded (that is, attached by distress) an honest man's house; and amongst the rest he poinded the king and queen's picture; and when he came to the cross to comprise (appraise and expose to auction) the same, he hung them up on two nails on the same gallows to be comprised; and they being seen, word went to the king and queen, whereupon he was apprehended and *hanged*."

These were the days, Mr. Rigmarole! We scarcely know whether to wonder most at such an exertion of power, or at the quiet and matter-of-fact manner in which the punishment and its cause are recorded. It is supposed that Sir Thomas Hamilton, then King's Advocate, well known by the name of Tom of the Cowgate, must have procured this extraordinary conviction upon some *dicta* drawn from the civil law, where the *imagines* of the emperors are recommended to religious veneration, and those who profaned or insulted them were held guilty of impiety. It was even doubted at the time whether the unfortunate Cornuel had done more than meditate the foul treason which he died for; it was alleged he had *only* bored a hole in the king's picture with the treasonable purpose of disposing it upon the gibbet, but was prevented from doing so by the murmurs of the people. It is obvious that the whole passed *per incuriam* on the part of the catchpole, and without the slightest degree of "malice prepense;" the unlucky man could have had no further purpose than to hang the picture where it might be best seen when exposed to auction with the debtor's other effects. But the jury,—by the by, Mr. Pitcairn thinks it an aggravation of Cornuel's wrongs that no fewer than eight

of them were *tailors*,—probably held opinion with the worthy journalist above cited, that any reason might serve for hanging an unmerciful, greedy bumbailiff, who bore the character of being severe in his odious office of attaching *honest men's* goods. It would seem that the reign of James VI, good-humoured as that prince certainly was, afforded various other instances of similar despotism, in which his sacred majesty played the "tyrant of the minnows." We ourselves had lately occasion, in our review of his "Royal Progresses," to notice the *brevi manu* execution of a fellow who was taken for cutting purses during his majesty's halt in Newark in 1603, and forthwith strung up by no further warrant than the king's order; and the ingenious editor points out one or two other cases equally summary. John Dickson, for example, a stubborn Englishman, being commanded by an officer of the ordnance to veer his boat and give place to the king's artillery, he answered, he would not veer his boat either for king or kaisar, and thereto added, that James was but a bastard king, and not worthy to be obeyed, for which crimes he was condemned to death. October 10th, 1600, Francis Tennant was indicted for a libel, as we should now term it, detracting from the king, and terming him (in allusion to Rizzio) the son of Signor Davie. He was sentenced to be taken to the Market Cross, his tongue cut out by the roots, his brows crowned with a paper on which his crime should be inscribed, and then hanged till death; a subsequent revision of the sentence dispensed with the cutting out the tongue, or any further torture, such being the tender mercies of the sapient monarch; but the punishment of death was inflicted.

It was not, however, always safe or easy for the sovereign to proceed by so straight a road; but then he had oblique methods of working both upon the fears of the criminal and the apprehensions of the jury, which frequently carried him as certainly, if not as directly, to the desired point. The most common of these was that species of argument by which the accused was prevailed upon to *come in the king's will*, that is, to submit to his mercy, and leave the nature and extent of the punishment to the royal pleasure. It is evident that in many cases this might serve both parties. A criminal might escape with a milder punishment, who, if convicted under the law, would have been liable to a great

one; and a fine to the exchequer might often reconcile the sovereign to robbing the gallows.

A remarkable case of this kind occurs in the present publication. One John Kincaid of Craighouse, a wild young gentleman, having his residence and property near Edinburgh, had cast his eyes upon a comely young widow, well endowed with a jointure, and, according to the rough mode of wooing, not uncommon at the time, projected an attack upon her person when she was quietly residing under the roof of John Johnston, bailie of the Water of Leith. Kincaid, supported by divers accomplices, having arms both offensive and defensive, entered the house, laid hands on the fair widow, and carried her off to the laird's tower of Craighouse, situated on the Braidhills. Little is said of Isabel Hutchison's desperation or resistance, and, considering the small distance to which the pretty dame was transported, it seems extremely dubious whether more violence was either offered or intended than just that *modicum* of it which might give her an apology for following her own inclinations. But the unlucky laird had chosen the hours of broad daylight for his gallant exploit, and, what was worse, King James and his attendants were abroad hunting in the fields through which Craighouse and his party conveyed their fair prize. At sight of the royal *cortège*, no doubt, the kidnapped widow assumed a most disconsolate appearance, and uttered her cries for help more earnestly than before, and King James, though scarce by habit a professed slave of the fair sex, was moved to interpose his authority in her behalf. The Earl of Mar and Sir John Ramsey were despatched to beset, with a sufficient retinue, the ravisher's tower of Craighouse, and deliver the distressed dame, Isabel Hutchison, in which they found no difficulty;—but mark the end. The unfortunate laird of Craighouse, not knowing to what extremities he might be subjected for an act of violence committed almost in the royal presence, was probably easily induced to *come in the king's will*, and his punishment was a fine of nearly a ruinous extent, being twenty-five thousand merks to be paid to his highness and his treasurer; and, what is diverting enough, the unfortunate culprit is peremptorily appointed to deliver to the king or to his treasurer, over and above the fine, his brown horse, which perhaps had pleased his grace when he had a glimpse of it at their rencounter on Braidhills.

The king's will was not always so favourable; sometimes actual execution of the criminal was ordered, and we remember one outrageous case of this kind seemingly allied to those of Tennant and Cornuel before mentioned. This unlucky person was a Scottishman by birth, and, what appears of itself an anomaly, was brought to trial in his own country for a crime committed in England. He was charged with having put upon the door of St. Mary's College (New College) in the university of Oxford, a scandalously false and treasonable libel, containing reflections upon his own countrymen, asserting that all Scottishmen should be put from court except the king and his family, and upbraiding the English for suffering themselves to be domineered over by such offscourings of the people. The unfortunate libeller placed himself in the king's will, acknowledging that he had committed the act in a fit of madness, and expressing extreme contrition; he was nevertheless condemned to have his hands struck off, and to be beheaded.*

Another mode remained, of a nature yet more violent, by which the king of Scotland might wrest to his own purpose the opinion of the jury. These persons were always liable, if they brought a verdict contrary to the opinion of the crown counsel, to be themselves called to account for perjury or wilful error; and whenever the king's advocate had any suspicion that an accused person was likely to escape by the verdict of the jury, he was sure to remind them what the consequences might be to themselves.

There was yet another method in which the sovereign power of Scotland currently interfered with the procedure of justice, not to enforce its authority indeed, but to obstruct it by snatching offenders from its vengeance; and its operations are more frequently to be traced through Mr. Pictairn's collection than those of any, or perhaps of all the doctrines we have touched upon. There was no crime so gross that the party accused of it did not very often plead the king's remission at the bar, and compel the judges to dismiss him without farther trial. The general looseness of this practice had most deplorable effects; and in James's reign it became more than ever prevalent, owing to the natural

* Introduction to Maclaurin's Cases, p. xxxviii.

facility of his temper, his indulgence to courtiers and favourites, and his want of power to resist the most unreasonable requests, when urged by those who had access to, or interest with him. In the case of the notorious Archibald Douglas, the king appears to have been induced to shelter under the shadow of his protection a person whom no one ever doubted to have been particularly active in the murder of Henry Darnley, his father. After this, it would be superfluous to add other instances of those unseemly and indecent remissions; yet the following case so completely illustrates the impuissance of the laws, and the sacrifices which a sovereign of Scotland was compelled to make to the troubles of the time, that we are tempted to quote it.

Captain James Stewart (sometime Earl of Arran) was one of King James's earliest minions, and neither he nor any other prince ever settled his affections on a worse. Having ventured to stir from the solitude in which he had spent some years of retirement, after being banished from court, this Stewart ventured, in 1595, to appear in public and to pass near the castle of Douglas of Torthorwald. That haughty baron was made acquainted with a freedom which he esteemed to be done in bravado, as the disgraced favourite was at mortal feud with all the name of Douglas, for having been the principal agent in pressing forward the trial and execution of the Regent Morton. Torthorwald, therefore, incensed at his enemy's audacity, threw himself hastily on horseback, as soon as he knew of his journey, pursued Stewart up a wild pass called the Gate-slack, ran a lance through his body and left him dead on the highway. The friends of the deceased endeavoured to bring the homicide to justice. But Douglas, not caring to undergo the risk of a trial, rather chose to submit to the decree of outlawry, which followed on the occasion. Meanwhile, he resided at his castle near Dumfries, with the certainty of making his part good against any one who should approach him with the purpose of giving him disturbance. Things remained in this state till 1598, when the Earl of Angus, lord warden of the whole marches, and having full power of king's lieutenant over the entire frontier, had occasion to command a general assembly of all the gentlemen within his territory for some branch of public service. On such meetings, all the landholders in the district were bound to

attend under high penalties; and the Baron of Torthorwald failed not to obey the summons, the rather, that it was sent forth by the Earl of Angus, the head of the house of Douglas. Nor had the earl, acting in his high office, the least hesitation at accepting the military services and aid of a person accused of the murder of the king's ancient minister and near cousin, and who was denounced rebel, and under sentence of outlawry, for his refusal to abide trial for this crime.

But this is only one shade of an extraordinary picture. To complete it we must add, that the appearance of Torthorwald at the host officially assembled by the Earl of Angus, and, it may be supposed, the predominance of the Douglas interest, determined many gentlemen in Ayrshire, Cunninghames, Kennedies, and others, connected by blood or friendship with that Stewart for whose slaughter Torthorwald was under outlawry, to absent themselves from the host assembled by the king's lieutenant, rather choosing to incur the penalties which might attach to their absence, than risk the quarrels and bloodshed likely to spring from their meeting with Torthorwald, where both parties were in arms.

The *remission* granted by the king on this occasion affords a most striking proof of his helpless state as a sovereign. It may at the same time serve as a specimen of the structure and orthography of the record.

"We vnderstanding that our louittis, William Cwninghame of Caprintoune and Daniell Cwninghame of Dalbeyth, being chargeit be vertew of Proclamatioune, to haif mett our rycht traist cousing, Williame Erll of Angus, our Lieutennent and Wardane of our West Marcheis, att Drumfreis, or sic vther pairtis contenit in our said Proclamatioun, for persuit of the disobedient persounis within our said Wardanrie, in the moneth of Februar, I^m. V^c. lxxxxviij yeiris: And that for obedience thairof, and command of our said Proclamatioune, thay addressit thame selffis in weirlie maner with thair freindis and seruandis to our said raid; and James Dowglas of Torthorrell, being our rebell, and lying att our horne, for the slauchter of our vmq^le cousing, James Stewart of Newtoune, and thair neir kynnisman, being than in cumpany att the said raid with our said Lieutennent: swa that the saidis Williame Cwninghame of Caprintoune, George Campbell of Cesnok, nor the said Daniell Cwninghame, could nocht guidlie remane att our said raid (the said James Dowglas being in thair cumpany): Quhairvpoun thay haifing than menit thame vnto us, We, for eschewing of gritar inconuenient, than faithfullie promittit *in verbo principis*, and gave licence to thame, thair friendis and

seruandis, to pas hame fra our said raid, and that they sould thairefter, att na tyme addres thame selffis to ony raid with our said Lieutennent (the said James Dowglas being in cumpany with him), bot that thay sould remane att hame, and incur na skaith nor danger thairthrow. And als, that the saidis Williame, George and Daniell, being lykewyis chargeit agane, to haif mett with our said Lieutennent att our said burch of Drumfreise, vpon the xxij day September lastbypast (with quhom the said James Dowglas was than in cumpany), swa that thay mycht not addres thame selffis thairto: Thairfor, and according to our said promeis, we haif freelie Remittit, and be thir presentis Remittis the saidis Williame Cwninghame, George Campbell and Daniell Cwninghame, thair kyn, freindis and seruandis of all offence, cryme and panis committit be thame, for abyding fra the saidis raidis or ony of thame; Discharging heirfore our Treasaurer, Aduocat, Justice, Justice-deputis and vtheris officieris quhatsoever, of all calling, atteiching, areisting, poinding, vnlawing, trubling or intrometting with the saidis personis, thair freindis or seruandis, or ony of thame, for abyding fra the saidis raidis or ony of thame and of thair offices in that pairt for ewir; nochtwithstanding ony lettres, proclamatiounes and charges direct thairanent: Quhairanent and haill painis contenit thairin, We haif dispensit, and dispensis be thir presentis. Subscryuit with our hand, Att Halyruidhous, the xvj day of Februar, 1600.

(Sic subscribitur.) "JAMES R.

"LENOX, MONTROISE, CASSILLIS, VCHILTRIE, FYVIE, BLANTYRE, SECRETARIUS."—Part III, pp. 107, 108.

In this curious letter, the king expresses no displeasure against his lieutenant, for admitting an outlawed murderer, to form part of his royal host, and by doing so preventing the attendance of the relations of the slain man. Neither does he rebuke the Earl of Angus, his representative, who, vested with full power for all such purposes, did not arrest Torthorwald when in his presence. He helplessly and quietly admits, that the objection of the Ayershire petitioners to being exposed to meet with a person with whom they were at deadly feud, was a good apology for absenting themselves from the king's service, and pardons their non-appearance accordingly; in short, acknowledges and submits to, without daring to censure, the sway of passions and practices at open war with the welfare of society, the power of law, and the dignity of his crown.

The end of this affair was, that a nephew of the slain Captain Stewart avenged the deadly feud by running Torthorwald through the body some time after, as he was walking in the streets of Edinburgh. But, in truth, no reader of these volumes, whatever his previous acquaintance

with Scottish history may have been, will contemplate, without a feeling of absolute wonder, the view of society which they unveil–or find it easy to comprehend how a system, subject to such severe concussions in every part, contrived, nevertheless, to hold itself together. The whole nation would seem to have spent their time, as one malefactor expressed it, "in drinking deep, and taking deadly revenge for slight offences."

It is startling to find how late the brutal and savage scheme of manners remained in full force. In June, 1608, for example, we find a youth of quality, nearly related to the royal family, namely John Stewart, son to the Lord of Doune and brother to the Lord of St. Colme, tried for the murder of an individual in a very inferior station, called John Gibb, in Over Lessody, under the following circumstances. A quarrel having taken place between the poor man Gibb and the young gentleman's attendant or groom, an exaggerated account of the matter was carried to Stewart, who was at the time engaged over his bottle. He instantly started up and swore to bereave Gibb of his life. The company interposed, and would not permit him to leave them, until he had given his "faithful word" that he had changed his bloodthirsty resolution. Yet so soon as he was free from the company, he rode instantly to Gibb's house, and called to the poor man in bed to rise and open the door; Gibb, knowing his voice, arose in his shirt without the slightest apprehension of evil, and on undoing the door, received a stab from Stewart's dirk, of which he died in forty-eight hours. It was also charged, that the assassin next morning showed the bloody dirk in triumph, saying, that if Gibb were the devil's man he had got enough to quench his thirst. This case was withdrawn from the court of justiciary, and further proceedings therein stopped, no doubt by the royal order, so that it becomes another illustration of the general system of remissions. Let it be remembered, that to inflame a race of such extreme irritability, the custom of deadly feud lent its ready assistance—a custom which enjoined that every injury or insult received from an individual of a particular clan or name, might be honourably, if not legally, retaliated upon any other person bearing the same name; and we have a state of manners presented to us, more resembling the perpetual storm and

fury of the infernal regions than the civilized order of a Christian nation.

The northern legislature itself seems to have been fully sensible of the atrocity of the national temper, and accordingly their laws concerning homicide were far more rigorous than those of the sister kingdom, which their jurists gravely defended, by alleging the necessity of restraining the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*. The traces of this still remain. The Scottish law has been so framed to discountenance all approaches to personal encounter, that even marked aggressions will not vindicate the person who receives them. Nor, even at this hour, do the judges receive openly or avowedly the distinction, so broadly marked in the English law, between the homicide whose guilt arises out of some sudden strife and unpremeditated quarrel, and the deliberate and aforethought murderer. Yet not only did this affectation of judging with extreme severity the first provocation to violence fail of producing the desired effect in the elder time, but at this hour many of their own authors are forced to recognise the remnants of the fierce and vindictive propensities of their fathers among a nation otherwise proverbially moderate in their passions and moral in their deportment. If we consider the criminal calendars of England and Scotland in a comparative view, we must of course first make allowance for the population and the wealth of the principal nation. While our northern provinces are, for the most part, thinly peopled and by a simple race, removed from the general temptations of higher civilization—a great part of England is, on the contrary, densely inhabited by a manufacturing population, sometimes wallowing in opulence, which they waste in sensual enjoyment, sometimes reduced to the most sordid distress—either condition, unhappily, the fruitful mother of vices, which cannot so readily occur in a country still mainly pastoral and agricultural. To this must be added, the great effect produced upon the Scottish nation by their excellent system of parochial schools and general education. Such instruction, almost universally diffused, has had potent influence in ameliorating men's minds and taming their stormy passions. It has taught them reflection and moderation as its necessary consequence; it reminds them, that as sure as the day is followed by the night, so sure must the actions of

the day be accounted for, and the indulgence of passion of whatever kind repaid by distress, remorse, or punishment. Where the population of a country is generally instructed, the influence of education of course extends far beyond the visible limits of its machinery; and in no country has that species of instruction, without which all others are more likely to do evil than good, been more systematically and successfully attended to than in modern Scotland. Still all this being granted,—all deduction being made on the one hand for the infinite concatenation of crime, connected with the mercantile and manufacturing system,—and on the other for such superiority of general education as the under ranks of the Scotch can justly pretend to,—it is at least the common opinion that Scotland is, even at this day, remarkably fertile in producing the darker kinds of crime, arising out of deep passion, matured revenge, long-harboured spite, family feuds, disputes among neighbours, and casual quarrels, which the good-natured Englishman forgives and forgets, before the sun has gone down upon his wrath. Without pretending to ascertain whether the traces of such national violence or atrocity, as were stigmatized by old Scottish writers, remain at the present day, we may boldly say, that there is abundance of proof in these volumes of the ferocious and sullen temper of the race in former times. An injury, however trivial, once sustained—an insult, once given, though slight and unintentional—the aggrieved person, like Tam o' Shanter's dame, sat, perhaps for years—

> "Gathering his brows, like gathering storm,
> Nursing his wrath to keep it warm."

Many events are recorded in Mr. Pitcairn's collection, which are interesting to the dramatist or the novelist, as they indicate those evolutions of the human heart which such men long to copy from the frightful original. Many afford scenes which the painter might study; and some of them have already exercised the legendary muse of their country. Here we are to look for the real and unadorned history of Hugh the Graham, of Gilderoy, both famous in song: of the freebooter, Macpherson—

> "Who played a spring, and danced it round
> Beneath the gallows-tree;"

and other turbulent chiefs, whose memory survives in the

northern minstrelsy. Here are abundance of adventures, from which a Lillo might have drawn his plots for tragedies of domestic life, like *Arden of Feversham*, or *The Fatal Curiosity*. In opening the book at random, we light upon an example of the kind, concerning the murder of the Laird of Warriston by his own wife. It is the subject of a Scottish ballad, well known to collectors in that department; and the history of the conversion of the murderess, and of her carriage at her execution, compiled apparently by one of the clergymen of Edinburgh, has been lately printed by Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, whose merits as an author, antiquary, and draughtsman, stand in no need of our testimony.

The story of the young lady is short and melancholy. She was a daughter of Livingston of Dunipace, a courtier, and a favourite of James VI; an ill-assorted marriage united her at an early age with the Laird of Warriston, a gentleman whom she did not love, and who apparently used her with brutal harshness. The Lady Warriston accused her husband of having struck her several blows, besides biting her in the arm; and conspired with her nurse, Janet Murdo, to murder him. The confidante, inspired by that half-savage attachment which in those days animated the connection between the foster-child and the nurse, entered into all the injuries of which her *dalt* (*i. e.* foster daughter) complained, encouraged her in her fatal purpose, and promised to procure the assistance of a person fitted to act the part of actual murderer, or else to do the deed with her own hands. In Scotland, such as we have described it, such a character as the two wicked women desired for their associate was soon found in a groom, called Robert Weir, who appears, for a very small hire, to have undertaken the task of murdering the gentleman. He was ushered privately into Warriston's sleeping apartment, where he struck him severely upon the flank-vein, and completed his crime by strangling him. The lady in the mean time fled from the nuptial apartment into the hall; where she remained during the perpetration of the murder. The assassin took flight when the deed was done, but he was afterwards seized and executed. The lady was tried, and condemned to death, on the 16th of June, 1600. The nurse was at the same time condemned to be burnt alive, and suffered her sentence

accordingly: but Lady Warriston, in respect of her gentle descent, was appointed to die by the *Maiden*, a sort of rude guillotine, imported, it is said, from Halifax, by the Earl of Morton, while regent, who was himself the first that suffered by it. The printed account of this beautiful murderess contains a pathetic narrative of the exertions of the worthy clergyman (its author) to bring her to repentance. At first, his ghostly comfort was very ill received, and she returned with taunts and derision his exhortations to penitence. But this humour only lasted while she had hopes of obtaining pardon through the interest of her family. When these vanished, it was no longer difficult to bring her, in all human appearance, to a just sense of her condition; her thoughts were easily directed towards heaven, so soon as she saw there was no comfort upon earth. It is not for us to judge of the efficacy of repentance upon a death-bed, or at the foot of the gibbet. Lady Warriston's, like that of other criminals, had in it a strain of wild enthusiasm, such as, perhaps, an assistant may be very naturally tempted to sympathize with. It must, indeed, seem astonishing, with what tenacity a wretch condemned to part with life clings to the sympathy of his fellow-mortals, and how readily he adopts the ideas suggested by those who administer the most grateful flattery, if it can be called so, by continuing to express an interest in his desolate condition. Hypocrisy is daily resorted to in cases where it seems utterly useless; nay, it is common to see those, who are under sentence of death for acknowledged crimes, load their souls with deliberate falsehood—only for the purpose of lessening their criminality in a very small degree, in the eyes of the world they are about to close their eyes upon for ever. Spiritual emotions may be, in like manner, feigned or fostered, for attracting the approbation and sympathy of a spiritual guide. In all such cases, therefore, as Mr. Sharpe justly concludes, a confessor ought to be severely cautious how he misleads his penitent with too sure a hope, or presents him to the multitude, as one laying down life rather like a martyr than a criminal; and in none such can it be safe or decent to follow the example of the Lady Warriston's reverend assistant, who did not hesitate to term his penitent a saint, though the blood of her husband had hardly been washed from her hands.

The pride of Lady Warriston's parents suggested a peti-

tion that she might be executed betwixt five and six in the morning; but both the clergyman and magistrates seem to have consented unwillingly to this arrangement. The clergyman was particularly offended that the display of her penitence should not be as public as that of her guilt had been; and we may forgive the good man if there was any slight regret for a diminished display of his own success, as a religious assistant, mixed with this avowed dissatisfaction.

Time will not permit us to linger longer upon these records, in which we find, among many meagre and unimportant details, fragments that are inexpressibly interesting. In the *ipsissima verba*, the actual words spoken during the conspiring and the acting of these horrid things, the reader has before him the native language of the strongest passions of the mortal breast—the threat of the murderer—the scorn with which he taunts the victim of his revenge—the petition for pity—the frantic expression of deadly fear—all the terrible, unapproachable, inimitable eloquence of agony. To explain what we mean, we may quote the well-known instance of the death of Cæsar, in which the three words, *Et tu Brute*, affect the mind more, and stamp a more impressive image of the whole transaction, than all its historic details.

In pursuing this work, we conceive the editor might do well to abridge his own labour by omitting the pleadings upon the relevancy of the indictments, unless when these are singularly interesting or ingenious. They cannot now be in any respect instructive, even to the legal practitioner. We would also recommend, as essential to the value of the collection, such an accurate and extensive index, both of names and circumstances, as may afford an easy and secure means of reference amongst subjects which naturally lie dispersed and disconnected.

We are not altogether willing, even yet, to leave the subject, without addressing a word to those who have it in their power with convenience to assist an antiquarian publication of this nature. Mr. Pitcairn would not, probably, thank us, were we to make this expostulation in the tone of the recruiting serjeant, who assures the public, that only a very few young gentlemen of the most irreproachable habits are wanted to complete the gallant regiment for which he beats up. We may, however, observe, that the two associations

of the Bannatyne and Maitland Clubs have done all which can be expected from societies so constituted, in encouraging the present laborious and expensive work; and it will be but fair in those who call loudly upon them to give the world the benefit of their private presses, to show, on an occasion like the present, that they really set a value upon such things—since, whether the exclusive system practised by these institutions is or is not the most advantageous that might be devised, it certainly has arisen from the carelessness and coldness with which almost all insulated attempts of this nature have recently been suffered to fall to the ground.

LETTERS

TO THE

EDITOR OF THE EDINBURGH WEEKLY JOURNAL,

FROM

MALACHI MALAGROWTHER, Esq.

ON THE

PROPOSED CHANGE OF CURRENCY,

AND

OTHER LATE ALTERATIONS,

AS THEY AFFECT, OR ARE INTENDED TO AFFECT,

THE

KINGDOM OF SCOTLAND.

Ergo, Caledonia, nomen inane, Vale!

LETTERS

OF

MALACHI MALAGROWTHER.

LETTER I.*

February 21, 1826.

MY DEAR MR. JOURNALIST,

I am by pedigree a discontented person, so that you may throw this letter into the fire, if you have any apprehensions of incurring the displeasure of your superiors. I am, in fact, the lineal descendant of Sir Mungo Malagrowther, who makes a figure in the *Fortunes of Nigel*, and have retained a reasonable proportion of his ill luck, and, in consequence, of his ill temper. If, therefore, I should chance to appear too warm and poignant in my observations, you must impute it to the hasty and peevish humour which I derive from my ancestor. But at the same time, it often happens that this disposition leads me to speak useful, though un-

*[These Letters were addressed to the author's friend, Mr. James Ballantyne, Editor of the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal*, and they appeared in that newspaper in February and March, 1826. They were then collected into a Pamphlet, and ran through numerous editions: in the subsequent discussions in Parliament, they were frequently referred to: and although an elaborate answer, by the then Secretary of the Admiralty, Mr. Croker, attracted much notice, and was, by the government of the time, expected to neutralize the effect of the northern lucubrations—the proposed measure, as regarded Scotland, was ultimately abandoned—and that result was universally ascribed to Malachi Malagrowther.]

pleasant truths, when more prudent men hold their tongues and eat their pudding. A lizard is an ugly and disgusting thing enough; but, methinks, if a lizard were to run over my face and awaken me, which is said to be their custom when they observe a snake approach a sleeping person, I should neither scorn his intimation, nor feel justifiable in crushing him to death, merely because he is a filthy little abridgement of a crocodile. Therefore, "for my love, I pray you, wrong me not."

I am old, sir, poor, and peevish, and, therefore, I may be wrong; but when I look back on the last fifteen or twenty years, and more especially on the last ten, I think I see my native country of Scotland, if it is yet to be called by a title so discriminative, falling, so far as its national, or rather, perhaps, I ought now to say, its *provincial*, interests are concerned, daily into more absolute contempt. Our ancestors were a people of some consideration in the councils of the empire. So late as my own younger days, an English minister would have paused, even in a favourite measure, if a reclamation of national rights had been made by a member for Scotland, supported, as it uniformly then was, by the voice of her representatives and her people. Such ameliorations in our peculiar system as were thought necessary, in order that North Britain might keep pace with her sister in the advance of improvement, were suggested by our own countrymen, persons well acquainted with our peculiar system of laws (as different from those of England as from those of France), and who knew exactly how to adapt the desired alteration to the principle of our legislative enactments, so that the whole machine might, as mechanics say, work well and easily. For a long time this wholesome check upon innovation, which requires the assimilation of a proposed improvement with the general constitution of the country to which it has been recommended, and which ensures that important point, by stipulating that the measure shall originate with those to whom the spirit of the constitution is familiar, has been, so far as Scotland is concerned, considerably disused. Those who have stepped forward to repair the gradual failure of our constitutional system of law, have been persons that, howsoever qualified in other respects, have had little farther knowledge of its construction, than could be acquired by a hasty and partial survey, taken just

before they commenced their labours. Scotland and her laws have been too often subjected to the alterations of any person who chose to found himself a reputation, by bringing in a bill to cure some defect which had never been felt in practice, but which was represented as a frightful bugbear to English statesmen, who, wisely and judiciously tenacious of the legal practice and principles received at home, are proportionally startled at the idea of anything abroad which cannot be brought to assimilate with them.

The English seem to have made a compromise with the active tendency to innovation, which is one great characteristic of the day. Wise and sagacious themselves, they are nervously jealous of innovations in their own laws—*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari*, is written on the skirts of their judicial robes, as the most sacred texts of Scripture were inscribed on the phylacteries of the Rabbies. The belief that the Common Law of England constitutes the perfection of human reason, is a maxim bound upon their foreheads. Law Monks they have been called in other respects, and like monks they are devoted to their own rule, and admit no question of its infallibility. There can be no doubt that their love of a system, which, if not perfect, has so much in it that is excellent, originates in the most praiseworthy feelings. Call it if you will the prejudice of education, it is still a prejudice honourable in itself, and useful to the public. I only find fault with it, because, like the Friars in the Duenna monopolizing the bottle, these English monks will not tolerate in their lay-brethren of the North the slightest pretence to a similar feeling.

In England, therefore, no innovation can be proposed affecting the administration of justice, without being subjected to the strict inquiry of the guardians of the law, and afterwards resisted pertinaciously until time and the most mature and reiterated discussion shall have proved its utility, nay, its necessity. The old saying is still true in all its points—Touch but a cobweb in Westminster-Hall, and the old spider will come out in defence of it. This caution may sometimes postpone the adoption of useful amendments, but it operates to prevent all hasty and experimental innovations; and it is surely better that existing evils should be endured for some time longer, than that violent remedies should be hastily adopted, the unforeseen and unprovided-

for consequences of which are often so much more extensive than those which had been foreseen and reckoned upon. An ordinary mason can calculate upon the exact gap which will be made by the removal of a corner-stone in an old building; but what architect, not intimately acquainted with the whole edifice, can presume even to guess how much of the structure is, or is not, to follow?

The English policy in this respect is a wise one, and we have only to wish they would not insist upon keeping it all to themselves. But those who are most devoted to their own religion, have least sympathy for the feelings of dissenters; and a spirit of proselytism has of late shown itself in England for extending the benefits of their system, in all its strength and weakness, to a country, which has been hitherto flourishing and contented under its own. They adopted the conclusion, that all English enactments are right; but the system of municipal law in Scotland is not English, therefore it is wrong. Under sanction of this syllogism, our rulers have indulged and encouraged a spirit of experiment and innovation at our expense, which they resist obstinately when it is to be carried through at their own risk.

For more than one half of last century, this was a practice not to be thought of. Scotland was during that period disaffected, in bad humour, armed too, and smarting under various irritating recollections. This is not the sort of patient for whom an experimental legislator chooses to prescribe. There was little chance of making Saunders take the patent pill by persuasion—main force was a dangerous argument, and some thought claymores had edges.

This period passed away, a happier one arrived, and Scotland, no longer the object of terror, or at least great uneasiness, to the British government, was left from the year 1750 under the guardianship of her own institutions, to win her silent way to national wealth and consequence. Contempt probably procured for her the freedom from interference, which had formerly been granted out of fear; for the medical faculty are as slack in attending the garrets of paupers as the caverns of robbers. But neglected as she was, and perhaps *because* she was neglected, Scotland, reckoning her progress during the space from the close of the American war to the present day, has increased her prosperity in a ratio more than five times greater than that

of her more fortunate and richer sister. She is now worth the attention of the learned faculty, and God knows she has had plenty of it. She has been bled and purged, spring and fall, and *talked* into courses of physic, for which she had little occasion. She has been of late a sort of experimental farm, upon which every political student has been permitted to try his theory—a kind of common property, where every juvenile statesman has been encouraged to make his inroads, as in Morayland, where, anciently, according to the idea of the old Highlanders, all men had a right to take their prey —a subject in a common dissecting-room left to the scalpel of the junior students, with the degrading inscription,—*Fiat experimentum in corpore vili.*

I do not mean to dispute, sir, that much alteration was necessary in our laws, and that much benefit has followed many of the great changes which have taken place. I do not mean to deprecate a gradual approach to the English system, especially in commercial law. The Jury Court, for example, was a fair experiment, in my opinion, cautiously introduced as such, and placed under such regulations as might best assimilate its forms with those of the existing Supreme Court. I beg therefore to be considered as not speaking of the alterations themselves, but of the apparent hostility towards our municipal institutions, as repeatedly manifested in the course of late proceedings, tending to force and wrench them into a similarity with those of England.

The opinions of our own lawyers, nay, of our judges, than whom wiser and more honourable men never held that high character, have been, if report speaks true, something too much neglected and controlled in the course of these important changes, in which, methinks, they ought to have had a leading and primary voice. They have been almost avowedly regarded not as persons the best qualified to judge of proposed innovations, but as prejudiced men, determined to oppose them right or wrong. The last public commission was framed on the very principle, that if Scotch lawyers were needs to be employed, a sufficient number of these should consist of gentlemen, who, whatever their talents and respectability might be in other respects, had been too long estranged from the study of Scottish law, to retain any accurate recollection of an abstruse science, or any decided

partiality for its technical forms. This was done avowedly for the purpose of evading the natural partiality of the Scottish judges and practitioners to their own system; that partiality, which the English themselves hold so sacred a feeling in their own judges and counsel learned in the law. I am not, I repeat, complaining of the result of the commissions, but of the spirit in which the alterations were undertaken. Unquestionably much was done in brushing up and improving the old machinery of Scottish law courts, and in making it move more rapidly, though scarce, I think, more correctly than before. Despatch has been much attended to. But it may be ultimately found, that the timepiece which runs fastest does not intimate the hour most accurately. At all events, the changes have been made and established—there let them rest. And had I, Malachi Malagrowther, the sole power to-morrow of doing so, I would not restore the old forms of judicial proceedings; because I hold the constitution of courts of justice too serious matters to be put back or forward at pleasure, like a boy's first watch, merely for experiment's sake.

What I *do* complain of is the general spirit of slight and dislike manifested to our national establishments, by those of the sister country who are so very zealous in defending their own; and not less do I complain of their jealousy of the opinions of those who cannot but be much better acquainted than they, both with the merits and deficiencies of the system, which hasty and imperfectly informed judges have shown themselves so anxious to revolutionize.

There is no explanation to be given to this but one—namely, the entirely conviction and belief of our English brethren, that the true Themis is worshipped in Westminster Hall, and that her adorers cannot be too zealous in her service; while she, whose image an ingenious artist has depicted balancing herself upon a *te-totum* on the southern window of the Parliament House of Edinburgh, is a mere idol,—Diana of Ephesus,—whom her votaries worship, either because her shrine brings great gain to the craftsmen, or out of an ignorant and dotard superstition, which induces them to prefer the old Scottish *Mumpsimus* to the modern English *Sumpsimus*. Now, this is not fair construction in our friends, whose intentions in our behalf, we allow, are excellent, but who certainly are scarcely entitled

to beg the question at issue without inquiry or discussion, or to treat us as the Spaniards treated the Indians, whom they massacred for worshipping the image of the sun, while they themselves bowed down to that of the Virgin Mary. Even Queen Elizabeth was contented with the evasive answer of Melville, when hard pressed with the trying question, whether Queen Mary or she were the fairest. We are willing, in the spirit of that answer, to say, that the Themis of Westminster Hall is the best fitted to preside over the administration of the larger and more fertile country of beef and pudding; while she of the te-totum (placed in that precarious position, we presume, to express her instability, since these new lights were struck out) claims a more limited but equally respectful homage, within her ancient jurisdiction—*sua paupera regna*—the Land of Cakes. If this compromise does not appease the ardour of our brethren for converting us to English forms and fashions, we must use the scriptural question, "Who hath required these things at your hands?"

The inquiries and result of another commission are too much to the purpose to be suppressed. The object was to investigate the conduct of the revenue boards in Ireland and Scotland. In the former, it is well known, great mismanagement was discovered; for Pat, poor fellow, had been playing the loon to a considerable extent. In Scotland, *not a shadow of abuse prevailed.* You would have thought, Mr. Journalist, that the Irish boards would have been reformed in some shape, and the Scotch establishments honourably acquitted, and suffered to continue on the footing of independence which they had so long enjoyed, and of which they had proved themselves so worthy. Not so, sir. The revenue boards, in both countries, underwent exactly the same regulation, were deprived of their independent consequence, and placed under the superintendence of English control; the innocent and the guilty being treated in every respect alike. Now, on the side of Scotland, this was like Trinculo losing his bottle in the pool—there was not only dishonour in the thing, but an infinite loss.

I have heard two reasons suggested for this indiscriminating application of punishment to the innocent and to the culpable.

In the first place, it was honestly confessed that Ireland

would never have quietly submitted to the indignity offered to her, unless poor inoffensive Scotland had been included in the regulation. The Green Isle, it seems, was of the mind of a celebrated lady of quality, who, being about to have a decayed tooth drawn, refused to submit to the operation till she had seen the dentist extract a sound and serviceable grinder from the jaws of her waiting-woman—and her humour was to be gratified. The lady was a termagant dame—the wench a tame-spirited simpleton—the dentist an obliging operator—and the teeth of both were drawn accordingly.

This gratification of his humours is gained by Pat's being up with the pike and shilelah on any or no occasion. God forbid Scotland should retrograde towards such a state —much better that the deil, as in Burns's song, danced away with the whole excisemen in the country. We do not want to hear her prate of her number of millions of men, and her old military exploits. We had better remain in union with England, even at the risk of becoming a subordinate species of Northumberland, as far as national consequence is concerned, than remedy ourselves by even hinting the possibility of a rupture. But there is no harm in wishing Scotland to have just so much ill-nature, according to her own proverb, as may keep her good-nature from being abused; so much national spirit as may determine her to stand by her own rights, conducting her assertion of them with every feeling of respect and amity towards England.

The other reason alleged for this equal distribution of *punishment*, as if it had been the influence of the common sun or the general rain, to the just and the unjust, was one which is extremely predominant at present with our ministers—the *necessity* of UNIFORMITY in all such cases; and the consideration what an awkward thing it would be to have a board of excise or customs remaining independent in the one country, solely because they had, without impeachment, discharged their duty; while the same establishment was cashiered in another, for no better reason than that it had been misused.

This reminds us of an incident, said to have befallen at the castle of Glammis, when these venerable towers were inhabited by a certain old Earl of Strathmore, who was as

great an admirer of uniformity as the Chancellor of the Exchequer could have desired. He and his gardner directed all in the garden and pleasure-grounds upon the ancient principle of exact correspondence between the different parts, so that each alley had its brother; a principle which, renounced by gardeners, is now adopted by statesmen. It chanced, once upon a time, that a fellow was caught committing some petty theft, and, being taken in the manner, was sentenced by the Bailie MacWheeble of the jurisdiction to stand for a certain time in the baronial pillory, called the *jougs*, being a collar and chain, one of which contrivances was attached to each side of the portal of the great avenue which led to the castle. The thief was turned over accordingly to the gardner, as ground officer, to see the punishment duly inflicted. When the Thane of Glammis returned from his morning ride, he was surprised to find both sides of the gateway accommodated each with a prisoner, like a pair of heraldic supporters *chained* and *collared proper*. He asked the gardener, whom he found watching the place of punishment, as his duty required, whether another delinquent had been detected? "No, my lord," said the gardener, in the tone of a man excellently well satisfied with himself,—"but I thought the single fellow looked very awkward standing on one side of the gate-way, so I gave half-a-crown to one of the labourers to stand on the other side *for uniformity's sake*." This is exactly a case in point, and probably the only one which can be found —with this sole difference, that I do not hear that the members of the Scottish revenue board got any boon for standing in the pillory with those of Ireland—for uniformity's sake.

Lastly, sir, I come to this business of extending to Scotland, the provisions of the bill prohibiting the issue of notes under £5 in six months after the period that the regulation shall be adopted in England.

I am not about to enter upon the question which so much agitates speculative writers upon the wealth of nations, or attempt to discuss what proportion of the precious metals ought to be detained within a country; what are the best means of keeping it there; or to what extent the want of specie can be supplied by paper credit: I will not ask if a poor man can be made a rich one, by compelling him to buy

a service of plate, instead of the delf ware which served his turn. These are questions I am not adequate to solve. But I beg leave to consider the question in a practical point of view, and to refer myself entirely to experience.

I assume, without much hazard of contradiction, that banks have existed in Scotland for near one hundred and twenty years—that they have flourished, and the country has flourished with them—and that during the last fifty years particularly, provincial banks, or branches of the principal established and chartered banks, have gradually extended themselves in almost every lowland district in Scotland; that the notes, and especially the small notes, which they distribute, entirely supply the demand for a medium of currency; and that the system has so completely expelled gold from the country of Scotland, that you never by any chance espy a guinea there, unless in the purse of an accidental stranger, or in the coffers of these banks themselves. This is granting the facts of the case as broadly as can be asked.

It is not less unquestionable, that the consequence of this banking system, as conducted in Scotland, has been attended with the greatest advantage to the country. The facility which it has afforded to the industrious and enterprising agriculturist or manufacturer, as well as to the trustees of the public in executing national works, has converted Scotland, from a poor, miserable, and barren country, into one where, if nature has done less, art and industry have done more, than in perhaps any country in Europe, England herself not excepted. Through means of the credit which this system has afforded, roads have been made, bridges built, and canals dug, opening up to reciprocal communication the most sequestered districts of the country—manufactures have been established, unequalled in extent or success—wastes have been converted into productive farms —the productions of the earth for human use have been multiplied twenty-fold, while the wealth of the rich, and the comforts of the poor, have been extended in the same proportion. And all this in a country where the rigour of the climate, and sterility of the soil, seem united to set improvement at defiance. Let those who remember Scotland forty years since bear witness if I speak truth or falsehood.

There is no doubt that this change has been produced by

the facilities of procuring credit, which the Scottish banks held forth, both by discounting bills, and by granting cash-accounts. Every undertaking of consequence, whether by the public or by individuals, has been carried on by such means; at least exceptions are extremely rare.

There is as little doubt that the banks could not have furnished these necessary funds of cash, without enjoying the reciprocal advantage of their own notes being circulated in consequence, and by means of the accommodation thus afforded. It is not to be expected that every undertaking which the system enabled speculators or adventurers to commence, should be well-judged, attentively carried on, or successful in issue. Imprudence in some cases, misfortune in others, have had their usual quantity of victims. But in Scotland, as elsewhere, it has happened in many instances that improvements, which turned out ruinous to those who undertook them, have, notwithstanding, themselves ultimately produced the most beneficial advantages to the country, which derived in such instances an addition to its general prosperity, even from the undertakings which had proved destructive to the private fortune of the projectors.

Not only did the banks dispersed throughout Scotland afford the means of bringing the country to an unexpected and almost marvellous degree of prosperity, but in no considerable instance, save one, have their own over-speculating undertakings been the means of interrupting that prosperity. The solitary exception was the undertaking called the Ayr Bank, rashly entered into by a large body of country gentlemen and others, unacquainted with commercial affairs, and who had moreover the misfortune not only to set out on false principles, but to get false rogues for their principal agents and managers. The fall of this bank brought much calamity on the country; but two things are remarkable in its history: First, that under its too prodigal, yet beneficial influence, a fine county (that of Ayr) was converted from a desert into a fertile land. 2dly, That, though at a distant interval, the Ayr Bank paid all its engagements, and the loss only fell on the original stockholders. The warning was, however, a terrible one, and has been so well attended to in Scotland, that very few attempts seem to have been afterwards made to establish banks prematurely—that is, where the particular district was not in such an advanced

state as to require the support of additional credit; for in every such case, it was judiciously foreseen, the forcing a capital on the district could only lead to wild speculation, instead of supporting solid and promising undertakings.

The character and condition of the persons pursuing the profession, ought to be noticed, however slightly. The bankers of Scotland have been, generally speaking, *good* men, in the mercantile phrase, showing, by the wealth of which they have died possessed, that their credit was sound; and *good* men also, many of them eminently so, in the more extensive and better sense of the word, manifesting, by the excellence of their character, the fairness of the means by which their riches were acquired. There may have been, among so numerous a body, men of a different character, fishers in troubled waters, capitalists who sought gain not by the encouragement of fair trade and honest industry, but by affording temporary fuel to rashness or ava rice. But the number of upright traders in the profession has narrowed the means of mischief, which such Christian Shylocks would otherwise have possessed. There was loss, there was discredit, in having recourse to such characters, when honest wants could be fairly supplied by upright men, and on liberal terms. Such reptiles have been confined in Scotland to batten upon their proper prey of folly, and feast, like worms, on the corruption in which they are bred.

Since the period of the Ayr Bank, now near half a century, I recollect very few instances of banking companies issuing notes, which have become insolvent. One, about thirty years since, was the Merchant Bank of Stirling, which never was in high credit, having been known almost at the time of its commencement, by the ominous nickname of *Black in the West*. Another was within these ten years, the East-Lothian Banking Company, whose affairs had been very ill conducted by a villanous manager. In both cases, the notes were paid up in full. In the latter case, they were taken up by one of the most respectable houses in Edinburgh; so that all the current engagements were paid without the least check to the circulation of their notes, or inconvenience to poor or rich, who happened to have them in possession. The Union Bank of Falkirk also became insolvent within these fifteen years, but paid up its

engagements without much loss to the creditors. Other cases there may have occurred not coming within my recollection; but I think none which made any great sensation, or could at all affect the general confidence of the country in the stability of the system. None of these bankruptcies excited much attention, or as we have seen, caused any considerable loss.

In the present unhappy commercial distress, I have always heard and understood, that the Scottish banks have done all in their power to alleviate the evils which came thickening on the country; and far from acting illiberally, that they have come forward to support the tottering credit of the commercial world with a frankness which augured the most perfect confidence in their own resources. We have heard of only one provincial bank being even for a moment in the predicament of suspicion; and of that copartnery the funds and credit were so well understood, that their correspondents in Edinburgh, as in the case of the East-Lothian Bank formerly mentioned, at once guaranteed the payment of their notes, and saved the public even from momentary agitation, and individuals from the possibility of distress. I ask what must be the stability of a system of credit, of which such an universal earthquake could not displace or shake even the slightest individual portion?

Thus stands the case in Scotland; and it is clear, any restrictive enactment affecting the banking system, or their mode of issuing notes, must be adopted in consequence of evils, operating elsewhere perhaps, but certainly unknown in this country.

In England, unfortunately, things have been very different, and the insolvency of many provincial banking companies, of the most established reputation for stability, has greatly distressed the country, and alarmed London itself, from the necessary reaction of their misfortunes upon their correspondents in the capital.

I do not think, sir, that the advocate of Scotland is called upon to go farther, in order to plead an exemption from any experiment which England may think proper to try to cure her own malady, than to say such malady does not exist in her jurisdiction. It is surely enough to plead, "We are well, our pulse and complexion prove it—let those who are sick take physic." But the opinion of the English minis-

ters is widely different; for granting our premises, they deny our conclusion.

The peculiar humour of a friend, whom I lost some years ago, is the only one I recollect, which jumps precisely with the reasoning of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. My friend was an old Scottish laird, a bachelor and a humorist—wealthy, convivial, and hospitable, and of course having always plenty of company about him. He had a regular custom of swallowing, every night in the world, one of Dr. Anderson's pills, for which reasons may be readily imagined. But it is not so easy to account for his insisting on every one of his guests taking the same medicine; and whether it was by way of patronizing the medicine, which is in some sense a national receipt, or whether the mischievous old wag amused himself with anticipating the scenes of delicate embarrassment, which the dispensation sometimes produced in the course of the night, I really cannot even guess. What is equally strange, he pressed this request with a sort of eloquence, which succeeded with every guest. No man escaped, though there were few who did not make resistance. His powers of persuasion would have been invaluable to a minister of state. "What! not one *Leetle Anderson*, to oblige your friend, your host, your entertainer! He had taken one himself—he would take another, if you pleased. Surely what was good for his complaints must of course be beneficial to yours?" It was in vain you pleaded your being perfectly well,—your detesting the medicine,—your being certain it would not agree with you—none of the apologies were received as valid. You might be warm, pathetic, or sulky, fretful or patient, grave or serious, in testifying your repugnance, but you were equally a doomed man; escape was impossible. Your host was in his turn eloquent,—authoritative,—facetious, argumentative,—precatory,—pathetic, above all, pertinacious. No guest was known to escape the *Leetle Anderson.* The last time I experienced the laird's hospitality, there were present at the evening meal the following catalogue of guests:—a Bond-street dandy of the most brilliant water, drawn thither by the temptatien of grouse-shooting—a writer from the neighbouring borough (the laird's *Doer*, I believe),—two country lairds, men of reserved and stiff habits—three sheep-farmers, as stiff-necked and stubborn as

their own haltered rams—and I, Malachi Malagrowther, not facile or obvious to persuasion. There was also the Esculapius of the vicinity—one who gave, but elsewhere was never known to *take* medicine. All succumbed—each took, after various degrees of resistance, according to his peculiar fashion, his own *Leetle Anderson.* The Doer took a brace. On the event I am silent. None had reason to congratulate himself on his complaisance. The laird has slept with his ancestors for some years, remembered sometimes with a smile on account of his humorous eccentricities, always with a sigh when his surviving friends and neighbours reflect on his kindliness and genuine beneficence. I have only to add, that I hope he has not bequeathed to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, otherwise so highly gifted, his invincible powers of persuading folks to take medicine, which their constitutions do not require.

Have I argued my case too high in supposing that the present intended legislative enactment is as inapplicable to Scotland, as a pair of elaborate knee-buckles would be to the dress of a kilted Highlander? I think not.

I understand Lord Liverpool and the Chancellor of the Exchequer distinctly to have admitted the fact, that no distress whatever had originated in Scotland from the present issuing of small notes of the bankers established there, whether provincial in the strict sense, or sent abroad by branches of the larger establishments settled in the metropolis. No proof can be desired better than the admission of the adversary.

Nevertheless, we have been positively informed by the newspapers that ministers see no reason why any law adopted on this subject should not be imperative over all his majesty's dominions, including Scotland, *for uniformity's sake.* In my opinion, they might as well make a law that the Scotsman, for uniformity's sake, should not eat oatmeal, because it is found to give Englishmen the heart-burn. If an ordinance prohibiting the oat-cake, can be accompanied with a regulation capable of being enforced, that in future, for uniformity's sake, our moors and uplands shall henceforth bear the purest wheat, I for one have no objection to the regulation. But till Ben-Nevis be level with Norfolkshire, though the natural wants of the two nations may be the same, the extent of these wants, natural

or commercial, and the mode of supplying them, must be widely different, let the rule of uniformity be as absolute as it will. The nation which cannot raise wheat, must be allowed to eat oat-bread; the nation which is too poor to retain a circulating medium of the precious metals, must be permitted to supply its place with paper credit; otherwise, they must go without food, and without currency.

If I were called on, Mr. Journalist, I think I could give some reasons why the system of banking which has been found well adapted for Scotland is not proper for England, and why there is no reason for inflicting upon us the intended remedy; in other words, why this political balsam of Fierabras, which is to relieve Don Quixote, may have a great chance to poison Sancho. With this view, I will mention briefly some strong points of distinction affecting the comparative credit of the banks in England and in Scotland; and they seem such as to furnish, to one inexperienced in political economics (upon the transcendental doctrines of which so much stress is now laid), very satisfactory reasons for the difference which is not denied to exist betwixt the effects of the same general system in different countries.

In Scotland, almost all banking companies consist of a considerable number of persons, many of them men of landed property, whose landed estates, with the burdens legally affecting them, may be learned from the records, for the expense of a few shillings; so that all the world knows, or may know, the general basis on which their credit rests, and the extent of real property, which, independent of their personal means, is responsible for their commercial engagements. In most banking establishments this fund of credit is considerable, in others immense; especially in those where the shares are numerous, and are held in small proportions, many of them by persons of landed estates, whose fortunes, however large, and however small their share of stock, must be all liable to the engagements of the bank. In England, as I believe, the number of the partners engaged in a banking concern cannot exceed five; and though of late years their landed property has been declared subject to be attached by their commercial creditors, yet no one can learn, without incalculable trouble, the real value of that land, or with what mortgages it is burdened. Thus *cæteris*

paribus, the English banker cannot make his solvency manifest to the public, therefore cannot expect, or receive, the same unlimited trust, which is willingly and securely reposed in those of the same profession in Scotland.

Secondly, the circulation of the Scottish bank notes is free and unlimited; an advantage arising from their superior degree of credit. They pass without a shadow of objection through the whole limits of Scotland, and, although they cannot be legally tendered, are current nearly as far as York, in England. Those of English banking companies seldom extend beyond a very limited horizon: in two or three stages from the place where they are issued, many of them are objected to, and give perpetual trouble to any traveller who has happened to take them in change on the road. Even the most creditable provincial notes never approach London in a free tide—never circulate like blood to the heart, and from thence to the extremities, but are current within a limited circle; often, indeed, so very limited, that the notes issued in the morning, to use an old simile, fly out like pigeons from the dovecot, and are sure to return in the evening to the spot which they have left at break of day.

Owing to these causes, and others which I forbear mentioning, the profession of provincial bankers in England is limited in its regular profits, and uncertain in its returns, to a degree unknown in Scotland; and is, therefore, more apt to be adopted in the south by men of sanguine hopes and bold adventure (both frequently disproportioned to the extent of their capital), who sink in mines, or other hazardous speculations, the funds which their banking credit enables them to command, and deluge the country with notes, which, on some unhappy morning, are found not worth a penny;—as those to whom the foul fiend has given apparent treasures, are said in due time to discover they are only pieces of slate.

I am aware it may be urged, that the restrictions imposed on those English provincial banks are necessary to secure the supremacy of the Bank of England; on the same principle on which dogs kept near the purlieus of a royal forest, were anciently lamed by the cutting off of one of the claws, to prevent their interfering with the royal sport. This is a very good regulation for England, for what I know; but why should the Scottish institutions, which do not, and

cannot, interfere with the influence of the Bank of England, be put on a level with those of which such jealousy is, justly or unjustly, entertained? We receive no benefit from that immense establishment, which, like a great oak, overshadows England from Tweed to Cornwall.—Why should our national plantations be cut down or cramped for the sake of what affords us neither shade nor shelter, and which besides can take no advantage by the injury done to us? Why should we be subjected to a monopoly, from which we derive no national benefit?

I have only to add, that Scotland has not felt the slightest inconvenience from the want of specie, nay, that it has never been in request among them. A tradesman will take a guinea more unwillingly than a note of the same value—to the peasant the coin is unknown. No one ever wishes for specie save when upon a journey to England. In occasional runs upon particular houses, the notes of other banking companies have always been the value asked for—no holder of these notes ever demanded specie. The credit of one establishment might be doubted for the time—that of the general system was never brought into question. Even avarice, the most suspicious of passions, has in no instance I ever heard of, desired to compose her hoards by an accumulation of the precious metals. The confidence in the credit of our ordinary medium has not been doubted even in the dreams of the most irritable and jealous of human passions.

All these considerations are so obvious, that a statesman so acute as Mr. Robinson must have taken them in at the first glance, and must at the same time have deemed them of no weight, compared with the necessary conformity between the laws of the two kingdoms. I must, therefore, speak to the justice of this point of uniformity.

Sir, my respected ancestor, Sir Mungo, when he had the distinguished honour to be *whipping*, or rather, *whipped boy*, to his Majesty James the Sixth of gracious memory, was always, in virtue of his office, scourged when the king deserved flogging; and the same equitable rule seems to distinguish the conduct of government towards Scotland, as one of the three United Kingdoms. If Pat is guilty of peculation, Sister Peg loses her boards of revenue—if John Bull's cashiers mismanage his money-matters, those

who have conducted Sister Margaret's to their own great honour, and her no less advantage, must be deprived of the power of serving her in future; at least that power must be greatly restricted and limited.

"Quidquid delirant reges plectuntur Achivi."

That is to say, if our superiors of England and Ireland eat sour grapes, the Scottish teeth must be set on edge as well as their own. An uniformity in benefits may be well—an uniformity in penal measures, towards the innocent and the guilty, in prohibitory regulations, whether necessary or not, seems harsh law, and worse justice.

This levelling system, not equitable in itself, is infinitely unjust, if a story, often told by my poor old grandfather, was true, which I own I am inclined to doubt. The old man, sir, had learned in his youth, or dreamed in his dotage, that Scotland had become an integral part of England,—not in right of conquest, or rendition, or through any right of inheritance,—but in virtue of a solemn Treaty of Union. Nay, so distinct an idea had he of this supposed treaty, that he used to recite one of its articles to this effect:—"That the laws in use within the kingdom of Scotland, do, after the Union, remain in the same force as before, but alterable by the Parliament of Great Britain, with this difference between the laws concerning public right, policy, and civil government, and those which concern private right, that the former may be made the same through the whole United Kingdom; but that no alteration be made on laws which concern private right, *excepting for the evident utility of the subjects within Scotland*." When the old gentleman came to the passage, which you will mark in italics, he always clenched his fist, and exclaimed, "*Nemo me impune lacesset!*" which I presume, are words belonging to the black art, since there is no one in the modern Athens conjurer enough to understand their meaning, or at least to comprehend the spirit of the sentiment which my grandfather thought they conveyed.

I cannot help thinking, sir, that if there had been any truth in my grandfather's story, some Scottish member would, on the late occasion, have informed the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that, in virtue of this treaty, it was no sufficient reason for innovating upon the private rights of

Scotsmen in a most tender and delicate point, merely that the right honourable gentleman saw no reason why the same law should not be current through the whole of his majesty's dominions; and that, on the contrary, it was incumbent upon him to go a step further, and to show that the alteration proposed *was* for the EVIDENT UTILITY *of the subjects within Scotland*,—a proposition disavowed by the right honourable gentleman's candid admission, as well as by that of the prime minister, and contradicted in every circumstance by the actual state of the case.

Methinks, sir, our "Chosen Five-and-Forty," supposing they had bound themselves to ministers by such oaths of silence and obedience, as are taken by Carthusian friars, must have had free-will and speech to express their sentiments, had they been possessed of so irrefragable an argument in such a case of extremity. The sight of a father's life in danger is said to have restored the power of language to the dumb; and truly, the necessary defence of the rights of our native country is not, or at least ought not to be, a less animating motive. Lord Lauderdale almost alone interfered, and procured, to his infinite honour, a delay of six months in the extension of this act,—a sort of reprieve from the southern *jougs*,—by which we may have some chance of profiting, if, during the interval, we can show ourselves true Scotsmen, by some better proof than merely by being "wise behind the hand."

In the first place, sir, I would have this Old Treaty searched for, and should it be found to be still existing, I think it decides the question. For, how can it be possible, that it should be for the "evident utility" of Scotland to alter her laws of private right, to the total subversion of a system under which she is admitted to have flourished for a century, and which has never within North Britain been attended with the inconveniences charged against it in the sister country, where, by the way, it never existed? Even if the old parchment should be voted obsolete, there would be some satisfaction in having it looked out and preserved —not in the Register-Office, or Advocates' Library, where it might awaken painful recollections—but in the Museum of the Antiquaries, where, with the Solemn League and Covenant, the Letter of the Scottish Nobles to the Pope on the independence of their country, and other antiquated

documents once held in reverence, it might silently contract dust, yet remain to bear witness that such things had been.

I earnestly hope, however, that an international league of such importance may still be found obligatory on both the *high* and the *low* contracting parties; on that which has the power, and apparently the will, to break it, as well as on the weaker nation, who cannot, without incurring still worse, and more miserable consequences, oppose aggression, otherwise than by invoking the faith of treaties, and the national honour of Old England.

In the second place, all ranks and bodies of men in North Britain (for all are concerned, the poor as well as the rich), should express by petition their sense of the injustice which is offered to the country, and the distress which will probably be the necessary consequence. Without the power of issuing their own notes, the banks cannot supply the manufacturer with that credit which enables him to pay his workmen, and wait his return; or accommodate the farmer with that fund which makes it easy for him to discharge his rent, and give wages to his labourers, while in the act of performing expensive operations which are to treble or quadruple the produce of his farm. The trustees on the high-roads and other public works, so ready to stake their personal credit for carrying on public improvements, will no longer possess the power of raising funds by doing so. The whole existing state of credit is to be altered from top to bottom, and ministers are silent on any remedy which such a state of things would imperiously require.

These are subjects worth struggling for, and rather of more importance than generally come before county meetings. The English legislature seems inclined to stultify our law authorities in their department; but let us at least try if they will listen to the united voice of a nation in matters which so intimately concern its welfare, that almost every man must have formed a judgment on the subject, from something like personal experience. For my part, I cannot doubt the result.

Times are undoubtedly different from those of Queen Anne, when Dean Swift having, in a political pamphlet, passed some sarcasms on the Scottish nation, as a poor and fierce people—the Scythians of Britain—the Scottish peers, headed by the Duke of Argyle, went in a body to the minis-

ters, and compelled them to disown the sentiments which had been expressed by their partisan, and offer a reward of £300 for the author of the libel, well known to be the best advocate and most intimate friend of the existing administration. They demanded also, that the printer and publisher should be prosecuted before the House of Peers; and Harley, however unwillingly, was obliged to yield to their demand.

In the celebrated case of Porteous, the English legislature saw themselves compelled to desist from vindictive measures, on account of a gross offence committed in the metropolis of Scotland. In that of the Roman Catholic bill, they yielded to the voice of the Scottish people, or rather of the Scottish mob, and declared the proposed alteration of the law should not extend to North Britain. The cases were different, in point of merit, though the Scots were successful in both. In the one, a boon of clemency was extorted; in the other, concession was an act of decided weakness. But ought the present administration of Great Britain to show less deference to our temperate and general remonstrance, on a matter concerning ourselves only, than their predecessors did to the passions, and even the ill-founded and unjust prejudices, of our ancestors?

Times, indeed, have changed since those days, and circumstances also. We are no longer a poor, that is, so *very poor* a country and people; and as we have increased in wealth, we have become somewhat poorer in spirit, and more loath to incur displeasure by contests upon mere etiquette, or national prejudice. But we have some grounds to plead for favour with England. We have borne our pecuniary impositions, during a long war, with a patience the more exemplary, as they lay heavier on us from our comparative want of means—our blood has flowed as freely as that of England or of Ireland—our lives and fortunes have been as unhesitatingly devoted to the defence of the empire—our loyalty as warmly and willingly displayed towards the person of our sovereign. We have consented with submission, if not with cheerfulness, to reductions and abolitions of public offices, required for the good of the state at large, but which must affect materially the condition, and even the respectability, of our over-burdened aristocracy. We have in every respect conducted ourselves as good and faithful subjects of the general empire.

We do not boast of these things as actual merits; but they are at least duties discharged, and in an appeal to men of honour and of judgment, must entitle us to be heard with patience, and even deference, on the management of our own affairs, if we speak unanimously, lay aside party feeling, and use the voice of one leaf of the holy Trefoil—one distinct and component part of the united kingdoms.

Let no consideration deter us from pleading our own cause temperately but firmly, and we shall certainly receive a favourable audience. Even our acquisition of a little wealth, which might abate our courage on other occasions, should invigorate us to unanimous perseverance at the present crisis, when the very source of our national prosperity is directly, though unwittingly, struck at. Our plaids are, I trust, not yet sunk into Jewish gaberdines, to be wantonly spit upon; nor are we yet bound to "receive the insult with a patient shrug." But exertion is now demanded on other accounts than those of mere honourable punctilio. Misers themselves will struggle in defence of their property, though tolerant of all aggressions by which that is not threatened. Avarice herself, however mean-spirited, will rouse to defend the wealth she possesses, and preserve the means of gaining more. Scotland is now called upon to rally in defence of the sources of her national improvement, and the means of increasing it; upon which, as none are so much concerned in the subject, none can be such competent judges as Scotsmen themselves.

I cannot believe so generous a people as the English, so wise an administration as the present, will disregard our humble remonstrances, merely because they are made in the form of peaceful entreaty, and not *secundum perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*, with a "dirk and pistol at our belt." It would be a dangerous lesson to teach the empire at large, that threats can extort what is not yielded to reasonable and respectful remonstrance.

But this is not all. The principle of "uniformity of laws," if not manfully withstood, may have other blessings in store for us. Suppose, that when finished with blistering Scotland while she is in perfect health, England should find time and courage to withdraw the veil from the deep cancer which is gnawing her own bowels, and make an attempt to stop the fatal progress of her *poor-rates*. Some

system or other must be proposed in its place—a grinding one it must be, for it is not an evil to be cured by palliatives. Suppose the English, for uniformity's sake, insist that Scotland, which is at present free from this foul and shameful disorder, should nevertheless be included in the severe *treatment* which the disease demands, how would the landholders of Scotland like to undergo the scalpel and cautery, merely because England requires to be scarified?

Or again:—Supposing England should take a fancy to impart to us her sanguinary criminal code, which, too cruel to be carried into effect, gives every wretch that is condemned a chance of one to twelve that he shall not be executed, and so turns the law into a lottery—would this be an agreeable boon to North Britain?

Once more:—What if the English ministers should feel disposed to extend to us their equitable system of process respecting civil debt, which divides the advantages so admirably betwixt debtor and creditor—*That* equal dispensation of justice, which provides that an imprisoned debtor, if a rogue, may remain in undisturbed possession, of a great landed estate, and enjoy in a jail all the luxuries of Sardanapalus, while the wretch to whom he owes money is starving; and that, to balance the matter, a creditor, if cruel, may detain a debtor in prison for a lifetime, and make, as the established phrase goes, *dice of his bones*—Would this admirable reciprocity of privilege, indulged alternately to knave and tyrant, please Saunders better than his own humane action of Cessio, and his equitable process of adjudication?

I will not insist farther on such topics, for I dare say, that these apparent enormities in principle are, in England where they have operation, modified and corrected in practice by circumstances unknown to me; so that, in passing judgment on them, I may myself fall into the error I deprecate, of judging of foreign laws without being aware of all the premises. Neither do I mean that we should struggle with illiberality against any improvements which can be borrowed from English principle. I would only desire that such ameliorations were adopted, not merely because they are English, but because they are suited to be assimilated with the laws of Scotland, and lead, in short, *to her evident utility*, and this on the principle, that in transplanting a

tree, little attention need be paid to the character of the climate and soil from which it is brought, although the greatest care must be taken that those of the situation to which it is transplanted are fitted to receive it. It would be no reason for planting mulberry-trees in Scotland, that they luxuriate in the south of England. There is sense in the old proverb, "Ilk land has its ain lauch."

In the present case, it is impossible to believe the extension of these restrictions to Scotland can be for the *evident utility* of the country, which has prospered so long and so uniformly under directly the contrary system.

It is very probable I may be deemed illiberal in all this reasoning; but if to look for information to practical results, rather than to theoretical principles, and to argue from the effect of the experience of a century, rather than the deductions of a modern hypothesis, be illiberality, I must sit down content with a censure, which will include wiser men than I. The philosophical tailors of Laputa, who wrought by mathematical calculation, had, no doubt, a supreme contempt for those humble fashioners who went to work by measuring the person of their customer; but Gulliver tells us, that the worst clothes he ever wore were constructed upon abstract principles; and truly I think we have seen some laws, and may see more, not much better adapted to existing circumstances, than the captain's philosophical uniform to his actual person.

It is true, that every wise statesman keeps sound and general political principles in his eye, as the pilot looks upon his compass to discover his true course. But this true course cannot always be followed out straight and diametrically; it must be altered from time to time, nay, sometimes apparently abandoned, on account of shoals, breakers, and headlands, not to mention contrary winds. The same obstacles occur to the course of the statesman. The point at which he aims may be important, the principle on which he steers may be just; yet the obstacles arising from rooted prejudices, from intemperate passions, from ancient practices, from a different character of people, from varieties in climate and soil, may cause a direct movement upon his ultimate object to be attended with distress to individuals, and loss to the community, which no good man would wish

to occasion, and with dangers which no wise man would voluntarily choose to encounter.

Although I think the Chancellor of the Exchequer has been rather precipitate in the decided opinion which he is represented to have expressed on this occasion, I am far from entertaining the slightest disrespect for the right honourable gentleman. "I hear as good exclamation upon him as on any man in Messina, and though I am but a poor man, I am glad to hear it." But a decided attachment to abstract principle, and to a spirit of generalizing, is—like a rash rider on a headstrong horse—very apt to run foul of local obstacles, which might have been avoided by a more deliberate career, where the nature of the ground had been previously considered.

I make allowance for the temptation natural to an ingenious and active mind. There is a natural pride in following out an universal and levelling principle. It seems to augur genius, force of conception, and steadiness of purpose; qualities which every legislator is desirous of being thought to possess. On the other hand, the study of local advantages and impediments demands labour and inquiry, and is rewarded after all only with the cold and parsimonious praise due to humble industry. It is no less true, however, that measures which go straight and direct to a great general object, without noticing intervening impediments, must often resemble the fierce progress of the thunderbolt or the cannon-ball, those dreadful agents, which, in rushing right to their point, care not what ruin they make by the way. The sounder and more moderate policy, accommodating its measures to exterior circumstances, rather resembles the judicious course of a well-conducted highway, which, turning aside frequently from its direct course,

> "Winds round the corn-field and the hill of vines,"

and becomes devious, that it may respect property and avoid obstacles; thus escaping even temporary evils, and serving the public no less in its more circuitous, than it would have done in its direct course.

Can you tell me, sir, if this *uniformity* of civil institutions, which calls for such sacrifices, be at all descended from, or related to, a doctrine nearly of the same name, called Conformity in religious doctrine, very fashionable

about 150 years since, which undertook to unite the jarring creeds of the United Kingdom to one common standard, and excited a universal strife by the vain attempt, and a thousand fierce disputes, in which she

"——— umpire sate,
And by decision more embroil the fray?"

Should Uniformity have the same pedigree, Malachi Malagrowther proclaims her "a hawk of a very bad nest."

The universal opinion of a whole kingdom, founded upon a century's experience, ought not to be lightly considered as founded in ignorance and prejudice. I am something of an agriculturist; and in travelling through the country, I have often had occasion to wonder that the inhabitants of particular districts had not adopted certain obvious improvements in cultivation. But, upon inquiry, I have usually found that appearances had deceived me, and that I had not reckoned on particular local circumstances, which either prevented the execution of the system I should have theoretically recommended, or rendered some other more advantageous in the particular circumstances.

I do not therefore resist theoretical innovation in general; I only humbly desire it may not outrun the suggestions arising from the experience of ages. I would have the necessity felt and acknowledged before old institutions are demolished—the *evident utility* of every alteration demonstrated before it is adopted upon mere speculation. I submit our ancient system to the pruning-knife of the legislature, but would not willingly see our reformers employ a weapon, which, like the sword of Jack the Giant-Killer, *cuts before the point.*

It is always to be considered, that in human affairs, the very best imaginable result is seldom to be obtained, and that it is wise to content ourselves with the best which can be got. This principle speaks with a voice of thunder against violent innovation, for the sake of possible improvement, where things are already well. We ought not to desire better bread than is made of wheat. Our Scottish proverb warns us to *let weel bide;* and all the world has heard of the untranslateable Italian epitaph upon the man, who died of taking physic to make him better, when he was already in health. I am, Mr. Journalist, yours,

MALACHI MALAGROWTHER.

POSTSCRIPT.

Since writing these hasty thoughts, I hear it reported that we are to have an extension of our precarious reprieve, and that our six months are to be extended to six years. I would not have Scotland trust to this hollow truce. The measure ought, like all others, to be canvassed on its merits, and frankly admitted or rejected; it has been stirred, and ought to be decided. I request my countrymen not to be soothed into inactivity by that temporizing, and, I will say, unmanly vacillation. Government is pledged to nothing by taking an open course; for if the bill, so far as applicable to Scotland, is at present absolutely laid aside, there can be no objection to their resuming it at any period, when, from change of circumstances, it may be advantageous to Scotland, and when, for what I know, it may be welcomed as a boon.

But if held over our heads as a minatory measure, to take place within a certain period, what can the event be but to cripple and ultimately destroy the present system, on which a direct attack is found at present inexpedient? Can the Bankers continue to conduct their profession on the same secure footing, with an abrogation of it in prospect? Must it not cease to be what it has hitherto been—a business carried on both for their own profit, and for the accommodation of the country? Instead of employing their capital in the usual channels, must they not in self-defence employ it in forming others? Will not the substantial and wealthy withdraw their funds from that species of commerce? And may not the place of these be supplied by men of daring adventure, without corresponding capital, who will take a chance of wealth or ruin in the evolutions of the game?

If it is the absolute and irrevocable determination that the bill is to be extended to us, the sooner the great penalty is inflicted the better; for in politics and commerce, as in all the other affairs of life, absolute and certain evil is better than uncertainty and protracted suspense.

LETTER II.

February 28, 1826.

DEAR MR. JOURNALIST,

When I last wrote to you, I own it was with the feelings of one who discharges a painful duty, merely because he feels it be one, and without much hope of his endeavour being useful. Swift says that kingdoms may be subject to poverty and lowness of heart as well as individuals; and that in such moments they become reckless of their own interests, and contract habits of submission, which encourage those who wish to take advantage of them to prefer the most unreasonable pretensions. It was when Esau came from the harvest, faint, and at point to die, that Jacob proposed to him his exorbitant bargain of the mess of pottage. There is a deep and typical mystery under the scriptural transaction; but, taken as a simple fact, the sottish facility of the circumvented heir rather aggravates the unfeeling selfishness of the artful brother, to whom he was made a dupe. The "whoreson Apoplexy" of Scotland may be rather a case of repletion than exhaustion, but it has the same dispiriting effects.

Yet, into whatever deep and passive slumber our native country may have been lulled from habits of peaceful acquiescense, the Government have now found a way to awaken her. The knife has gone to the very quick, and the comatose patient is roused to most acute possession of his feelings and his intellect. The heather is on fire far and wide; and every man, woman, and child in the country, are bound by the duty they owe to their native land, to spread the alarm and increase the blaze.

——— Jam proximus ardet
Ucalegon———

The city of Edinburgh has uttered a voice becoming the ancient Queen of the North. The law bodies, and the gentry of Mid-Lothian, have set the example of petitioning Gov-

ernment, and proclaiming their sense of the measure designed; it has been followed in other counties, and I trust to see it soon spread into the smallest burghs, into the most wild districts of Scotland. There are none which the impending misery will not reach—there are no Scotchmen so humble that they have not a share in a national insult, so lowly that they will not suffer from a national wrong—none that are uninterested in maintaining our rights both individually, and as a people—and none, I trust, that have not spirit to do so, by all legal and peaceable means.

I congratulate you, sir, on the awakened spirit of our representatives in the two Houses of Parliament. Our true-hearted Duke of Athole, and Lord Lauderdale, whose acuteness and powers of thinking and reasoning may, without disparagement, be compared with those of any statesman now living, have set an example not to be forgotten; and we know that the slender proportion of aristocracy, which Scotland was left in possession of at the union, entertain the same patriotic sentiments. We are equally assured of the faith of our representatives in the Lower House, and they on their part may believe they will not serve an ungrateful public. Scotland expects from them the exertions corresponding to their high trust—a trust of which they must render an account to their constituents, and that very shortly. Let every body of electors, from Dumfries to Dingwall, instruct its representative upon their own sentiments, and upon the conduct which they desire he should hold during this great national crisis; and let the Administration be aware, that if any of our members should desert the public cause on this occasion, they are not like to have the benefit of their implicit homage in the next Parliament. Burns's address to them in jest, is language which may now be held to the Scottish representatives in serious earnest:—

> "Does ony great man glunch and gloom,
> Speak out and never fash your thumb;
> Let posts and pensions sink or soom
> Wi' those wha grant them;
> If honestly they cannot come,
> Far better want them."

I have been told by some cautious friends, that the time for such remonstrances as I do most earnestly recommend

to our Scottish representatives, would be now more unfavourable than formerly—so unfavourable, that they represent the case as desperate. Admitting all I had said in my first epistle, these *douce* men see no resource but in the most submissive acquaintance to the command of those in whose breasts, they say, is now lodged the uncontrolled power to listen to reason, justice, nay, compassion, or to prefer the exercise of their own pleasure to the dictates of them all. Your birthright, proceed these Job's comforters, will be taken from you at all events by superior numbers. Yield it up, therefore, with a good grace, and thank God if they give you a mess of pottage in return—it will be just so much gain. These desponding persons explain the state of total insignificance into which, they say, we have fallen, by a reference to the Irish union, which has added an hundred more members to Parliament; so that the handful assigned to Scotland (which never possessed a very influential power in the House, so far as numbers go), must now altogether lose consideration, in opposition to the majorities of a peremptory Minister, who, like the "merciless Macdonald,"

> "from the *Western Isle*,
> With Kernes and Gallow-glasses is supplied."

It requires but little arithmetic to compute, that the fated number, forty-five, bears a less proportion to six hundred and thirteen than to five hundred and thirteen, the number of the House of Commons at the time of the Scottish Union. Yet, sir, I am not altogether discouraged with this comfortless prospect. I think I can see means of relief arising even out of the very difficulties of the case. Let us regard the matter somewhat more closely.

In the first place, I will consider what we can do by our present Scottish representation,—our own proper force. Next, I will have a friendly word or two with those same auxiliaries of Ireland, whom, perhaps, the Sassenagh may find less implicit followers in the present case, than my chicken-hearted advisers apprehend. Lastly, I will address myself to the English members, and especially to such who, on great occasions, prefer the exercise of their own understanding to an absolute and obsequious deference to the dictates of an administration, however much they may re-

spect the statesmen of whom it is composed, or are disposed to acquiesce in the general principles on which they act.

Upon the first point I beg to remind you, that much greater effect is derived from the decided, conjoined, and simultaneous exertion of a comparatively small force, than from the efforts of a more numerous body, not bound together by the same strong ties of duty and necessity. Battles have been often gained, and political measures have been as frequently carried, by the determined urgency, or no less determined resistance, of a comparatively insignificant number.

Nos numerus sumus, is a logical argument perfectly understood by an English minister, and has had great weight in the scale. I will give a ludicrous instance of this. There was of old a certain nobleman, who, by means of certain boroughs, sent certain members to Westminster, which members, being there, were certain to hold the same opinions with the noble lord, and to vote in the House of Commons exactly to the same tune as his lordship in the House of Peers. The great man, who was the animating soul of this holy alliance, had occasion to ask some favour of government. It was probably something very unreasonable—at any rate, it was so disagreeable to the minister, that, I am told, he would as soon have relished the proposal of giving silver for a twenty-shilling note of the Bank of Scotland. The minister made civil excuses—the peer observed in reply—*We are seven votes.*—The minister stopped, cleared his throat, changed his argument.—*We are seven voices*, was again the only answer. The great man, usually flattered, became flatterer in his turn—he conjured—he even threatened.—The peer was as unassailable, in his numerical proposition, by entreaty or argument, as the sweet little rustic girl in a poem which it is almost a sin to parody—

> "Whate'er the minister could say,
> The noble lord would have his way,
> And said, *Nay, we are seven.*"

They parted on these terms. The minister retired to rest, and dreamed that he saw the pertinacious peer, advancing to storm the cabinet, after having, like the great magician Kehama, broke himself up into seven subdivisions of equal strength, and by means of this extraordinary process

of multiplication, advancing to his daring enterprise by seven avenues at once. The vision was too horrible—and a "private and confidential" note gave the necessary assurance to the noble lord, that the magical number seven had as much weight in Saint Stephen's, as Dr. Slop assigns to it in the Catholic mysteries; so the seven planets continued to move regularly in their political orbit.

This is a strong proof, sir, of the *vis unita fortior*, and contains a good lesson for our representatives upon the present occasion. It would be strange, indeed, if they, to whom their country has given her confidence, should hesitate to save her from dishonour and deep distress, which may approach nigh to ruin [I will make my words good before I have done], when it is only necessary that they should be as determined and inflexible, where the safety of an ancient kingdom is concerned, as the selfish old borough-jobber and his political friends showed themselves pertinacious, in pursuit of some wretched personal object of private advantage.

The Scottish members of Parliament should therefore lose no time—not an instant—in uniting together in their national character of the representatives of Scotland. If the scene were to be the British Coffee-house, the hour half-past six o'clock P.M., and the preliminaries of business a few glasses of claret to national toasts, I should not have the worse opinion of the sense of the meeting. Their first resolution should be, to lay aside every party distinction which can interfere with the present grand object, of arresting a danger so evident, so general, so imminent. It may be at first an awkward thing for Whig and Tory to draw kindly together; for any of the natural Scottish spirit which is left among us has been sadly expended in feeding a controversy in which we must always play a subordinate part, and these party distinctions have become far too much a matter of habit to us on both sides to be easily laid aside. Indeed, we poor Scotsmen are so conscious that our civil wars are but paltry and obscure episodes in the great political quarrel, that we have usually endeavoured to attract attention, and excite an idea of their importance, by the personal violence and noisy ferocity with which we wage them. We, the Whigs and Tories of Scotland, have played in our domestic quarrels the respectable part of two bull-

dogs, who think it necessary to go by the ears under the table, because their blue-sleeved beef-eating masters have turned up for a set-to. The quadrupeds worry each other inveterately, while not a soul notices them till the strife of the bipeds is appeased or decided, and then the bleeding and foaming curs are kicked separate by their respective owners. We play among the great *dramatis personæ* the part of *Mob on both sides*, who enter and scuffle in the back scene, and shout so that their cries at least may be heard, since no one will attend to anything which they say in articulate language. You may have been a bottle-holder of this kind, Mr. Journalist, to one or other of the great parties. I am sure I have, and I daresay may have sometimes made mischief, though I have oftener endeavoured to prevent it; for, like the good knight Jacques de Lalain, "*De feu bouter ne voulois-je être consentant.*" Still, however limited my share may have been in those jars, I have lived to see the day when I must regret bitterly my having had the slightest accession to them, could I conceive the opinions of so obscure an individual may have added gall to the bitterness which has estranged Scotsmen from each other. Let these follies be ended; and do not let us, like our ancestors at Falkirk, fall to jealousies among ourselves, when heart, and voice, and hand, should be united against the foreign *enemy*. I was about to erase the last word; but let it remain, with this explanation—that the purpose of this invasion of our rights is acknowledged to be kind and friendly; but as the measure is unauthorized by justice, conducted without regard to the faith of treaties, and contrary to our national privileges, we cannot but term the enterprise a hostile one. When Henry VIII despatched a powerful invading army to compel the Scots to give the hand of their young Queen Mary to his son Edward, an old Scottish nobleman shrewdly observed, "He might like the match well enough, but could not brook the mode of wooing." We equally are sensible of England's good-will, we only do not relish the mode in which it is at present exhibited.

The Scottish members having thus adopted a healing ordinance, reconciled their party quarrrels or laid them aside for the time, would by that very act decide the fate of their

country; and when drinking to concord among Scotsmen of all political opinions,

> "In the cup an *Union* shall they throw
> Better than that which four successive kings
> In Britain's crown have worn."

Thus united, sir, their task will be a very easy one. Let each, in his own style, and with the degree of talent, from plain common sense up to powerful eloquence, with which he chances to be gifted, state to administration the sentiments of his constituents, and those of his own breast; let it be perfectly understood that the representatives of Scotland speak in the name of their country, and are determined, one and all, to see the threatened and obnoxious measure departed from, and till that time to enter into no public business,—I cannot help thinking that such a remonstrance, in a case of vital importance to Scotland, and of such trifling consequence to England, would be of itself perfectly sufficient. But if not, our representatives must stand firm. I would advise that, to all such intimations as are usually circulated, bearing, "That your presence is earnestly requested on such an evening of the debate, as such or such a public measure is coming on," the concise answer should be returned, "*We are five-and-forty;*" and that no Scottish members do on such occasions attend—unless it be those who feel themselves conscientiously at liberty to vote against government on the division. Is this expecting too much from our countrymen, on whom we have devolved so absolutely the charge of our rights, the duty of stating our wrongs? We exclaim to them in the language of the eloquent Lord Belhaven—"Should not the memory of our noble predecessors' valour and constancy rouse up our drooping spirits? Are our brave ancestors' souls got so far into the English cabbage-stock and cauliflower, that we should show the least inclination that way? Are our eyes so blinded—are our ears so deafened—are our hearts so hardened—are our tongues so faltered—are our hands so fettered, that, in this our day—I say, my countrymen, in this our day, we should not mind the things that concern the well-being, nay, the very being, of our ancient kingdom, before the day be hid from our eyes?" If there is, among that chosen band, a mean-spirited Scotsman, who prefers the orders of the minister to the unanimous voice of his

country, imploring the protection of her children, let England keep him to herself. Such a man is deaf even to the voice of self-interest, as well as of patriotism. He cannot be a Scotch proprietor—he hazards his own rents; he cannot be a Scotsman employed in commerce—he undermines his own trade; he cannot be a professional person—he sacrifices the law of his country; he cannot be a Scottish man in spirit—he betrays the honour of Scotland. Let him go out from among us—he is not of us. Let him, I say, remain in England, and we wish her joy of such a denizen. Let him have his title and his pension—for the cur deserves his collar and his bone. But do not let him come back to Scotland, where his presence will be as unwelcome to us, as his reception may be ungratifying to him.

It is needless to say, that what Scotland demands from her representatives in the House of Commons, she expects, with equal confidence and ardour, from the small, but honourable portion of the upper house, who draw their honours from her ancient domains. Their ancestors have led her armies, concluded her treaties, managed her government, served her with hand and heart, sword and pen; and by such honourable merit with their country, have obtained the titles and distinctions which they have transmitted to the present race, by whom, we are well assured, they will be maintained with untarnished honour. A Scottish lord will dare all, save what is dishonourable; and whom among them could we suspect of deserting the parent of his honours, at the very moment when she is calling upon him for his filial aid? Sir, I pledge myself, ere I am done, to give such a picture of the impending distress of this country, that a Scotchman, and especially a Scottish nobleman, would need to take opium and mandragora, should he hope to slumber, after having been accessary to bringing it on. If the voice of the public in streets and highways did not cry shame on his degeneracy, even inanimate objects would find a voice of reprobation. The stones of his ancient castle would speak, and the portraits of his ancestors would frown and look black upon him, as he wandered in his empty halls, now deprived of the resort of the rich, and the homage of the vassal. But I have no fear of this. A little indolence—a little indifference—may have spread itself among our young men of rank; it is the prevailing fashion

and fault of the day. But the trumpet of war has always chased away such lethargic humours; and the cry of their common country, that invocation which Scotland now sends forth from one end of the land to the other, is a summons yet more imperious, and will be, I am confident, as promptly obeyed.

It may be said, that the measures which I venture to recommend to our Scottish representatives, of tacking, as it were, their petition of rights, to every other measure, and making it, so far as they can, a *sine qua non* to their accommodation with government, may be the means of interrupting the general business of the empire.

To this objection I reply, *first*, that I only recommend such a line of conduct as an *ultimum remedium*, after every other and milder mode of seeking redress shall have been resorted to, and exhausted without effect. *Secondly*, In case of need it cannot be denied, that the plan proposed is a parliamentary remedy, and corresponds with the conduct of patriots upon former occasions, when they conceived that the magnitude of the object in view warranted their making the most vigorous efforts to obtain it. *Thirdly*, It will not be difficult to demonstrate, that, whatever prejudice may be suffered from a temporary delay of other business, it will be incalculably less than the evil, which will infallibly ensue upon the obnoxious measure in question being adopted; an evil, the effect of which cannot be confined to Scotland alone (for no component part of the empire can have sufferings so local, that the consequences do not extend to the others), but must reach England and Ireland also. When a limb of the human body is disjointed or broken, the whole frame must feel the effect of it.

But to return to the opinion of my cautious friends; who believed that the proportional numbers of the Scottish members being so small, compared to those of England and Ireland, no good issue could be hoped from their exertions, however united, however zealous. I reply, that their country is entitled to expect from them resistance in her behalf, not only while a spark of hope remains, but when that last spark is extinguished. There is no room for compromise or surrender. Our statesmen of to-day must be like our soldiers in ages past—

"They must fight till their hand to the broadsword is glued,
They must fight against fortune with heart unsubdued."

If they do so, not only will they play the part of true men and worthy patriots, but they will procure that sort of weight with their constituents, which will enable them to be useful, and, with the blessing of God, effectual mediators, in what, I fear, is likely to prove a very distracted time and country.

But besides this, I can tell my timorous friends, as Hotspur does his cautious correspondent,—"Out of this nettle Danger we pluck the flower Safety." I do not think the Imperial Parliament consisting, as it now does, of deputies from every kingdom of the Union, is so likely to take a hasty and partial view of any appeal from Scotland, as it might have been when we had to plead our cause before the Parliament of Great Britian only. I trust we should in no case have been treated unjustly or harshly, and I will presently state my reasons for thinking that we should not; but arguing the question on the illiberal and almost calumnious idea, that, if not confuted in argument, we were in danger to be borne down by force of numbers, I should derive hope, not fear, from the introduction of the third kingdom into the discussion.

Betwixt Scotland and England, Mr. Journalist, there have been, as you are aware, ancient causes of quarrel, lulled to sleep during the last fifty years, until of late, when a variety of small aggressions, followed by the present seven-leagued stride, show that perhaps they have not been so fully forgotten by our neighbours as we thought in our simplicity, and that the English Ministers may not be indisposed to take the opportunity of our torpidity to twitch out our fang-teeth, however necessary for eating our victuals, in case we should be inclined, at some unlucky moment, to make a different use of them. Or, the line of conduct of which we complain, may be compared to a well-known operation resorted to for taming the ferocity of such male animals as are intended for domestication, and to be employed in patient drudgery. The animal becomes fat, patient, sleek, and in so far is benefited by the operation; but had his previous consent been required, I wonder what the poor Scotch stot would have said?

Patrick, my warm-hearted and shrewd friend, how should you like this receipt for domestication, should it travel your

way? You have your own griefs, and your own subjects of complaint—are you willing to lose the power of expressing them with energy? You have only to join with the Ministry on this debate—you have only to show in what light reverence you are willing to hold the articles of an Union not much above a century old, and then you will have time to reflect at leisure upon the consequences of such an example. In such a case, when your turn comes (and come, be sure, it will) you will have signed your own sentence. You will have given the fatal precedent to England of the annihilation of a solemn treaty of incorporating Union, and afforded the representatives of Scotland vindictive reasons for retaliating upon you the injury which you aided England in inflicting upon us. Whereas—step this way, Pat—and see there is nobody listening—why should not you and we have a friendly understanding, and assist each other, as the weaker parties, against any aggressions, which may be made upon either of us, "for uniformity's sake?"—Your fathers are called by our Scottish kings, "Their ancient friends of the Erischerie of Eirland," and for my part I have little doubt that Malachi, who wore the collar of gold, must have been an ancestor of my own. Now, what say you to a league offensive and defensive, against all such measures as tend to the suppression of any just right belonging to either country, in virtue of the Articles of Union respectively?—You are a scholar, Pat—

"*Tua res agitur, paries cum proximus ardet.*"

Between ourselves, Patrick, John Bull is, not unnaturally, desirous of having rather more than his own share in managing the great national coach-and-six. He will drive four-in-hand; and though he has hitherto allowed you a postilion of your own, yet in some scheme of economy he may dismiss him if you do not look sharp, and drive the whole set of six horses himself. It is different portions of their ancient independence which are reserved to Scotland and Ireland by their respective treaties of union. Scotland retained her ancient laws, and Ireland a typical representation of her national sovereignty. But both rights are held by the same tenure, and if Ireland set an example, by aiding a gross infringement of the Scottish Union—if she aid England, in destroying for mere humour—I beg pardon,

for mere "uniformity's sake,"—every little mark of independence which is left us—if she countenance the obvious desire which exhibits itself to break down all peculiar privileges due to the separate nations of the union, to engross the whole management in Boards, which, sitting in London, and begirt by Englishmen, are to dispense the patronage, and direct the improvements, of another nation of the union, Ireland will accelerate her own then unpitied degradation. What is our case to-day, brothers of Erin, will be yours the instant you have got a little tranquillity,—are caught napping—and are in condition to have the aforesaid ceremony practised upon you without danger—I mean danger to the operator, for peril to the creature itself is of no consequence. I see you grasp your shilella at the very thought! Enough; we understand each other: Let us be friends. Patrick aids Saunders to-day; Saunders pays back Patrick to-morrow, or I will throw away my thistle, burn my St. Andrew's cross, and disclaim my country!

But what do I talk of to-day or to-morrow? The cause of Ireland is tried ALONG WITH that of Scotland. She stands, at this very moment, at the bar beside her sister, and the prohibitory decree passed against the system of currency, which has spread universal fertility through Scotland, is extended to Ireland at the very moment when she proposed to have recourse to it, as well suited to the improvement of her rich soil, and promising the extension of means of cultivation, where cultivation is so greatly wanted and would be so productive in the return. I am certain that I am correct in saying, that, in the course of last summer, there were several banking companies on the Scottish plan on the point of being established in different parts of Ireland, and Scotsmen of experience, capable of understanding and directing such establishments, were eagerly sought for, and invited over to act as superintendents. Whether the system which had been so eminently successful in Scotland might be found quite as well qualified for the meridian of Ireland, it would be great presumption in me to decide But it is very likely that success would ensue, provided too much were not expected at once, and that the requisite discretion were used in bounding the issue of notes, and the grants of credit. More or less probable, it was at least an experiment which Ireland had apparently a perfect right to

make, an experiment by which she might reasonably hope to profit; and if she was willing to undertake it at her own risk, I can conceive nothing more unjust than preventing her from doing so—excepting always the still greater iniquity of interdicting in Scotland a system, the benefit of which has been proved by a century's experience, during all which period it has been attended with advantage, but in the last fifty years with the most brilliant success.

Ireland is therefore called upon to interfere on this occasion, not merely by the chance of standing, at some no very distant period, in the very predicament in which Scotland is now placed, but from the stake which she herself has in the question at issue. She cannot but remember that Rome subjected the free states around her much less by the force which was actually her own, than by the use which she made of those whom she had rendered her tools under the name of auxiliaries. The Batavians were employed in the conquest of Britain, the flower of the Britons were carried off from their native country, that they might help to subjugate the Germans. But such a policy, were it entertained, is not likely to deceive nations in the present age, when statesmen are judged of not more by the measure which they mete to countries less capable of resistance, than by that which they use in dealing towards one upon whom it may not be immediately convenient to inflict the same unjust terms.

Ireland may read her future fate in that of Scotland, as in a mirror. Does she still continue to entertain any wish of imitating the Scottish system? The measure of interdiction about to be passed against her renders it impossible. Does she still expect to be occasionally consulted in the management of her own affairs? She may lay aside for ever that flattering hope, unless she makes common cause with her sister of Scotland, where every human being in the nation is entreating and imploring that dearest privilege of a free country. Finally, let us have a word of explanation with England herself.

And first let me say, that although the urgent necessity of the case requires that it should be pleaded in every possible form which its advocates can devise—although I press upon Scotland the necessity of being importunate, steady, and unanimous—although I show to Ireland the deep in-

terest which she also must feel in the question at issue, yet it is to England herself, and to her representatives in Parliament, that, taking upon me, however unworthy, to speak for my country, when the task is perhaps an obnoxious one, I make my most immediate, and I trust not an ineffectual appeal.

The motto of my epistle may sound a little warlike; but, in using it,* I have only employed the summons which my countrymen have been best accustomed to obey. Saunders, if it please your honours, has been so long unused to stand erect in your honour's presence, that, if I would have him behave like a man, I must (like Sir Lucius O'Trigger backing Bob Acres) slap him on the shoulder, and throw a word in every now and then about his *honour*. But it is not a hostile signal towards you. The drums beat *to arms* and the trumpets sound *Heraus*, as well when the soldiers are called out for a peaceful as for a military object. And, which is more to the purpose, the last time the celebrated Fiery Cross was circulated in the Highlands (it was in the country of the Grants), the clansmen were called forth not to fight an enemy, but to stop the progress of a dreadful conflagration which had been kindled in the woods. To my countrymen I speak in the language of many recollections, certain they are not likely to be excited beyond the bounds of temperate and constitutional remonstrance, but desirous, by every effort in my power, to awaken them to a sense of their national danger.

England—were it mine to prescribe the forms, my native country ought to address nearly in the words of her own Mason, mangled, I fear, in my recollection—

> "Sister, to thee no ruder spell
> Will Scotland use, than those that dwell
> In soft Persuasion's notes, and lie
> Twined with the links of *Harmony*.

Let us, therefore, my countrymen, make a proper and libe-

* It was the following verse of an old song:—

> When the pipes begin to play
> *Tutti, tailtie* to the drum,
> Out claymore, and down wi' gun,
> And to the rogues again.

I have laid it aside in this edition, some cautious friends thinking it liable to misinterpretation. [The motto had been sharply criticised by Mr. Croker.]

ral allowance for the motives of the ministers and their friends on this occasion. We ought not to be surprised that English statesmen, and Englishmen in general, are not altogether aware of the extent of the Scottish privileges, or that they do not remember, with the same accuracy as ourselves, that we have a system of laws peculiar to us, secured by treaties. These peculiarities have not, by any question lately agitated, been placed under their view and recollection. As one race grows up, and another dies away, remembrances which are cherished by the weaker party in a national treaty, are naturally forgotten by the stronger, and viewed, perhaps, as men look upon an old boundary stone, half-sunk in earth, half-overgrown with moss, and attracting no necessary attention, until it is appealed to as a proof of property. Such antiquated barriers are not calculated immediately to arrest the progress of statesmen intent upon some favourite object, any more than, when existing on the desolate mountain in their physical shape, such a bound-mark as I have described, always checks the eagerness of a stranger upon the moors, in keen and close pursuit of his game. But explain to the ardent young southern sportsman that he trespasses upon the manor of another—convince the English statseman that he cannot advance his favourite object without infringing upon national right,—and, according to my ideas of English honour and good faith, the one will withdraw his foot within the boundary of private-property, with as much haste as if he trode on burning marle; the other will curb his views of public good, and restrain even those within the limits which are prescribed by public faith. They will not, in either case, forget the precepts so often reiterated in Scripture, fenced there with a solemn anathema, and received as matter of public jurisprudence by the law of every civilized country—"Remove not the old land-mark, and enter not into the fields of the fatherless." The high and manly sense of justice by which the English nation has been honourably distinguished through the world, will not, I am certain, debase itself by aggression towards a people, which is not indeed incapable of defending itself, but which, though fearless of inequality, and regardless of threats, is yet willing to submit even to wrong, rather than hazard the fatal consequences to be incurred by obstinate defence, *via facti*, of its just rights. We

make the sense of English justice and honour our judge; and surely it would be hard to place us in a situation where our own sense of general mischief, likely to ensue to the empire, may be the only check upon the sentiments which brave men feel, when called on to defend their national honour. There would be as little gallantry in such an aggression, as in striking a prisoner on parole.

It is to explain more particularly to the English nation, the real and deep reason which Scotland has to combat the present purpose of ministers, that I have chiefly undertaken this second epistle.

I have stated in my former letter, that the system respecting the currency, which is now about to be abrogated, has been practised in Scotland for about one hundred and thirty years, with the greatest advantage to the country and inhabitants. I have also shown from the Treaty of Union, that it cannot be altered, unless the preliminary is established to the conviction of parliament, that the alteration is for the EVIDENT ADVANTAGE *of the subjects in Scotland.* No advantage, evident or remote, has ever been hinted at, so far as Scotland is concerned: it has only been said, that it will be advantageous to England, to whose measures Scotland must be conformable, as a matter of course, though in the teeth of the article stipulated by our commissioners, and acceded to by those of England, at the time of the Union. I have therefore gained my cause in any fair court.

But protesting that I have done enough to entitle me to a judgment, I have no objection to go a step farther; and, taking on myself a burden of proof, which could not be justly imposed on me, I am willing to explain in a general and popular manner the peculiar nature of the paper currency in Scotland, and especially the guards and protections by which it is secured against such evil consequences as have resulted in England from a system the same in name, but operating very differently in practice.

The people of Scotland are by no means, as a hasty view of their system of currency might infer, liable to be imposed upon, or to suffer loss, through the rash and crude speculations of any man, or association of men, who, without adequate capital and experience, might choose to enter into a banking concern, and issue their own notes.

The banking companies of Scotland, who take on them-

selves the issuing of notes, are, no doubt, independent of each other so far as they severally contract with the public; but a certain course of correspondence and mutual understanding is indispensable among themselves, and, in that respect, the whole banks and banking companies in Scotland may be said to form a republic, the watchful superintendence of the whole profession being extended to the strength or weakness of the general system at each particular point; or, in other words, to the management of each individual company.

No new banking institution can venture to issue notes to the public, till they have established a full understanding that these notes will be received as cash by the other banks. Without this facility, an issue of notes would never take place, since, if issued, they could have no free or general currency. It is not the interest of the established banks to raise rivals in their own profession, and it is directly contrary to that interest to accept of payment in the notes of a new company, to whose responsibility there occurs any shadow of doubt. They, therefore, only agree to give currency to such new issues, where satisfactory information has been obtained of the safety of affording it. The public have, in this manner, the best possible guarantee against rash and ill-concocted speculations, from those who are not only best informed on the subject, but, being most interested in examining each new project of the kind, are least likely to be betrayed into a rash confidence, and have the power of preventing a doubtful undertaking at the very outset.

The circulation of a Scottish banking company, when once established, cannot maintain itself a week without redeeming its pledge to the banks which receive its notes, by taking them up, and replacing the value either in the notes of such banks reciprocally, or in specie. A check is thus imposed, which is continually in operation, and every bank throughout Scotland is obliged to submit its circulation, twice a-week in Edinburgh, to the inspection of this argus-eyed tribunal. Satisfactory information that any distant banking companies were leaving the safe and moderate walk of commerce, and embarking their capital in precarious speculations, would very soon draw upon them the suspicion of the moneyed interest at large, and certainly put a period to their existence before it could injure the public.

This important species of check is unknown to the practice of England; nay, it is probably impossible to establish it there, since the metropolis, which is naturally the common point of union, is nearly inaccessible to the notes of private banking companies. In stating a circumstance, not perhaps generally known, I may perhaps remove some of the prejudice which has extended towards the Scottish system, as if exposed to the same inconveniences with that of the sister kingdom.

The cash-credits, as they are called, are a most important feature in our banking system, and, as I believe, entirely peculiar to it.

The nature of the transaction is the simplest possible. A person, either professional, engaged in commerce or manufactures, or otherwise so situated as to render an occasional command of money convenient, obtains a cash account to an extent proportioned to his funds, either by pledging his house, shop, or other real property, or by giving the bank two sufficient sureties to be answerable for the balance, if any, which shall be due to the company when the account is closed. The holder of the cash-credit is then entitled to draw on the banker for such sums as he may occasionally need, within its limits. He lodges, on the other hand, with the bank, such cash as he may from time to time receive from the returns of his business, or otherwise. Interest is calculated on the advances drawn from the bank at five per cent, on the customer's deposits at three per cent only, and the account is finally balanced twice a-year. The interest varies according to the general rate of the money-market. I have stated it upon the general and legal rate, which it never does or can exceed.

This very simple accommodation is so general through Scotland, that no undertaking of the slightest magnitude is entered into without sufficient funds being provided in this manner, in order that the expense may be maintained without inconvenience until the profits come round. By means of such credits, the merchant carries on his trade, the agriculturist manages his farm, the professional man discharges the advances necessary to his business, and the landed gentleman maintains his credit, and pays his way, while waiting for the tardy return of his rents. The trustees who conduct public works have recourse to the same accommo-

dation. Scarce any one who is not too rich to need an occasional advance (a case very rare in Scotland), or too poor to obtain credit, but is provided and acts upon some cash account of this kind; being a sort of fluctuating system of borrowing and lending. In the former case, the customer borrows of the bank the advances which he needs, in such sums and at such times as they are necessary; whereas, without such mutual accommodation, the loan must have been borrowed in an entire sum, and paid up at once, though in the former case it included more money than was immediately wanted; and, in the latter, the settlement of the whole demand at once might be untimely and inconvenient

Supposing the money lodged to exceed the amount of the credit, the customer becomes a creditor to the banker for the balance due to him, and receives a stated interest for it; while, at the same time, it lies, as in an ordinary deposit account, at his immediate command. This system is, no doubt, liable, like everything earthly, to abuse. But the general prosperity of the country, managed almost entirely on such an arrangement betwixt those who deal in capital, and those who need the use of it, has shown that the partial abuse bears no proportion to the universal advantage. The system has, in its exercise, been, as Shakspeare says of mercy, "*twice blessed.*" It has prospered both with the giver and the taker; and while the holder of the account has been enabled to derive wealth from schemes which he could not otherwise have executed, the increasing funds of the banker, and his additional power of serving the country, and aiding, in similar instances, the progress of general improvement, add to the sum of national riches.

It is also to be observed, that the intimate connection between the bankers who grant, and the respectable individuals who hold cash-credits, from 100*l.* to 1000*l.* and upwards, tends greatly to the security of the former. These customers, of whom each thriving bank possesses many, are the chief holders and disposers of notes; and, linked as they are with the banks who grant the accommodation, by mutual advantage, they have both the interest and credit necessary to quash any unreasonable alarm, and secure the company against what is called a run, a circumstance to which Scottish banks have never been materially exposed,

and which is not very consistent with the character of the people.

These undeniable facts afford, so far as Scotland is concerned, a decisive confutation to an argument which has been advanced, for abrogating the issue of small notes. It has been alleged, that such issues being chiefly in the hands of the lower classes, these were agitated easily by rumours, and they became the occasion of the *runs* above-mentioned, by which the banking companies are ruined; as men are crushed to death in a crowd, when those around them are agitated by some cause, very likely a vain one, of panic terror. In itself, it seems, that depriving men of a lucrative branch of their profession, merely because, under certain circumstances, it may become dangerous to their stability, is very like the receipt of Sheepface in the farce, who kills his master's sheep to prevent their dying. But, in Scotland, there exists not the least approach to the disease, which it seems necessary to anticipate in so desperate a manner; for the apprehended *runs* on Scotch banks, by the holders of small notes, have never taken place, and for the assigned reasons, are never likely to do so. But should such an event occur, the interference of the banks' customers, parties so much interested, would stop such a headlong movement, as a strong and well-ordered police would prevent the fatal agitation of a mob, ere they trode each other to death.

The general principal of the credits thus granted is one which, in a poor country at least, or among poor traders, is highly desirable. It affords the farmer, trader, or country gentleman, a convenient and equitable means of pledging their property for a fund of credit to conduct their undertakings. It resembles in principle, though on a much more equitable and liberal footing, the impignoration of movables, which affords facilities, without which the small, yet indispensable branches of traffic, could not be carried on. Let us, in due humility, follow out a comparison at which our pride might be justly revolted. In London, and other great cities, the market-women, and persons of that description, are constantly in the practice of raising a small credit, by pledging their little articles of value, whether ornaments or wearing apparel, or the like, on which they maintain their trade till Saturday brings the weekly returns, when the ornaments are redeemed from the pawnbrokers, worn perhaps

on the Sunday, and returned to *lavender* (as the phrase goes) on the next Monday. It is now many years since some well-disposed and benevolent persons, becoming aware of this practice, were shocked and scandalized at the extent of the interest exacted from those poor people, and made or proposed a law for rendering this course of pawnbroking illegal. Sir, the general mass of misery which was about to attend on the well-meant interference of the legislature, was so evident and so alarming, that the measure was either departed from ere it was completed, or repealed immediately, I forget which.

Paulo majora—The principle is in effect the very same on which, to restore public credit, the Bank of England itself is about to advance three millions of money on the security of mercantile commodities.

In the same way, we have in Scotland got into the regular habit of pledging our credit in the manner above described, for the purpose of raising a disposable capital. The advantage obtained by both parties is very equitably balanced; but, were it as iniquitous as that of the most grinding pawnbroker, still habit and manners have rendered it absolutely indispensable to us; and when a general source of credit is forcibly snatched from a country which has relied on it so long, you literally wrest the crutch from the infirm, because, in your mind, it is not of a handsome fashion.

After all, is it not just that we, the party concerned, should be admitted to have a preponderating vote in this matter? If we are eventually losing by adhering to an old and tried system, we can blame no one, but must suffer for our own obstinacy; but if Scotland is to be reduced to distress by having a system forced upon her which she is unable to maintain or carry on, who is to answer for the evils it may bring upon us?

It is by the profit arising upon issuing their small notes, that the bankers are enabled to make the beneficial advances which custom has now rendered nearly indispensable to the carrying on business of almost any kind in Scotland. Above all, without that profit, the bankers could not, as hitherto, continue to allow a rateable interest on money deposited in their hands. Let us take a hasty view of some of the advantages attached to this peculiarity of the system.

The general convenience of the banker affording interest upon deposits is obvious. It is much more convenient to the individual to receive some interest for his ready cash, than that it should lie idle in his desk; and its being thus put into a productive state, instead of remaining an unproductive capital, must be much more useful to the country. This needs no commentary.

It has, besides, tended much to the diminution of crime in Scotland. We have forgot the period preceding the banking system, but it is easily recalled. Look at the old magazines or newspapers, during the time when the currency was chiefly maintained by specie; a ready temptation to the ruffian—the murder of graziers and dealers returning from fairs where they had sold their cattle, was a not infrequent occurrence. Farm-houses of the better class, as well as gentlemen's baronial residences, were defended by bars on the windows, upper and under, like those of a prison; yet these houses were often broken open by daring gangs, to possess themselves of the hoards which the tenant must have then kept beside him against rent-day, and his landlord, for the current expense of his household. At present —*Cantabit vacuus*—the drover or grazier has a banker's receipt for the price of his cattle, in the old almanack which serves him for a pocket-book, and fears no robbery—while the farm-house, or manor, is secure from the attack of ruffians, who are like to find no metal there, more precious than the tongs and poker.

Passing over the tendency of the present system to prevent crime, I come to its influence in recommending industry and virtue; and I am confident in stating, that the degree of morality, sobriety, and frugality, which is admitted to exist in Scotland, has been much fostered, though certainly not entirely produced, by the banks' allowing interest on small sums, which, if the present prohibitory measure passes, they will be no longer in a capacity to afford. Let the effect of such a violent change be considered merely in respect to the lowest order of depositors, who lodge in the bank from the sum of ten pounds, to fifty. The first motive to save, among petty tradesmen, mechanics, farm-servants, domestics, and the like, is the delight of forming a productive capital; and in that class, the habit of saving and of frugality is the foundation of a sober, well-regulated, and

useful society. Every judicious farmer scruples to repose perfect reliance in a farm-servant or a labourer, till he knows that he is possessed of a capital of a few pounds in some neighbouring bank; and when that is once attained, the man becomes tenfold steady and trustworthy. Instances have occurred, to my certain knowledge, before the time of the Savings banks, where the master, to hasten this advantageous step in his dependent's life, would advance a servant of character a little money to complete a deposit, when the man's savings did not amount to ten pounds, which is the least sum received by the banks. And, by the way, it is not easy to see how these excellent institutions, the Savings banks themselves, can be continued in Scotland, if interest is no longer allowed by the general bank; for we are at too great a distance to avail ourselves of the public funds for that purpose.

At any rate, the cessation of payment of interest by the banks, attendant on the abolishing the issue of small notes, would greatly injure, if not effectually destroy, the formation of those virtuous and frugal habits, which are as essential to the class of society a little richer than that to which the Savings banks apply, as to the inferior description to whom these invaluable institutions afford encouragement and protection.

What is a poor hind or shepherd to do with his £20 or £30, the laborious earnings of his life, and which he looks to, under God, for keeping his widow and family from the parish, if bankers can no longer afford him some interest for the use of it? Where is he to get decent security for his petty capital? He will either be swindled out of it by some rascally attorney, or coaxed to part with it to some needy relation—in either case, never to see it more. It is difficult enough, even at present, for masters, who take an interest in their servants' welfare, to get them to place their money safe in the bank; if this resource is taken away, where is it to be lodged, with any chance of security? But I think I can guess its fate, friend Journalist. The banks will be forcing back on the hands of the shepherd or farm-servant his deposit, just at the time when they are unwillingly distressing his master for the balance on his cash account, called up before his well-judged, but half-executed improvements, undertaken on the faith of the continued

credit, have become productive. The farmer will, in the hour of need and pressure, borrow the petty capital of his servant; he will be unable to repay it; and then, when the distress becomes chin-deep, they may turn beggars together —for uniformity's sake.

If that settling day should ever come, Mr. Journalist, when the bankers, dunned for deposits in their hands, are compelled to be as rigorous with those who have received advances from them—that awful day, when the hundreds of thousands, nay millions, hitherto divided between the banks and the public, must be all called u pat once, and accounts between them closed—that settling day will be remembered as long in Scotland as ever was the Mirk Monday!

But what can the bankers do? their whole profession must undergo a universal change, that discounts and every species of accommodation may be brought within the narrowest possible limits. At present, the profits divided among the profession, upon perhaps a million and a half of small notes, enable them to advance liberally to individuals upon any reasonable security. But if the banker's occupation is henceforth to consist in stocking himself with a great abundance of gold, and for that purpose engaging in an eternal struggle, not to *preserve* (for that is impossible), but to *restore* an eternally vacillating proportion betwixt the metallic circulation and the wants of the country, such expensive labour ALONE will be likely to prove quite enough for his talents and funds.

The injury done to the bankers, by depriving them of such a principal and profitable branch of their profession, is not to be passed over in silence. The English are wont, in other cases, to pay particular heed ere they alter any peculiar state of things, upon the faith of which property has been vested in a fixed and permanent line of employment. But this proposed enactment will go as far as the in-calling of one million and a half of notes can do, to destroy the emoluments of the profession. You deprive them of those very notes which travel farthest from home, and which return most slowly; nay, which, from various causes, are subject not to return at all. It is therefore in vain to say that thus the profession is left uninjured, when it is limited to the issue of notes of five pounds and upwards. It might

be as reasonably stated in a case of mutilation, that a man was left in the entire and uninjured possession of his hand, the prisoner having only cut off his five fingers.

If, therefore, the proposed measure shall take place, the banker's profession must suffer greatly, nay, in its present form, must cease to exist. We cannot, as a nation, afford to be deprived of such an honourable and profitable means of settling our sons in the world. We cannot afford to lose a resource which has proved to so many respectable and honourable families a means *ad re-ædificandum antiquam domum*, and which has held out to others a successful mode of elevating themselves, by liberal and useful industry, to the possession of wealth, at once to their own advantage and to that of Scotland. Thus it must needs be, if the proposed measure should pass; and when we come to count the gains we shall then have made, by change from a paper circulation to one in specie, I doubt it will form a notable example of the truth of the proverb, "*That gold may be bought too dear.*"

The branches established by banks in remote parts of Scotland must be given up. The parent banks would vainly exhaust themselves in endeavouring to draw specie from London, and to force it, at whatever expense, into more fertile districts of Scotland, which, of course, would receive it in small quantity, and pay for it at a heavy charge. But as to the remote and sterile regions, it must be with the Highlands and Isles of Scotland, as it is now in some remote districts of Ireland, where scarce any specie exists for the purpose of ordinary currency, and where, for want of that representative for value or paper money in its stead, men are driven back to the primitive mode of bartering for everything—the peasant pays his rent in labour, and the fisher gets his wages in furnishings. Misery is universal—credit is banished—and with all the bounties of nature around them, ready to reward industry—the sinews of that industry are hewn asunder, and man starves where Nature has given abundance!

Great Britain would be then somewhat like the image in Belteshazzar's dream. London, its head, might be of fine gold—the fertile provinces of England, like its breasts and arms, might be of silver—the southern half of Scotland might acquire some brass or copper—but the northern pro-

vinces would be without worth or value, like the legs which were formed of iron and clay. What force is to compel gold to circulate to these barren extremities of the island, I cannot understand; and, when once forced there, I fear its natural tendency to return to the source from which it is issued will render all efforts to detain it as difficult as the task of the men of Gotham, when they tried to hedge in the cuckoo. Our bankers, or such as may continue in the profession under the same name, but with very different occupation and prospects, will be condemned to the labour of Sisyphus—eternally employed in rolling a cask of gold up a Highland hill, at the risk of being crushed by it as the influence of gravity prevails, and it comes rolling down upon their heads.

Mrs. Primrose, wife to the excellent Vicar of Wakefield, carried on a system of specie, with respect to her family, at a much cheaper rate than that at which Scotland will be able, I fear, to accomplish the same object. "I gave each of them a shilling," says the good man speaking of his daughters, "though for the honour of the family it must be observed that they never went without money themselves; as my wife always generously let them have a guinea each to keep their pockets, but with strict injunctions *never to change it.*" Our state is not so favourable, Mr. Journalist. We shall be obliged to lay out our guinea every morning of our lives, and to buy back another every evening, at an increasing per centage, to pay the expense of the next day. Moreover, Mrs. Primrose was more reasonable (begging pardon for the expression) than our English friends; for, although she enforced the specie system in her own family, we do not hear that she was ever desirous to intrude it into that of Neighbour Flamborough.

I do not mean to enter into the general question of the difference betwixt the circulation of specie and of paper money. I speak of them relatively, as applicable to the wants and wishes of Scotland only. Yet, I must say, it seems strange, that under a liberal system, of which freedom of trade is the very soul, we should be loaded with severe restrictions upon our own national choice, instead of being left at liberty to adopt that representative of value, whether in gold or paper, that best suits our own convenience!

To return to the remote Highlands and Islands, Mr. Journalist, I need not tell you that they are inhabited by a race of men, to use Dr. Currie's phrase, "patient of labour and prodigal of life," for succouring whose individual wants the tenth part of an English coal-heaver's wages would be more than enough, but yet who are human creatures, and cannot live absolutely without food—who are men, and entitled to human compassion—Christians, and entitled to Christian sympathy. But their claims as men and Christinns are not all they have to proffer to administration and to England. The distress to which they are about to be exposed will return upon the state at large in a way very little contemplated.

Those sterile and remote regions have been endowed by Providence with treasures of their own, gained from the stormy deep by their hardy inhabitants. The fisheries in the distant Highlands and Isles, under the management of an enlightened board, have at length accomplished what was long the warmest wish of British patriots, and have driven the Dutch out of all rivalry in this great branch of national industry. The northern fisheries furnish exports to our colonies and to the Continent, exceeding half a million of money annually, and give employment to a very great number of hardy seamen. The value of such a plentiful source of prosperity, whether considered as supplying our navy or affecting our manufactures, is sufficiently obvious. Now observe, Mr. Journalist, how these fisheries are at present conducted.

The branches of those obnoxious establishments, the Scottish banks, maintained at convenient and centrical points in the north of Scotland, furnish all the remote and numerous stations where the fisheries are carried on, with small notes and silver for payment of the actual fisher's labour, and in return accept the bills of the fish-curers upon the consignees. This they do at a moderate profit, on which principle alone private industry, and enterprise, and capital, can be made conducive to the public good. The small notes thua circulated in the most distant parts of Scotland, return, indeed, in process of time, to the banks which issued them; but the course of their return is so slow and circuitous, that the interest accruing on them during their absence amply reimburses the capitalist for the trouble

and risk which attend the supply. But let any man who knows the country, or will otherwise endeavour to conceive its poverty and sterility, imagine if he can, the difficulties, expense, and hazard, at which gold must be carried to points where it would never have voluntarily circulated, and from whence, unless detained in some miser's hoard (a practice which the currency in specie, and disuse of interest on deposits, is likely to revive), it will return to London with the celerity of a carrier-pigeon.

The manufacture of kelp, which is carried on to an immense extent through all the shores and Isles of the Highlands, supporting thousands of men with their families, who must otherwise emigrate or starve, and forming the principal revenue of many Highland proprietors, is nearly, if not exactly, on the same footing with the fisheries; is carried on chiefly by the same medium of circulation; and, like them, supplied by the bankers with small notes for that purpose, at a reasonable profit to themselves, and with the utmost advantage to the country and its productive resources.

Referring once more to the state of misery in the distant districts of Ireland, I must once more ask, if these things be done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry tree? If the want of circulation creates poverty and misery in the comparatively fertile country of Ireland, what is to become of those barren deserts, where even at present the hardest labour which the human frame can endure is necessary to procure the most moderate pittance on which human life can be supported? The inhabitants are now healthy, enterprising, laborious; and their industry, producing means of existence to themselves, is of immense profit to their country. If their means of obtaining the payment of their labour is destroyed, nay, even interrupted, the state must either feed idle paupers, who once flourished a hardy and independent race of labourers, or it must be at the expense of transporting the inhabitants to Canada and New South Wales, and leaving totally waste a country, which few but those bound to it by the *amor patriæ* will desire to reside in, even if the means of procuring subsistence were left unimpaired.

Can anything short of the UTMOST NECESSITY justify an experiment, which threatens to depopulate a part of the

empire, and destroy the happiness of thousands? and how can such a necessity exist, without the least symptom of its having been felt or suspected during the last hundred and thirty years, when the present system has been in exercise?

Destroy the existing conduit, and let me again inquire, what forcing-pump, what new-invented patent pressure, were it devised by Bramah himself, is to compel specie into those inaccessible regions? The difficulty of conveying the supplies is augmented by the risk of carrying wealth unguarded through the regions of poverty. I know my countrymen are indifferent honest, as Hamlet says; yet I would not advise the genius of the specie system to travel through Scotland, moral as the country is, after the fashion of the fair pilgrim, "rich and rare," in Moore's beautiful melody, just by way of trying the integrity of the inhabitants. Take my word for it, the absence of temptation is no valueless guardian of virtue. If convoys of gold must be sent through lonely mountains, I venture to say, that smugglers will be converted into robbers, and that our romance-writers need not turn back to ancient times for characters like John Gunn, or Rob Roy Macgregor.

This I am aware of, that if the mere authority of legislative enactment can force a sufficient quantity of gold into those parts, to carry on the fishery and kelp manufactures, it can do a great deal more in favour of the poor but hardy inhabitants. Why should our statesmen be so stinted in their bounty, if it depends merely on legislative enactment? Why not enact, that whereas the dress now worn by his majesty's loving inhabitants of the Lewis, Uist, Harries, Edderachyllis, Cape-Wrath, and Loch Erriboll, is scanty, thin, and indecorous, each inhabitant of those districts should in future wear a full-trimmed suit of black silk, or velvet; and, as his only representative of wealth has been hitherto a crumpled dog's-ear'd piece of Scotch paper, that, in future, he never presume to stir out of his cabin without having, and bearing about his person, the sum of at least five golden sovereigns? The working the stuffs may be a means of relieving the starving weavers of Spitalfields, and the clothes could be conveniently enough forwarded by the escorts who are to protect the chests of specie.

It is not amiss to observe that this violent experiment on our circulation—demanded by no party in Scotland—nay, forced upon us against the consent of all who can render a reason, fraught with such deep ruin if it miscarry, and holding forth no prospect whatever of good even should it prove successful,—can only be carried on at a very considerable expense to England. She must coin for the service of Scotland at least a million and a half of specie—sustain the loss of tear and wear—the chance of accident and plunder—of disappearance by pilfering and hoarding—and be at the expense of supplying this immense quantity of precious metals, not for the benefit, but for the probable ruin of our devoted country. It is fairly forcing gold down our throats, as little to our advantage, as when the precious metal was sent in a molten state down the gullet of Cyrus, or Crassus, —I forget which.

No argument has been alleged by the English statesmen for pressing this measure, but that of "uniformity;" by virtue of which principle, a little more extended, they may introduce the Irish insurrection law into England to-morrow, and alter the whole national law of Scotland the day after. This argument, I therefore think proves a little too much, and is, in consequence, no argument at all. In absence of avowed motives, and great darkness as to any imaginable cause, men's minds have entertained very strange and wild fancies, to account for the zeal with which this obnoxious measure is driven forward. Some, who would be thought to see farther into a millstone than others, pretend the real reason is to soothe the jealousy of the bank of England, by preventing the possibility of Scots notes passing in England. It is easy to see how people must be puzzled to discover the semblance of a possible motive, when they have recourse to such figments as this. Can it be conceived that our dearest interests are to be tampered with for such an object?—It is very true, that in the adjacent counties of England, innkeepers for courtesy, and drovers and others dealing at Scots fairs, on account of convenience, readily accept of Scots notes in payment; but that notes, which nobody is obliged to accept, and which the English banks refuse to change, can circulate to such an extent as to alarm the bank of England!—why, sir, I will as soon believe, that, during the old wars, the city of London beat to arms,

called out their trained-bands, and manned their walls, because the Teviotdale Borderers had snapped up a herd of cattle in Northumberland. What becomes of the comparative excellence of the specie circulation to be established in England, if apprehensions are entertained that it cannot stand its ground against the reprobated paper system of Scotland? In God's name are they afraid people will prefer paper to gold—leaving, like Hamlet's misjudging mother, the literally golden meads of England, to batten on a Scottish moor? It is like the ridiculous story told, that there is a by-law, or at least a private understanding, that no Scotsman shall be chosen director of the Bank of England, lest our countrymen engross the whole management in the course of a few years. Why, sir, these opinions remind one of the importance attached to the fated stone in Westminster Abbey, of which it is said, that the Scots shall reign wheresoever it is carried. But, sir, we must not swallow such flattering compliments. The Bank of England jealous of the partial circulation of a few Scottish notes in the north of England!!! Sir, it would be supposing the blessed sun himself jealous of a gas-light manufactory.

A few general observations on England's late conduct to us, and I will release you.

A very considerable difference may be remarked, within these twenty-five years, in the conduct of the English towards such of the Scotch individuals, as either visit the metropolis as mere birds of passage, or settle there as residents. Times are much changed since the days of Wilkes and Liberty, when the bare suspicion of having come from North of the Tweed, was a cause of hatred, contempt, and obloquy. The good-nature and liberality of the English seem now even to have occasioned a reaction in their sentiments towards their neighbours, as if to atone for the national prejudices of their fathers. It becomes every Scotsman to acknowledge explicitly, and with gratitude, that whatever tenable claim of merit has been made by his countrymen for more than twenty years back, whether in politics, arts, arms, professional distinction, or the paths of literature, it has been admitted by the English, not only freely, but with partial favour. The requital of North Britain can be little more than good wishes and sincere

kindness towards her southern sister, and a hospitable welcome to such of her children as are led by curiosity to visit Scotland. To this ought to be added the most grateful acknowledgement.

But though this amicable footing exists between the public of each nation, and such individuals of the other as may come into communication with them, and may God long continue it—yet, I must own, the conduct of England towards Scotland as a kingdom, whose crown was first united to theirs by our giving *them* a king, and whose dearest national rights were surrendered to them by an incorporating Union, has not been of late such as we were entitled to expect.

There has arisen gradually, on the part of England, a desire of engrossing the exclusive management of Scottish affairs, evinced by a number of circumstances, trifling in themselves, but forming a curious chain of proof when assembled together; many of which intimate a purpose to abate us, like old Lear, of our train, and to accustom us to submit to petty slights and mortifications, too petty perhaps individually to afford subject of serious complaint, but which, while they tend to lower us in our own eyes, seem to lay the foundation for fresh usurpations, of which this meditated measure may be an example.

This difference of treatment, and of estimation, exhibited towards *individuals* of the Scottish nation, and to the *nation itself* as an aggregate, seems at first sight an inconsistency. Does a Scotchman approach London with some pretension to character as a preacher, a philosopher, a poet, an economist, or an orator, he finds a welcome, and all-hail, which sometimes surprises those whom he has left on the northern side of the Tweed,—little aware, perhaps, of the paragon who had emigrated, till they heard the acclamations attending his reception—Does a gentleman of private fortune take the same route, he finds a ready and voluntary admission into the class of society for which he is fitted by rank and condition—Is the visitor one of the numerous class who wander for the chance of improving his fortunes, his national character as a Scotsman is supposed to imply the desirable qualities of information, prudence, steadiness, moral and religious feeling, and he obtains even a preference among the Southern employers, who want confidential

clerks, land-stewards, head-gardeners, or fit persons to occupy any similar situation, in which the quality of trustworthiness is demanded.

But, on the other hand, if the English statesman has a point of great or lesser consequence to settle with Scotland *as a country*, we find him and his friends at once seized with a jealous, tenacious, wrangling, overbearing humour, and that they not only insist upon conducting the whole matter according to their own will, but are by no means so accessible to the pleas of reason, justice, and humanity, as might be expected, from persons in other cases so wise and liberal. We cease at once to be the Northern Athenians, according to the slang of the day—the moral and virtuous people, who are practically and individually esteemed worthy of especial confidence. We have become the caterpillars of the island, instead of its pillars. We seem to be, in their opinion, once more transmuted into the Scots described by Churchill—a sharp sharking race, whose wisdom is cunning, and whose public spirit consists only in an illiberal nationality, inclining us, by every possible exertion of craft, to obtain advantage at the expense of England,

Sir, the Englishman, just and liberal in his ordinary and natural movements, is prone to feverish fits of suspicion, during which he is apt to conceive that those qualities of frankness and generosity render him peculiarly liable to be imposed on. He will always *give* willingly, but he often becomes shabby and litigious in making a bargain, John Bull is, in these points, exactly similar to his own Hotspur, who, in his dispute with Glendower, about the turning of the Trent, exclaims,—

> "I do not care—I'll give thrice so much land
> To any well-deserving friend;
> But in the way of *bargain*, mark ye me,
> I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair."*

The Continent has seen John in both these moods; and not being able to understand the cause of the change, has been apt to suppose his habits are entirely altered; whereas they see only the same man in two different and extreme humours; in one of which he would willingly relieve a begging vagabond, because the rascal must live; and, in the

* [1st Henry IV, Act III, Sc. 1.

other, will hardly be brought to pay the bill of a poor tradesman because he is afraid of being over-reached. The ancient and modern mode in which the English travellers did, and do now, pay their ordinary bill on the Continent, are an example of this piebald humour:—Formerly, John travelled *en prince*, and even overlooked any species of imposition in innkeepers and *valets-de-place*, as not worth the care of *un homme tel que lui*. Now, he insists upon a preliminary contract—a solemn treaty for his *coutelet* and his *vin de pais*—and, neither for love of money, nor for want of money, but from a feverish apprehension that he may possibly be cheated in a reckoning, goes so miserably to work, that all the world cries "Shame on him!"*

To the better, more natural, more predominating disposition of our neighbours, I am well disposed to ascribe the many marks of partiality and kindness shown to individual Scotsmen by the English at large—to the latter suspicious, dogged, illiberal determination to have the best of the bargain,—that ungracious humour, which forgets even justice as well as liberal feelings, for fear their good-nature should be imposed upon,—I am compelled to ascribe much of their recent behaviour in international discussions. In such fits of jealousy, men are like those who wear green spectacles. Every object they look upon is tinged with the predominant colour, which exists not in the objects themselves, but in the medium through which they are viewed. Talk to an English statesman of the fairest, the most equitable proposal for the advancement of Scotland as a nation, the most just and indisputable claim on behalf of her public establishments or functionaries, the idea of a *Scotch Job* starts up like an apparition, and frightens all power of equitable decision out of the minister's head. It is in vain urged, that even the expense of the proposed measure must be discharged by Scotland herself—her sister is ready with the schoolboy's answer to his fag,—"All that is *yours* is *ours*, and all *ours* is *our own*." Let the scales of justice be trimmed with the nicest exactness if you will, but do not let authority throw the sword into the scale from mere apprehension, lest, after having done her utmost to secure the advantage, she be cheated in the weighing.

* See the amusing work called *The English in Italy*.

In an old Scottish law, to be convicted of being an Egyptian, or gipsy, was equivalent to conviction that the party was a common and notorious thief. And truly the English seem to think (in public matters, though by no means in private relations), that being a Scotsman is equivalent to being an embezzler of public money, a jobber, and a peculator. But when they suppose that we are able and willing in all such cases to impose on them, they do injustice alike to their own shrewdness and our integrity.

It arises out of this unhappy state of feeling towards us, more than to any actual desire of giving us offence, that England has of late abated our establishment in many respects in which our rank as a kingdom of the Union is in some degree compromised.

Last year a bill, deeply affecting the national interests of Scotland, by altering many most important points in our judicature, was depending in parliament. Grave objections appeared to the law bodies and others in Scotland, to attach to some particular arrangements thereby proposed. They required, not that the bill should be given up, but that it should be suspended at least, till the country in which it was to operate, and which alone was to be hurt or benefited by the enactment, should have time to consider the measure in all its bearings, and to express their national sense upon the subject. Can it be believed that it required the strongest possible remonstrances of the great law-officer of the crown with his majesty's ministers to obtain a few months' reprieve, as if the demolition, or alteration at least, of our laws, was a matter as little deserving a month's delay, as the execution of some flagrant criminal, justly and fully convicted of the most gross crimes? Take one or two instances more.

Till of late, there was generally an admiral on this station; but since the gallant Sir John Beresford struck his flag, that mark of distinction seems to have been laid aside, probably for ever. Our army establishment is dwindled to a shadow, scarce worthy of being placed under the command of the distinguished major-general who now holds it, although he only commands the forces, instead of being, as was commonly the case till of late years, a commander-in-chief, with a lieutenant-general, and two major-generals, under him. I need hardly say, that I would wish this abatement of our

dignity, in some measure at least, amended, not by the *removal*, but by the *promotion* of the gallant general.

It may be replied that we are complimented in being thus left to ourselves—that we are a moral people, therefore do not require a military force to keep the peace—a loyal people, therefore do not need an armed force to put down tumult—that we have our own brave yeomanry, who, at no distant period, showed themselves capable of affording their country protection in the most desirable manner, anticipating mischief by their promptitude, and preventing evil before it had come to a head. But have these yeomen, who twice in a few months abandoned their homes at a few hours' warning, marched many miles, and by their demonstration of readiness, put an end to a very serious affair, and what might have been a very disastrous one—have they, I say, since that period, received the countenance due for their good-will from the government, and which should have been rendered alike in policy and justice? I am informed they have not. I am informed that they are, at least particular troops of them are, refused the small allowance made on the days when they are called out for exercise, and must either discharge the duty of training, always sufficiently expensive and inconvenient, entirely at their own expense, as some of them have done for two years, or suffer their discipline to fall into decay. Can it be that our English brethren have taken a notion that sabres are only curved broadswords, and that these are unhappy weapons in the hands of Scotsmen? I acquit them of such meanness. But they despise us a little too much.

Sir, discontent is the child of distress, and distress is the daughter of ill-timed experiment. Should we again see disorderly associations formed, and threats of open violence held out—should such a winter and spring as 1821 return, it may not, in the event of the measure with which Scotland is threatened, be quite so easy, as at that period, to assemble on a given spot, within a day or two, twelve or fourteen hundred yeomen to support the handful of military left within Scotland. That general spirit of loyalty will, I am sure, be the same. But when proprietors are embarrassed, tenants distressed, commercial people in doubt and danger, men lose at once their zeal, and the means for serving the public. This is not unworthy of serious consideration.

I mentioned in my former letter another circumstance, of which I think my country has reason to complain. It is that sort of absolute and complete state of tutelage to which England seems disposed to reduce her sister country, subjecting her in all her relations to the despotic authority of English boards, which exercise an exclusive jurisdiction in Scottish affairs, without regard to her local peculiarities, and with something like contempt of her claims as a country united with England, but which certainly has never resigned the right of being at least consulted in her own concerns. I mentioned the restrictions, and, as I conceive them, degrading incapacities inflicted on our revenue boards,—I might extend the same observations to the regulations in the stamp-office;—and I remember, when these were in progress, that it was said in good society, that the definitive instructions (verbal, I believe) communicated to the able officer upon whom the examination and adjustment of the alterations in that department devolved, and who was sent down hither on purpose, were to this purport:—"That he was to proceed in Scotland without more regard to the particular independence of that country than he would feel in Yorkshire. These, however, were matters interesting the general revenue—the servants of the crown had a right to regulate them as they pleased. But if they were regulated with a purposed and obvious intention to lessen the consequence of Scotland, throw implied discredit on her natives, as men unworthy of trust, and hold her recollections and her feelings at naught, they make links in a chain which seems ready to be wound around us whenever our patience will permit.

This, sir, is an unwise, nay, an unsafe proceeding. An old chain, long worn, forms a callosity on the limb which bears it, and is endured, with whatever inconvenience, as a thing of custom. It is not so with restraints newly imposed. These fret—gall—gangrene—the iron enters first into the flesh, and then into the soul. I speak out what more prudent men would keep silent. I may lose friends by doing so: but he who is like Malachi Malagrowther, old and unfortunate, has not many to lose, and risks little in telling truths before, when men of rising ambition and budding hopes would leave them to be discovered by the event. The old tree and the withered leaf are easily parted.

But, besides such matters of punctilio, Mr. Journalist, there has been in England a gradual and progressive system of assuming the management of affairs entirely and exclusively proper to Scotland, as if we were totally unworthy of having the management of our own concerns. All must centre in London. We could not have a Caledonian canal, but the commissioners must be Englishmen, and meet in London;—a most useful canal they would have made of it, had not the lucky introduction of steam-boats—*Deus ex machina*—come just in time to redeem them from having made the most expensive and most useless undertaking of the kind ever heard of since Noah floated his ark! We could not be intrusted with the charge of erecting our own kirks (churches in the Highlands), or of making our roads and bridges in the same wild districts, but these labours must be conducted under the tender care of men who knew nothing of our country, its wants and its capabilities, but who, nevertheless, sitting in their office in London, were to decide, without appeal, upon the conduct of the roads in Lochaber!—Good Heaven, sir! to what are we fallen?—or rather, what are we esteemed by the English? Wretched drivellers, incapable of understanding our own affairs; or greedy peculators, unfit to be trusted? On what ground are we considered either as the one or the other?

But I may perhaps be answered, that these operations are carried on by grants of public money; and that, therefore, the English—undoubtedly the only disinterested and public-spirited and trust-worthy persons in the universe—must be empowered exclusively to look after its application. Public money forsooth!!! I should like to know whose pocket it comes out of. Scotland, I have always heard, contributes FOUR MILLIONS to the public revenue. I should like to know, before we are twitted with grants of public money, how much of that income is dedicated to Scottish purposes—how much applied to the general uses of the empire—and if the balance should be found to a great amount on the side of Scotland, as I suspect it will, I should like still farther to know how the English are entitled to assume the direction and disposal of any pittance which may be permitted, out of the produce of our own burdens, to revert to the peculiar use of the nation from which it has been derived? If England was giving us alms, she would have a right to look after

the administration of them, least they should be misapplied or embezzled. If she is only consenting to afford us a small share of the revenue derived from our own kingdom, we have some title, methinks, to be consulted in the management, nay, intrusted with it.

This assumption of uncalled-for guardianship accelerates the circulation a little, and inclines one to say to his countrymen,

> " Our blood has been too cold and temperate,
> Unapt to stir at such indignities———."

You could not keep a decent servant in your family, sir, far more a partner, if you obviously treated such a person as a man in whom no confidence was to be reposed even in his own department. A ludicrous mode has been lately fallen upon of keeping up in appearance, and as far as the almanack goes, our old list of Scottish offices. First, they deprive a high office of state of all its emoluments, and then they unite it with one to which some emolument is still permitted to attach; so they are doubled, like slices of bread and butter laid face to face—English fashion, as schoolboys used to call it—with this great difference, that only one slice is buttered—an improvement which would scarce suit John Bull's taste. The office of lord clerk register is thus united with that of the keeper of the signet, with the emolument attached to the last alone.* It was at another time proposed, on the same liberal footing, to unite the office of the lord justice-general (salary suppressed), though I believe the bill did not pass.

This is really, sir, putting the few officers we have left to indicate our ancient independence, on a more ridiculous footing than the Dukes of Normandy, and Aquitaine, which imaginary vassals of England used to revive at every coronation, and were each of them allowed a whole man to represent them;† while poor Scotland's high officers of state resemble Coleman's

> " Two single gentlemen roll'd into one;"

* The Right Hon. Lord Clerk Register has deserved—what he will think better than either office or salary—the solemn thanks of his countrymen, for the frank and decided tone which he has taken in the Currency Question.

† The good taste which directed the last august ceremony, dispensed with the appearance of these phantoms.

or rather remind us of the starveling shifts of a strolling company, in which two parts are performed by one actor, and for one salary. There may be an emblem in the thing though. It is perhaps designed to represent an union between two kingdoms, or an incorporating union, in which one enjoys the full advantages and supereminent authority, and the other remains.

"Magni nominis umbra."

I do not suppose this farce will be continued long. We shall in due time, I suppose, be put all under English control, deprived even of the few native dignitaries and office-holders we have left, and accommodated with a set of English superintendents in every department. It will be upon the very reasoning of Goneril before alluded to:—

> "What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five,
> To follow in a house where twice so many
> Have a command to tend you?"—

Patrick, will you play Regan, and echo,

"——What need *one?*"

Take care, my good fellow! for you will scarce get a great share in our spoils, and will be shortly incapacitated, and put under a statute of lunacy as well as ourselves.

But what will England take by this engrossing spirit? Not the miserable candle-ends and cheese-parings—these, I dare say, she scorns. The mere pleasure, then, of absolute authority—the gratification of humour exacted by a peevish and petted child, who will not be contented till he has the toy in his own hand, though he break it the next moment. Is any real power derived by centering the immediate and direct control of everything in London? Far from it. On the contrary, that great metropolis is already a head too bulky for the empire, and, should it take a vertigo, the limbs would be unable to support it. The misfortune of France, during the Revolution, in all its phases, was, that no part of the kingdom could think for itself or act for itself; all were from habit necessitated to look up to Paris. Whoever was uppermost there, and the worst party is apt to prevail in a corrupted metropolis, were, without possibility of effectual contradiction, the uncontrolled and despotic rulers of France—*absit omen!*

Again, would the British empire become stronger, were it

possible to annul and dissolve all the distinctions and peculiarities, which, flowing out of circumstances, historical events, and difference of customs and climates, make its relative parts still, in some respects, three separate nations, though intimately incorporated into one empire? Every rope-maker knows, sir, that three distinct *strands*, as they are called, incorporated and twisted together, will make a cable ten times stronger than the same quantity of hemp, however artificially combined into a single twist of cord. The reason is obvious to the meanest capacity. If one of the strands happen to fail a little, there is a threefold chance that no imperfection will occur in the others at the same place, so that the infirm strand may give way a little, yet the whole cord remain trustworthy. If the single twist fail at any point, all is over. For God's sake, sir, let us remain as Nature made us, Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen, with something like the impress of our several countries upon each! We would not become better subjects, or more valuable members of the common empire, if we all resembled each other like so many smooth shillings. Let us love and cherish each other's virtues—bear with each other's failings—be tender to each other's prejudices—be scrupulously regardful of each other's rights. Lastly, let us borrow each other's improvements, but never before they are needed and demanded. The degree of national diversity between different countries, is but an instance of that general variety which Nature seems to have adopted as a principle through all her works, as anxious, apparently, to avoid, as modern statesmen to enforce, anything like an approach to absolute "uniformity."

It may be said that some of the grievances I have complained of are mere trifles. I grant they are,—excepting in the feelings and intentions towards Scotland which they indicate. But according to Bacon's maxim, you will see how the wind sits by flinging up a feather, which you cannot discern by throwing up a stone. Affronts are almost always more offensive than injuries, although they seldom are in themselves more than trifles. The omitting to discharge a gun or two in a salute, the raising or striking of a banner or sail, have been the source of bloody wars. England lost America about a few miserable chests of tea—she endangered India for the clipping of a mustache.

But let us humble ourselves to our situation, and confine our remonstrances to the immediate grievance, which surely cannot be termed punctilious or unimportant.

To England we say, therefore, Let us appeal from Philip intoxicated to Philip sober. Leave out exasperating circumstances on either side, and examine our remonstrance, not in the jealous feeling of which we have reason to complain, but in the gentlemanlike and liberal tone so much more becoming a great nation, and according, I must say, so much better with your natural disposition. As you mean that a value should be set upon your free public voice by your legislators, allow the natural influence of that of Scotland, in a matter exclusively relating to her own affairs, but so intimately connected with her welfare, that nothing since the year 1748 has occurred of such importance. The precedent is a bad one at any rate; the consequences will be much worse.

> "Prevent—resist it. Let it not be so,
> Lest children's children call against you—*woe!*"

Our Scottish nobles and gentlemen, I cannot better exhort to resist the proposal at every stage, by the most continued and unremitting opposition—to be discouraged by nothing—to hope to the last—to combat to the last—than by using once more the words of the patriotic Belhaven:—"Man's extremity is God's opportunity. He is a present help in time of need; a deliverer, and that right early. Some unforseen providence will fall out, that may cast the balance. Some Moses will say, Why do you strive together when you are brethren? Some Judah or other will say, Let not our hand be upon him, he is our brother. Let us up then, and be doing; and let our noble patriots behave themselves like men, and we know not how soon a blessing may come."

I am, Mr. Journalist, Yours,

MALACHI MALAGROWTHER.

LETTER III.

March 7, 1826.

DEAR MR. JOURNALIST,

THIS third set of Mr. Baxter's last words is rather a trial on your patience, considering how much *Balaam* (speaking technically) I have edged out of your valuable paper; how I have trodden on the toes of your Domestic Intelligence, and pushed up to the wall even your Political Debates, until you have almost lost your honoured title of the EDINBURGH JOURNAL in that of MALACHI'S CHRONICLE.

I returned from the meeting of inhabitants on Friday last, sir, convoked for considering this question, with much feeling of gratification from what I saw and heard; but still a little disappointed that no one appeared on the opposite side, excepting one gentleman ("self pulling," as Captain Crowe says, "against the whole ship's crew"), whose eloquence used no other argument than by recommending implicit deference to the wisdom of ministers. I am a pretty stanch Tory myself, but not up to this point of humility. I never have nor will bargain for an implicit surrender of my private judgment in a national question of this sort. I am but an unit, but of units the whole sum of society is composed. On the present question, had I been the born servant of ministers, I would have used to them the words of Cornwall's dependent, when he interferes to prevent his master from treading out Gloster's eyes—

> "I have served you ever since I have been a child,
> But better service have I never done you,
> Than now to bid you *Hold*."

Or in a yet more spirited passage in the same drama—

> ——— "Be Kent unmannerly,
> When Lear is mad."

To return to the business. By the unanimity of the meeting, I lost an opportunity of making a very smart ex-

tempore speech, which I had sate up half the night for the purpose of composing. To have so much eloquence die within me unuttered, excited feelings like those of Sancho, when, in the deserts of the Sierra Morena, his good things rotted in his gizzard. To console me, however, I found, on my return to my lodgings in the Lawnmarket, my own lucubrations blazing in the goodly form of two responsible pamphlets. I seized on them as if I had never seen them before, and recited the more animated passages aloud, striding up and down a room, in which, from its dimensions, striding is not very convenient. I ended with reading aloud the motto, which I designed in the pride of my heart to prefix to my immortal twins, when, side by side, under the same comely cover, they shall travel down to posterity as a crown octavo;—

> "He set a bugle to his mouth,
> And blew a blast sae shrill,
> The trees in greenwood shook thereat,
> Sae loud rang ilka hill."

But while I mentally claimed for myself the honour of alarming Scotland, from Coldstream Bridge to the far Highlands, I was giving, by the noise I made, far greater alarm to my neighbour, Christopher Chrysal, who keeps the small hardware and miscellaneous shop under the turnpike stair. Now, sir, you must know that Chrysal deals occasionally in broken tea-spoons and stray sugar-tongs, dismantled lockets and necklaces (which have passed with more or less formality from ladies to their waiting-maids), seals, out of which valets have knocked the stones that the setting might be rendered available, and such other small gear,—nay, I once saw an old silver coffee-pot in his possession. On the score, therefore, of being connected with the precious metals by his calling, neighbour Chrysal has set himself up for a patron and protector of gold and silver, and a stout contender for bullion currency. With a half-crown in one hand, and a twenty-shilling note in the other, he will spout like a player over the two pictures in Hamlet, and it is great to hear him address them alternately—

> "This is the thing itself—Off, off, ye lendings!"

But with all the contempt he expressed for the paper substitute, I have always seen that it steals quietly back to the solitude of his little pocketbook. Indeed, the barber says

Mr. Chrysal has other reasons for wishing a change of currency, or a currency of change, in respect of his own acceptances not being in these sharp times quite so locomotive as usual.—They love the desk of the holder, sir, better than the counter of his great neighbours in Bank Street. You understand me—but I hate scandal.

I had no sooner apologized to Christopher for the disturbance I had occasioned (which I did with some shame of countenance), than I politely offered him a copy of my pamphlet. He thanked me, but added with a grin (for you know no man is a prophet in his own common stair), that he had nothing particular to wrap up at present: "But in troth, Mr. Malachi," said he, "I looked over your pamphlet in the reading-room, and I must tell you as a friend, you have just made a fool of yourself, Mr. Malachi."—"A fool!" replied I; "when, how, and in what manner?"—"Ye have set out, sir," replied he,—for Chrysal is a kind of orator, and speaks as scholarly and wisely as his neighbours,—"with assuming the principle, which you should have proved.—You say, that in consequence of restoring the healthful currency of the precious metals, instead of keeping those ragged scraps of paper, Scotland will experience a want of the circulating medium, by which deprivation her industry will be cramped, her manufactures depressed, her fisheries destroyed, and so forth. But you know nothing of the nature of the precious metals, and how should you?"

"Why, not by dealing in old thimbles, broken buckles, and children's whistles, certainly, or stolen *sprecherie*," said I; "but speak out, man, wherein do I evince ignorance of the nature of the precious metals—tell me that?"

"Why, Mr. Malachi Malagrowther," said my friend, in wrath, "I pronounce you ignorant of the most ordinary principles of Political Economy. In your unadvised tract there, you have shown yourself as irritable as Balaam, and as obstinate as his ass. You are making yourself and other people fidgety about the want of gold, to supply the place of that snuff-paper of yours; now in this I repeat you are ignorant."

Here he raised his voice, as if speaking *ex cathedra*. "Gold," continued he, "is a commodity itself, though it be also the representative of other commodities; just as a banker

is a man, though his business is to deal in money. Gold, therefore, like all other commodities, will flow to the place where there is a demand for it. It will be found, assure yourself, wherever it is most wanted; just as, if you dig a well, water will percolate into it from all the neighbourhood. Twenty years ago you could not have seen a cigar in Edinburgh. Gillespie, the greatest snuff-merchant of his day, would not have known what you wanted had you asked him for one; and now the shop-windows of the dealers are full of real Havannahs,—and why?—because you see every writer's apprentice with a cigar in his mouth. It is the demand that makes the supply, and so it will be with the gold. The balance of free-trade, whether the commodity be gold or grain, will go where the one finds mouths to be fed, the other a currency to be supported. What sent specie into the lagoons of Venice, and into the swamps of Holland formerly, as well as into the emporium of London now, while large cities, situated under a finer climate, and in a more fertile country, were and are comparatively destitute of the precious metals?—what, save the tendency of commerce, like water, to find its own just level, and to send all the commodities subject to its influence, the precious metals included, to the points where they are most wanted?"

Now, Mr. Journalist, I am a man of quick temper, but somewhat of a slow wit; and though it struck me that there was something fallacious in this argument, yet, bolstered out as it was by his favourite metaphor, it sounded so plausible that the right answer did not at once occur to me. Chrysal went on in triumph: "You speak of your Fisheries and Kelp manufacture, and such like, and seem to dread that they will be all ruined for want of a circulating medium. But, sir, one of two things must happen. Either FIRST, assuming that these branches of industry are beneficial to the individuals, and make advantageous returns; as such they will have the usual power of attracting towards them the specie necessary to carry them on, and of course no change whatever will take place. Or, SECONDLY, these fisheries, and so forth, produce no adequate return for the labour expended on them, and are therefore a compulsory species of manufacture, like those establishments instituted at the direct expense, and under the immediate control of government, which we see fading in despotic countries, or

only deriving a sickly existence by the expenditure of the sovereign, and not by their own natural vigour. In that latter case," he pursued, "those fishing and kelping operations are not productive—are useless to the country—and ought not to be carried on an hour longer; they only occasion the misemployment of so much capital, the loss of so much labour. Leave your kelp-rocks to the undisturbed possession of seals and mermaids, if there be any—you will buy *barilla* cheaper in South America. Send your Highland fishers to America and Botany Bay, where they will find plenty of food, and let them leave their present sterile residence in the utter and undisturbed solitude for which nature designed it. Do not think you do any hardship in obeying the universal law of nature, which leads wants and supplies to draw to their just and proper level, and equalize each other; which attracts gold to those spots, and those only, where it can be profitably employed; and induces man to transport himself from the realms of famine to those happier regions, where labour is light and subsistence plentiful.

"Lastly," said the unconscionable Christopher, "sweep out of your head, Mr. Malachi, all that absurd rubbish of ancient tradition and history about national privileges—you might as well be angry with the provost who pulled down the Luckenbooths. They do not belong to this day, in which so many changes have taken place, and so many more are to be expected. We look for what is USEFUL, sir, and to what is useful only; and our march towards utility is not to be interrupted by reference to antiquated treaties, or obsolete prejudices. So, while you sit flourishing your claymore, Mr. Malachi, on the top of your Articles of Union, very like the figure of a Highlander on the sign of a whiskey-office, take care you are not served as the giant who built his castle on the marvellous bean-stalk—Truth comes like the old woman with the 'cuttie-axe'—it costs but a swashing blow or two, and down comes Malachi and his whole system."—So saying, *exit* Christopher, *ovans*.

There was such a boldness and plausibility about the fellow, and such a confidence in the arguments which he expressed so fluently, that I felt a temporary confusion of ideas, and was obliged to throw myself into what has been, for many generations, the considering position of the Mala-

growther family: that is to say, I flung myself back in our hereditary easy-chair, fixing my eyes on the roof, but keeping them, at the same time, half shut; having my hands folded, and twirling my thumbs slowly around each other, a motion highly useful in unravelling and evolving the somewhat tangled thread of the ideas. Thus seated, in something short of two hours I succeeded in clearing out the ravelled skean, which evolved itself in as orderly a coil before me as if it had been touched by the rod of Prince Percinet, in the fairy tale, and I am about to communicate the result. I must needs own that my discoveries went so far as was like to have involved you in an examination of the general principles on which the doctrine of currency depends. But since, *entre nous*, we might get a little beyond our depth on the subject, I have restrained myself within the limits of the question, as practicably applicable to Scotland.

My present business is to inquire how this meditated change of circulation, supposing it forcibly imposed on us, is to be accomplished—by what magic art, in other words, our paper is to be changed into gold, without some great national distress, nay, convulsion, *in transitu?*

My neighbour deems anxiety in this case quite ridiculous. Gold, he says, is a commodity, and whenever its presence becomes necessary, there it will appear. Guineas, according to Christopher, are like the fairy goblets in Parnell's tale,

> ——— "that with a wish come nigh,
> And with a wish retire."

I don't know how it may be in national necessities, but I have some reason to think that friend Chrysal has not, any more than I have myself, found the maxim true, in so far as concerns our personal experience. I heartily wish, indeed, this comfortable doctrine extended to individual cases, and that the greater occasion a poor devil had for money, the more certain he should be of his wants being supplied by the arrival of that obliging article, which is said to come wherever it is wanted. Since Fortunatus's time, the contrary has in general proved to be the case, and I cannot deny it would be very convenient to us to have his system restored.

And yet there is some truth in what my neighbour says;

for if a man is indispensably obliged to have a sum of money, why he must make every effort to raise it. Supposing I was in business, and threatened with insolvency, I might find myself under the necessity of getting cash by selling property at an under rate, or procuring loans at usurious interest on what I retained, and in that ruinous manner I might raise money, because still nearer ruin stared me in the face if I did not. The question is, how long supplies so obtained could continue?—Not an instant longer than I have articles to sell or to pawn. After this, my usual wants would be as pressing, but I might wish my heart out ere I found a groat to relieve them—No fairy will leave a silver penny in my shoe. Now I fear it must be by some such violent sacrifices, as those in the case supposed, that Scotland must purchase and maintain her metallic currency, if her present substitute is debarred.

Mr. Chrysal's proposition should not then run, that gold will come when it is most needed, but should have been expressed thus,—that in countries where the presence of gold is rendered indispensable, it must be obtained, whatever price is given for it, while the means of paying such a price remain.

He amuses himself, indeed, and puzzles his hearers, by affirming that gold is like water, and, like water when poured out, it will find its level.—A metaphor is no argument in any instance; but I think I can contrive in the present to turn my friend's own water-engine against him. Scotland, sir, is not *beneath* the level to which gold flows naturally. She is *above* that level, and she may perish for want of it ere she sees a guinea, without she, or the state for her, be at the perpetual expense of maintaining, by constant expenditure of a large per centage, that metallic currency which has a natural tendency to escape from a poor country back to a rich one. Just so, a man might die of thirst on the top of a Scottish hill, though a river or a lake lay at the base of it. Therefore, if we insist upon the favourite comparison of gold to water, we must conceive the possibility of the golden Pactolus flowing up Glencroe in an opposite direction to the natural element, which trots down from the celebrated *Rest and be Thankful.*

If my friend would consult the clerk of the Water Company, at his office in the Royal Exchange, he would ex-

plain the matter at once. "Let me have," says Mr. Chrysal, "a pipe of water to my house."—"Certainly, sir; it will cost you forty shillings yearly."—"The devil it will! Why, surely the Lawnmarket is lower than the reservoir on the Castlehill? It is the nature of water to come to a level. What title have you to charge me money, when the element is only obeying the laws of nature, and descending to its level?"—"Very true, sir," replies the clerk; "but then it was no law of nature brought it to the reservoir, at a height which was necessary to enable us to disperse the supply over the city. On the contrary, it was an exertion of art in despite of nature. It was forced hither by much labour and ingenuity. Lakes were formed, aqueducts constructed, rivers dammed up, pipes laid for many miles. Without immense expense, the water could never have been brought here; and without your paying a rateable charge, you cannot have the benefit of it."

This is exactly the case with the gold currency. It must have a natural tendency to centre in London, for the exchange is heavily against Scotland. We have the whole public income, four millions a-year, to remit thither. Independent of that large and copious drain, we have occasion to send to England the rents of non-resident proprietors, and a thousand other payments to make to London, which must be done in specie, or by bills payable in the metropolis. So that the circulation moves thither of free will, like a horse led by the bridle; while Scotland's attempts to detain it, are like those of a wild Highlandman catching his pony by the tail. Or, to take a very old comparison, London is like Aboulcasem's well, full of gold, gems, and everything valuable. The rich contents are drawn from it by operations resembling those of a forcing-pump, which compel small portions into the extreme corners of the kingdom; but all these golden streamlets, when left to themselves, trickle back to the main reservoir.

My friend's idea of a voluntary, unsolicited, and unbought supply of metallic currency, is like the reasoning of old Merrythought, when, with only a shilling in his pocket, he expresses a resolution to continue a jovial course of life. "But how wilt thou come by the means, Charles?" says his wife. "How?" replied the gay old gentleman, in a full reliance on his resources,—"How?—Why, how

have I done hitherto, these forty years?—I never came into my dining-room, but, at eleven and six o'clock, I found excellent meat and drink on the table. My clothes were never worn out, but next morning a tailor brought me a new suit, and, without question, it will be so ever—use makes perfectness." The dramatist has rescued his jolly epicurean out of the scrape before his slender stock was exhausted: but in what mode Scotland is to be relieved from the expense about to be imposed on a country, where industry and skill can but play a saving game, at best, against national disadvantages, is not so easy to imagine.

What may be the expense of purchasing in the outset, and maintaining in constant supply, a million and a half of gold, I cannot pretend to calculate, but something may be guessed from the following items:—To begin, like Mrs. Glass's recipe for dressing a hare, *first catch your hare*—first buy your gold at whatever sacrifice of loss of exchange; then add to the price a reasonable profit to those who are to advance the purchase-money—next insure your specie against water-thieves and land-thieves, peril of winds, waves, and rocks, from the mint to the wharf, from the wharf to Leith, from Leith to Edinburgh, from Edinburgh to the most remote parts of Scotland, unprotected by police of any kind—the insurances can be no trifle; besides, that an accident or two, like the loss of the Delight smack the other day, with £4000 of specie on board, will make a tolerably heavy addition to other bills of charges, as the expense of carriages, guards, and so forth—then add the items together, and compute the dead loss of interest upon the whole sum. The whole may be moderately calculated at an expense of more than *five per cent.*, a charge which must ultimately be laid on the Scottish manufactures, agricultural operations, fisheries, and other public and private undertakings; many of which are not at present returning twelve or fifteen per cent. of profit at the uttermost.

My friend Chrysal's reasoning rested on this great mistake, that he confounds the necessity of our procuring gold under the operation of the new system, and the supplies which that necessity must necessarily oblige us to purchase, with a voluntary determination of unbought treasures running up-hill to find their level at Stornoway, Tongue, or Oban. He imagines that the specie, for which we have to

pay a heavy consideration, will come to our service voluntarily. I answer, in one word, the gold will come if purchased, AND NOT OTHERWISE. The expense attending the operation will be just a tax upon the parties who pay it, with this difference, that it makes no addition to the public revenue. Every sovereign we get, which passes, of course, for twenty shillings, will, before it gets to the north of Scotland, have cost *one*-and-twenty. Illustrations of so plain a proposition are endless. Suppose government had imposed a stamp-duty upon any commodity, and, whilst with some other cowl'd neighbours I am canvassing its effects, I ask as a party concerned,—"But how are we to come by these stamps? The branch of commerce to which they apply is not able to bear the impost." Up rises my friend Chrysal in reply—"Stamped paper," says he, "is a commodity; and, like all commodities, flows to the point where there is a demand." True—but, unhappily, when the stamped paper is in bodily presence, I cannot have a slip of it till I pay the impost; and if my trade does not enable me to do so, I must give it up, or be a ruined man!

The same consequences must attend the increased expense of the circulation under the proposed measure, as would apply to a tax in any other form. The manufactures, public works, and private speculations, which are making a return, enabling them to defray the charge attending the more expensive medium of circulation, will struggle on as they can, with less profit by the direct amount, and more disadvantages arising from the means of circulation being at the mercy of winds and waves, and subjected to long and perilous transportation before the gold reaches them. Those, on the other hand, whose trade makes more precarious returns, will be no longer able to wait for better times. They will give up all, and the consequences to Scotland—and England also—omitting all allusion to individual distress, will be a black history.

I have already said, that the fisheries and kelp shores, and improvements on the more bleak and distant districts, will probably be the first sufferers. And my neighbour replies, with a sweeping argument, that enterprises which cannot support themselves by their own exertions, and natural returns of profit, ought not to have the encouragement of government—that they are only vain schemes, in

which labour and expense are wasted without their bringing the necessary return, and that the force employed in keeping up these barren and fruitless undertakings should, as soon as possible, be directed into a more productive channel. If I urge, that, although these undertakings may not, as yet, have made the full returns expected, yet they support many people, natives of a country otherwise too poor to furnish the means of livelihood to its inhabitants,—why, the answer is equally ready. Let the Highlander emigrate, or be transported to Botany Bay; and supply his place with sheep,—goats,—anything,—or nothing at all.

I do not mean to deny, sir, that there is general truth in the maxims, which recommend that a free trade be left to sustain itself by its own exertions; deprecating the system of forcing commerce when its natural efforts were not successful, and warning against planting colonies in unhealthy or barren spots, where the colonists must perish, or exist in a state of miserable and precarious dependence on the bounties of the mother country. To these political truths I subscribe cheerfully—But an old civilian used to tell me, *fraus latet in generalibus;* and no general maxim can be safely, wisely, or justly applied, until it has been carefully considered how far it is controlled by the peculiar circumstances of the case. The precepts of religion herself, as expressed in the holiest texts of Scripture, have been wrested into sophistry—the soundest political principles may, by the frigid subtleties of metaphysical moonshine, be extended so as, in appearance, to authorize aggressions on national rights, as well as on the dictates of sound wisdom and humanity.

I have more replies than one to my neighbour's doctrines of Political Economy (though true in the abstract), when I consider them as applicable to the case in question.

In the *first* place, I deny that the Scottish fisheries are in the predicament to which the maxim, quoted triumphantly by my friend Chrysal, applies. I say that they are already supporting themselves, and producing a moderate but certain profit; only that this profit is as yet *so* moderate, that it certainly will not bear an impost of probably five or six per cent. upon the gross capital employed; and that, therefore, it is the highest impolicy to smother, by such a burden, important national undertakings, which are, without such new

imposition, in a condition to maintain themselves. It would be breaking the reed ere it had attained its strength, and quenching the smoking flax just when about to burst into flame.

Secondly, Admitting, from the great poverty of the inhabitants, and other discouraging circumstances, that the Scottish fisheries have for a long time required the support of government, I still aver, that the expense attending such support has been well and wisely disposed of,—just as a landlord would act not generously only, but most prudently, in giving favourable terms of settlement to a tenant, who was to improve his farm largely. An exotic shrub, when first planted, must be watered and cared for—a child requires tenderness and indulgence till he has got through the sickly and helpless years of infancy. A fishery or manufacture, established in a wild country, and among a population of indolent habits, unaccustomed to industry, and to the enjoyment of the profits derived from it, will, at the outset, require assistance from the state, till old habits are surmounted, and difficulties overcome. There is something in the nature of the people, who have been long depressed by poverty, resembling the qualities of their own peat-earth. Left alone, it is the most antiseptic and inert of nature's productions; but when, according to the process of compost invented by the late ingenious Lord Meadowbank, this *caput mortuum* is intermixed with a small portion of active manure, it heats, ferments, changes its sluggish nature, and fertilizes the whole country in the vicinity. No agriculturist regards the expense of the proportion of manure necessary to commence this vivifying operation; and neither will any wise government regret the outlay of sums employed in exciting the industry, improving the comforts, and amending the condition, of its inhabitants. In the present case, government has done this duty amply—The tree has taken root, the child is rising fast to youth and manhood—the establishments of the fisheries are in full progress to triumphant success. The question is not, if you are yet to continue your encouragement—nor whether the public is to save some expense by withdrawing it? In these questions there would be a direct and palpable motive, that of a saving to the state, which, so far as it went, would be a real, if not an adequate motive, for breaking up these establishments. But the question at issue turns on

this very different point—whether, by a measure obnoxious to Scotland, and in which England cannot challenge an interest remote or direct, you are to adopt an enactment so likely to create the ruin of these establishments, now that they have already attained prosperity? The wish of many of the wisest English patriots has been accomplished—the barren and desolate shores are compensated in that desolation by the riches of the sea—foreigners are driven from engrossing as formerly their wealth, and selling to Britain herself at advantage, the produce of her own coasts. Thriving villages are already found where there were scarcely to be seen the most wretched hovels; a population lazy and indolent, because they had no motive for exertion, have become, on finding the employment, and tasting the fruits of industry, an enterprising and hardy race of seamen, well qualified to enrich their country in peace—to defend her in time of war. *All this* is GAINED. Shall all be lost again, to render the system of currency betwixt England and Scotland uniform? all sacrificed to what I can call little more than a political conundrum? In my opinion, the Dutchmen might as well cut the dikes, and let the sea in upon the land their industry has gained from it. In the case of Holland, she would at least save the money expended in maintaining her ramparts. In our case, the state gains nothing and loses everything.

Lastly, I would say a word in behalf of the people of Scotland, merely as human beings, and entitled to consideration as such. I will suppose this alteration is recommended by some expected advantages of great importance, but the nature of which are prudently concealed. I will suppose, what is not easily understood, that in some unintelligible manner England is to gain with addition what Scotland is condemned to lose. (The process, by the way, seems to resemble that recommended by Molière's quack, who prescribes the putting out of one eye, that the other may see further, and more acutely). I will suppose that our statesmen, by enforcing this measure, condemn to emigration, or transportation—the punishment she inflicts on felons—the inhabitants of distant and desert tracts, on the mainland and in the Hebrides, to save her from some expense, and because she thinks a country so different from her own fertile valleys, cannot be fit for human habitation.

In that case I would say, consider first, the character of the population you are about to condign thus summarily to the effects which must follow the destroying their present means of livelihood. My countrymen have their faults, and I am well aware of them. But this I will say, that there is more vice, more crime—nay, more real want and misery, more degrading pauperism and irremediable wretchedness, in the parish of Saint Giles's alone, than in the whole Highlands and pastoral districts of Scotland, or perhaps in all Scotland together. Poor as the inhabitants are, the wants of the Highlanders are limited to their circumstances; and they have enjoyments which make amends, in their own way of reckoning, for deprivations which they do not greatly feel. Their land is to them a land of many recollections. I will not dwell on that subject, lest I be thought fantastic in harping on a tune so obsolete. But every heart must feel some sympathy when I say, they love their country, rude as it is, because it holds the churches where their fathers worshipped, and the churchyards where their bones are laid.

This is not all. Mountainous countries inspire peculiarly strong attachments into the natives, showing, perhaps, if we argue up to the final great cause, that while it was the pleasure of God that men should exist in all parts of the world, which His pleasure called into being, the beneficence of the common Father annexed circumstances of consolation, which should compensate the mountaineers for want of the fertility and fine climate enjoyed by the inhabitants of the plain. Some philosophers, looking to secondary causes, have referred the sense of this local attachment amongst mountaineers to the influence of the sublime though desolate scenery around them, as stamping the idea of a peculiar country more deeply on their bosoms. The chief cause seems to me to be, that such tribes rarely change their dwellings, and therefore become more wedded to their native districts than are the inhabitants of those where the population is frequently fluctuating. The land is not only theirs *now*, it pertained to a long list of fathers before them; and the coldest philosopher will regard what is called a family estate with greater attachment than he applies to a recent purchase.

But independent of this, the inhabitants of the wilder

districts in Scotland have actually some enjoyments, both moral and physical, which compensate for the want of better subsistence and more comfortable lodging. In a word, they have more liberty than the inhabitants of the richer soil. Englishmen will start at this as a paradox; but it is very true notwithstanding, that if one great privilege of liberty be the power of going where a man pleases, the Scotch peasant enjoys it much more than the English. The pleasure of viewing "fair Nature's face," and a great many other primitive enjoyments, for which a better diet and lodging are but indifferent substitutes, are more within the power of the poor man in Scotland than in the sister country. A Scottish gentleman, in the wilder districts, is seldom severe in excluding his poor neighbours from his grounds; and I have known many that have voluntarily thrown them open to all quiet and decent persons who wish to enjoy them. The game of such liberal proprietors, their plantations, their fences, and all that is apt to suffer from intruders, have, I have observed, been better protected than where severer measures of general seclusion were adopted. *Haud inexpertus loquor.*

But in many districts, the part of the soil which, with the utmost stretch of appropriation, the first-born of Egypt can set apart for his own exclusive use, bears a small proportion indeed to the uncultivated wastes. The step of the mountaineer on his wild heath, solitary mountain, and beside his far-spread lake, is more free than that which is confined to a dusty turnpike, and warned from casual deviation by advertisements which menace the summary vindication of the proprietor's monopoly of his extensive park, by spring-guns or man-traps, or the more protracted, yet scarce less formidable denunciation, of what is often, and scarce unjustly spelled, "*persecution* according to law." Above all, the peasant lives and dies as his fathers did, in the cot where he was born, without ever experiencing the horrors of a work-house. This may compensate for the want of much beef, beer, and pudding, in those to whom habit has not made this diet indispensable.

It is to be hoped that experimental legislation will pause ere consigning a race which is contented with its situation to banishment, because they only offer at present their hardy virtues and industry to the stock of national prosperity,

instead of communicating largely to national wealth. Even considered as absolute paupers, they have some right to such slight support as may be necessary to aid them in maintaining themselves by their own industry. If the poor elsewhere could he maintained without the degrading sense that they were receiving eleemosynary aid, it would be the better for themselves and their country.

I will admit, for argument's sake, that the public funds which have established those fishing stations might have been bestowed to better advantage; still, having been so expended, we ought certainly not to be hasty in withdrawing our support, even if we may judge that it was incautiously granted at first. The philosopher, in the fanciful tale of *Frankenstein*, acted unwisely in creating the unnatural being to which art enabled him to give life and motion; but when he had, like a second Prometheus, given sensation and power of thought to the creation of his skill and science, he had no title to desert the giant whom he had called into existence; and the story shows that no good came of his being discontented with his own handiwork. But I contend, that the establishments to which I allude exhibit nothing save what may render the founders and encouragers proud of the result of their patriotic labours.

I do therefore hope that the present contented and rapidly improving condition of so many fellow-creatures, will be considered as something in the scale, when a measure shall be finally weighed, which, in the opinion of all connected with the north of Scotland, threatens to deprive them of the means of livelihood.

On other national topics I have already said enough. Those who look only at states and ledgers, hold such feelings as arise upon points of national honour, as valueless as a cipher without a numeral prefixed. Right or wrong, however, they still have an effect on the people of Scotland, as all can bear witness who were here when his majesty honoured the capital of his ancestors with his own presence. We would not plead these too high neither, nor cling tenaciously by antiquated pretensions, which may obstruct the general welfare of the empire; but we deprecate that sort of change which is made for the mere sake of innovation. A proud nation cannot endure such experiments when they touch honour—a poor one cannot brook them when attended

with heavy loss. We are all aware that many changes must of necessity be—the political atmosphere is heavy and gloomy with the symptoms of them,—

"And coming events cast their shadows before."

These changes will be wrought in their time; but we trust they will not be forced forward suddenly, or until the public mind is prepared for, and the circumstances of the country require them.

Seasonable improvements are like the timely and regular showers, which, falling softly and silently upon the earth, when fittest to be received, awaken its powers of fertility. Hasty innovation is like the headlong hurricane, which may indeed be ultimately followed by beneficial consequences, but is, in its commencement and immediate progress, attended by terror, tumult, and distress.

This is indeed a period when change of every kind is boldly urged and ingeniously supported, nay, finds support in its very singularity: as the wildest doctrines of enthusiasm have been often pleaded with most eloquence, and adopted with most zeal. One philosopher will convert the whole country into work-houses, just as Commodore Trunnion would have arranged each parish on the system of a man-of-war. Another class has turned the system of ethics out of doors, and discovers, on the exterior of the skull, the passions of which we used to look for the source within. One set of fanatics join to dethrone the Deity, another to set up Prince Hohenloe. The supporters of all find preachers, hearers, and zealots, and would find martyrs if persecuted. We are at such a speculative period obliged to be cautious in adopting measures which are supported only by speculative argument. Let men reason as ingeniously as they will, and we will listen to them, amused if we are not convinced. I have heard with great pleasure an ingenious person lecture on phrenology, and have been much interested in his process of reasoning. But should such a philosopher propose to saw off or file away any of the bumps on my scull, by way of improving the moral sense, I am afraid I should demur to the motion.

I have read, I think in Lucian, of two architects, who contended before the people at Athens which should be intrusted with the task of erecting a temple. The first made

a luminous oration, showing that he was, in theory at least, master of his art, and spoke with such glibness in the hard terms of architecture, that the assembly could scarce be prevailed on to listen to his opponent, an old man of unpretending appearance. But when he obtained audience, he said in a few words, "All that this young man can talk of, I have DONE." The decision was unanimously in favour of experience against theory. This resembles exactly the question now tried before us.

Here stands Theory, a scroll in her hand, full of deep and mysterious combinations of figures, the least failure in any one of which may alter the result entirely, and which you must take on trust, for who is capable to go through and check them? *There* lies before you a practical system, successful for upwards of a century. The one allures you with promises, as the saying goes, of untold gold,—the other appeals to the miracles already wrought in your behalf. The one shows you provinces, the wealth of which has been tripled under her management,—the other a problem which has never been practically solved. Here you have a pamphlet—there a fishing town—here the long-continued prosperity of a whole nation—and there the opinion of a professor of economics, that in such circumstances she ought not by true principles to have prospered at all. In short, good countrymen, if you are determined, like Æsop's dog, to snap at the shadow and lose the substance, you had never such a gratuitous opportunity of exchanging food and wealth for moonshine in the water.

Adieu, sir. This is the last letter you will receive from,

Yours, &c.

MALACHI MALAGROWTHER.

THE END.

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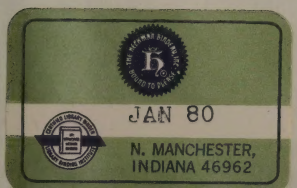
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